TRUE WEST

October, 1964 35¢

TW K

In Defense of Ingalls, Oklahoma

Was this town really a "pop off valve" for the Doolin Gang?

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Dodge City's Boot Hill • Frontier Relics • Blazing the Trail to El Paso

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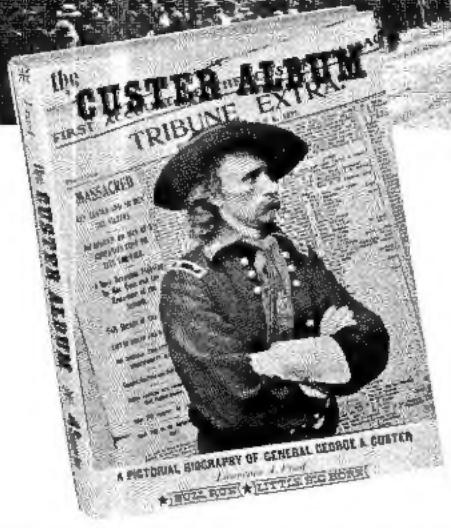
Above, Grand Review of the Army, Washington, D.C., May 1865.

Above, General Custer, his brother, Tom, and wife, Elizabeth.



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Above, left, Rain-in-the-Face (D.F. Barry photo). Right, monument erected 1890 commemorating battle between Custer's 7th Cavalry and the Cheyennes, 1868. Below, at Fort Lincoln.

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"Battle of the Big Horn." 1889 lithograph by Kurz & Allison.

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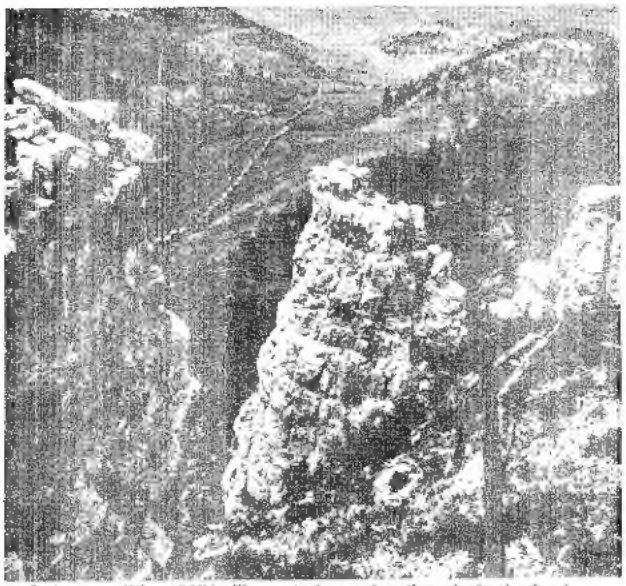

Custer expedition, 1874. Wagon train passing through Castle Creek Valley.

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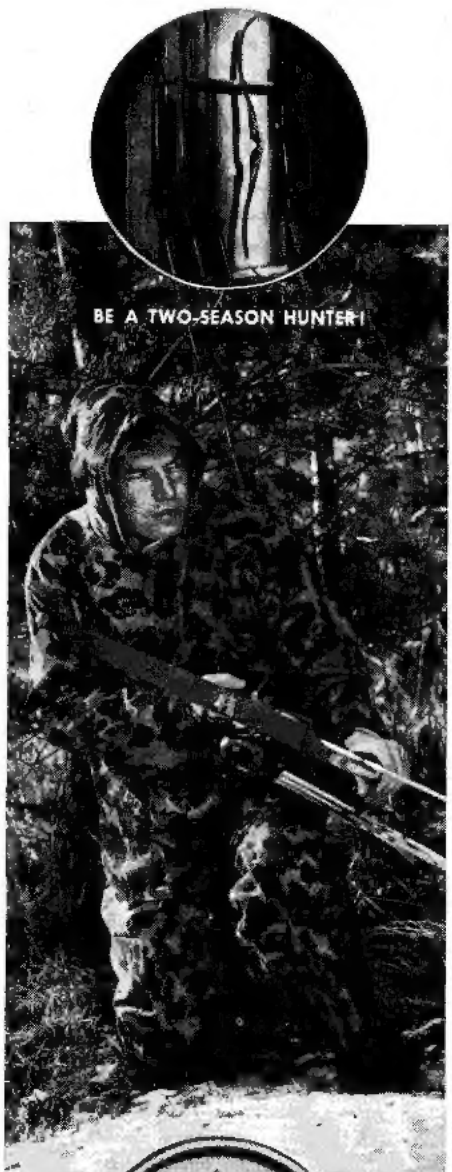

September-October, 1964
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Whole No. 65

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher
PATTY AARON, Advertising
CATHIE WILSON, Secretary
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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: B. D. Tittsworth
Courtesy of Darol Dickinson and Loren Whittemore

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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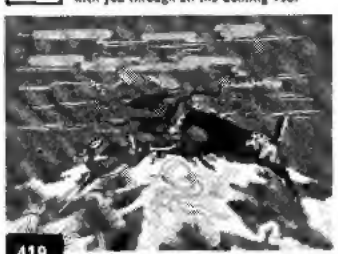

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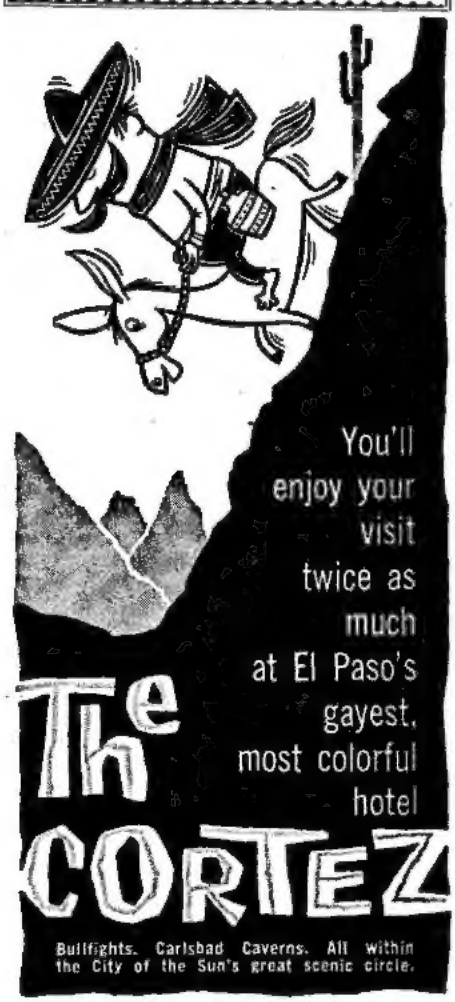

True Western

The Hickman Story

Not long ago we got a letter from Burr Mallory, 3 Mitchell Place, Glen Ridge, New Jersey, which read in part: "It is always interesting to read some of the correspondence you receive. Some is very informative and some is controversial on such moot questions as whether some long deceased notorious so and so had two warts on one ear or one wart on two ears. We usually get out of what we read just about what we are looking for. Like the little boy in class who got up to read. After some close scrutiny of the page, he began: 'This - is - a - warm - doughnut. Step - on - it.' 'No, no! That is not right,' the teacher said. 'This - is - a - worm. Do - NOT - step - on - it.'"

Frankly, that about sums it up. Everybody agrees the warts are there, but where they are located is something else!

Because of lack of space, we do not usually print over one or two letters on any particular article, but we are publishing all of the letters we received on the Hickman story, with the exception of those whose writers requested that their names and addresses be withheld and two for which we did not receive clearance.—Ed.

Sir:

First, I wish to request that my subscription to your scandal sheet be cancelled immediately. As you may know, I have been a subscriber almost since your first issue, and my wife and I have given you a lot of free advertising and favorable publicity.

From now on, however, I shall knock your tabloid with even more enthusiasm. For if the rest of the stuff you print is as "true" as your wicked attack on the Mormon Church and leaders in your June issue ("Use Him Up, Bill") it is not worth the paper it is printed on, and isn't that the ultimate of worthless?

We don't believe your article will harm many except yourselves, for who will take seriously the ravings of a homicidal maniac and butcher against a great and growing institution as the Mormon Church. For the "dwindling remnant" Hickman spoke of has grown to almost 2,000,000 members and we sincerely hope and believe no Mormon will ever again buy your cheap little publication and that it will continue to become smaller. We don't know who John Carson is, but would hate to be in his shoes, since he has allied himself with this Hickman, Hitler and the legion of mobsters who made the early days of the Church dangerous and tragic.

The Church is accustomed to calumny and persecution, just as were the ancient Christians. You may recall there was some similarity in their experiences. That Christ, too, was assignated (sic), and many of His apostles and followers. But you wouldn't know about these people, none of them wore six-shooters or held up banks. And the sort of treasure they searched for was not buried in the Arizona hills.

But if you have no conscience nor consideration for the truth, it might be well for you to look at this matter in a financial light. With what you claim is your extensive knowledge of Western history and lore, you must know the Mormons were the greatest colonizers and settlers the West has ever known. Besides being one of the largest Churches in the world, it is also one of the richest. It keeps almost 16,000 missionaries scattered over every civilized country, has many foreign Missions and beautiful Temples in England, Switzerland, Canada, Hawaii and half-a-dozen in the United States. The Latter-day Saint Church was established in 1830, with six members, and in 134 years has grown, as we said, to almost 2,000,000. So do you really believe you and John Carson can tear it down, or even smear it noticeably? There is so much trash on the newsstands these days, people are becoming immune to it.

Of course, we don't expect you to publish this letter. You print only the complimentary ones as we discovered when we objected to Billy the Kid served up every issue. But we dare you to!

And our sincere wish for you is that Carson's article, for which you probably paid $20.00 in your "small" way, will cost you many thousands in money, friendship and prestige.—Mr. and Mrs. Jim Thomas, Pinedale, Arizona.

Dear Mr. Small:

I read the story of "Use Him Up, Bill." I know only too well that this is a true story, and well written. I know the Church history from A to Z. I am a member of the Reorganized Church as set up by Joseph Smith. I have read the Church history, and then I also read the history of the Church of Utah.

The Church was having trouble with Brigham Young before Joseph Smith was killed. Only a third of the members followed Brigham Young. The rest of the Church was disorganized till young Joseph became of age. Then the Church was reorganized in April, 1860, with our headquarters at Independence, Missouri. —Lynn S. Langfield, 6 mile Richardson, Fairbanks, Alaska.

Dear Sirs:

In reading in your June issue of *True West*, I came upon the story by John Carson, "Use Him Up, Bill."

I wrote this letter to let you know I am a member of the Mormon Church and

(Continued on page 34)

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HERE WE GO AGAIN!

WE SORT of slipped out quietly with our new magazine, OLD WEST, and the mail is just beginning to come in as I write this. We had intended coming out with double-page announcements, a blaring of horns and a ringing of bells, but perhaps it's better this way—you just look on your newsstand, there's a copy, and it's a truer test of a magazine's actual worth than if it had been built up for months.

As I have mentioned before, for years you folks have been writing in asking how on earth you could get copies of those first issues of TRUE WEST which are practically unobtainable. You have asked if we could reprint them. Well, they have been collector's items for quite some time and have sold for the past five years for an average of $30, more or less, according to the owner's reluctance to part with them and the buyer's willingness to pay whatever he must in order to have them.

At first thought, you can realize that we can't reprint them *as is*. We could publish a few thousand copies and offer them for sale but the price for doing this is prohibitive. Also, those people who have paid big prices for the first several issues would flat string us up! In short, if you had just paid $30 or $40 for one copy of an early edition and we came out with the newsstands full of the same thing at 50c per copy—you wouldn't feel exactly kindly toward us. On top of that, we couldn't come out on the newsstands with two titles that are the very *same*.

Therefore, the only answer seemed to be to put out these valuable editions, one at a time, add a rare old book, and come up with a $50 to $100 value for 50c—this wouldn't devalue the originals one cent. Everybody we talked to, with but a very few exceptions, agreed 100 per cent. Even those people who have copies of the first issues told us that they would buy copies and start new collections to pass along to their children *even though we added nothing new to each issue!* Of course, all of them have agreed that adding a valuable, rare old book would be worth the price of the issue, many times over, in itself.

We are getting in letters every day now but they aren't *specific* enough. What we *must* know is whether or not you would like for OLD WEST to be a brand *new* magazine, publishing all *new* material, or whether you had rather it be a new magazine publishing all new material except the addition in each issue of a rare old book—OR whether you would like for us to start with Volume 1, Number 1 of TRUE WEST, take out the advertising, print a rare old book, boost the size of the magazine from 72 pages to 96 pages, and still have room for two or three *extra long* new features or as many as 8 to 12 shorter new features. In short, you would be getting a combination stew of rather unusual value in this last described package—from Copy 1 and on up to the very rare and valuable first issues of TRUE WEST, a rare old book, and enough new material to make a magazine of the approximate size that TRUE WEST was in the beginning, as a bonus!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS? The first issue of OLD WEST is sort of a testing issue. It has some of the best articles from a number of the old-time issues (which you have all requested) but it is not an actual bringing back of that particular issue.

We won't have time to get a complete sample of opinion before coming out with the next issue of OLD WEST. So we have about decided (in view of the go, go, GO!) we have received so far to republish Volume 1, Number 1 of TRUE WEST, add a valuable old book and the extra new features and by the time it comes out, we'll have time to see what your opinion is. This will give everybody a chance to start a new collection of TRUE WEST, *from the very first issue.*

Naturally, our main worry is about those who have a full collection of TRUE WEST—however, those people are comparatively few. Again, some of them have told us that they will buy the reprinted issues under the title of OLD WEST since the book and new material alone will be far more valuable than the cover price, and most of them want to start a second collection anyhow. It is our endeavor to get *only* those rare and valuable old books that are *very interesting.* In short, not all of our readers are collectors by any means—they want to be entertained also.

If you show no interest, durned if we lose our hunkuses again! You remember the Index deal? We're still going to make that work out by bringing it up to date and I think you'll especially want an Index when we start reprinting the old issues of TRUE WEST. The combination we have in mind represents a lot of value for a little money and that's what most people are looking for. So let us know real soon and please be specific. Pick one of the following three:

1. New material entirely.
2. Combination of new material and reprinting of a rare old book.
3. Reprinting of the valuable old issues of TRUE WEST, one at a time, with the addition of a rare old book, plus what we think is enough new material to be worth the price of the magazine alone.

I wanted to expound on our pride and joy, THE BEST OF TRUE WEST! It is a hard back book and we think it is a whangdilly! We were coming out with a real big ad but this issue is so cramjammed that we couldn't do it justice but will in the future. You'll find the announcement on page 49. By golly, we are really dishing out the Old West material to you like you have been asking, and as long as you back our draw, we'll keep shooting!—Joe.

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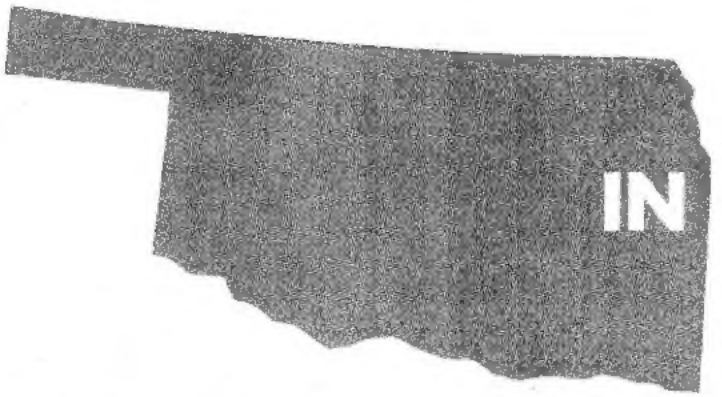

IN DEFENSE OF INGALLS,

By WILLIAM RAY KERR

Pictures Courtesy Author

Sherm Sanders, the author and Cal Owens (left to right) photographed at Sanders' ranchhouse. From the door of his barbershop, Sherm saw the fight from beginning to end. Doolin and Dalton went straight to his house after the fight and remained there until Doolin was able to travel.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The Dalton-Doolin Gang is an area of Western Americana in which few people agree. The gun battle which occurred in Ingalls in 1893 had many witnesses, and there are many variations as to what really happened and why. My article is primarily in defense of the town. Its citizens were not against the law, and not a single one of them wanted Ingalls to be the site of any sort of shoot-out. Yet they were caught in a trap because of friendship and old associations.

THIS STORY of Ingalls, Oklahoma, was told to me by people who lived in and near the town during its existence. Sherm Sanders was a barber, and had his shop on Main Street. His ranch was about three miles south of town. He knew the Doolin Gang personally, every one of them. He rode herd with some of them on the Halsell Ranch. He did their barber work, and often had Doolin and some of the others stay at the ranch as his guests. He stood at the front of his barber shop and saw the fight from the beginning to end. He was even picked up by the marshals and questioned, as some woman had told the marshals that the shot that had killed Marshal Speed was fired from Sanders' Barbershop. He was released for lack of proof of the act. He cut Doolin's hair two days before his death.

Sherm Sanders was a very good friend of mine, but it was a couple of years before he told me the story of the fight, or his relation with the boys in the gang. He asked me never to publish any part of the story until after his death. He has been dead for over twenty years at this writing. Doolin and Dalton rode out to his ranch after the fight at Ingalls, and stayed there for two days and nights until Doolin was able to travel. Sherm gave me the shell of the cartridge that killed Marshal Shadley—a 40-82 that Dalton fired. I still have it.

Mrs. Kerry lived about two miles from Ingalls. The gang had often put up at her father's ranch there. She was one of the girls who had danced with these boys. She knew all of them, and said that they were all of good parentage and were gentlemen in every respect as far as women or girls were concerned. She was not in Ingalls on the morning of the fight, but her folks drove in right after the fight, as did all of the settlers in the area. She told me the same general story as Sherm did. I was very friendly with the Kerrys and had many meals there and visited them often.

Mr. Bob C. A. Donohough, who has lived in Ingalls most all of his life, and now lives in the old Wilson home (1922) stood on their front porch and watched the fight from beginning to end. His story was almost a duplicate of Sherm Sanders'. Marshal Masterson was hiding behind their home at the time of the fight. Their home bordered on the town square.

Cal Owens' aunt was one of the girls who danced with the boys of the gang. Her folks went into Ingalls right after the fight. Although Cal Owens was not more than a baby he heard the true story, and it was the same as Sherm Sanders' story. All of these people lived in or near Ingalls long before the fight and still lived there as late as the early Thirties.

Billy McGinty, who was a "Rough Rider" with Teddy Roosevelt in the Spanish-American War, and who was postmaster at Ripley, knew these boys very well and told me the same story almost word for word.

All of these people felt the same with reference to the fight in Ingalls: that is, it didn't amount to very much. The true story of the little town of Ingalls, which has long since disappeared, is that it was one of the most peaceful, unassuming, and happy spots in all of the State of Oklahoma. It was peopled by the same upright, God-fearing, and neighborly citizens with which the West was predominantly settled.

DAY IN and day out, week in and week out, year in and year out, life went on without any particular changes. Merchants, housewives, and others lived for those simple amusements which prevailed in small Western towns that lay away from the railroads and main thoroughfare—square dancing at a settler's home, basket socials in the schoolhouse, potluck dinners at the church, piecing quilts for the church bazaar, a shower for one of the young ladies who was going to be married.

The most important part of each day was to meet the Mail Rider in hopes for a bit of news from "back home." There were no movies, electric lights, radios, phonographs—not even a telephone. Horses were their only transporation. However, each day was filled with those little pleasures that make life worth living, and they "loved their neighbors as themselves." The ghostly howl of a lone prairie wolf was all that ever disturbed a night's sleep. Ingalls was so far away from the main things in Oklahoma that a U. S. Marshal once said, "I often wonder how Ingalls, Oklahoma, ever happened."

In spite of all this, Ingalls was to be torn apart, disgraced, and eventually labeled one of the worst towns in Oklahoma history. This was done to produce

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Has an old friend—who's gone bad—ever knocked at your door? What did you do? Turn him away—or did you ask him in, treat him well, and just hope he wouldn't come back anymore?

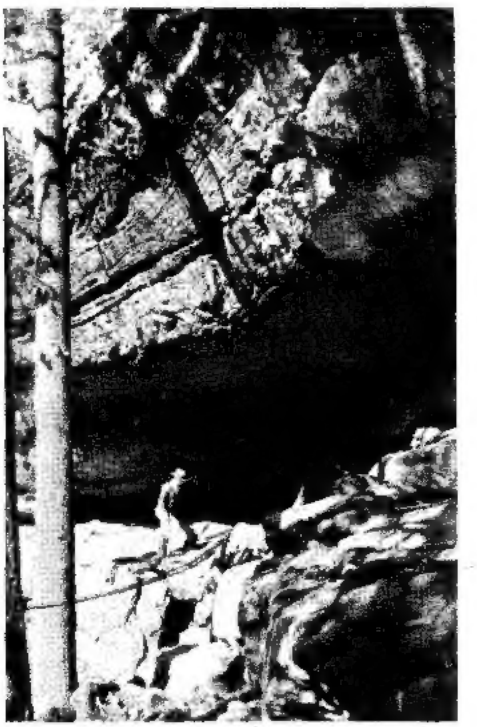
Oklahoma

a stirring movie in 1914. Ingalls was portrayed as a "pop-off valve" for a gang of outlaws known as "The Doolin Gang." Of course, the story in the movie had to be spiced to the hilt with untruths, and as a finale there was a great battle between the outlaws and the U. S. Marshals. The truth is, no *battle* ever took place. Just six shots were fired, and three U. S. Deputy Marshals killed. One outlaw, Roy Daugherty (alias Arkansas Tom Jones), who was sleeping in the Pierce Hotel, was taken prisoner, having been persuaded by Mary Pierce to give himself up in order to save her frame hotel from being burned down. This was the full extent of the battle. The other five outlaws rode away without being followed.

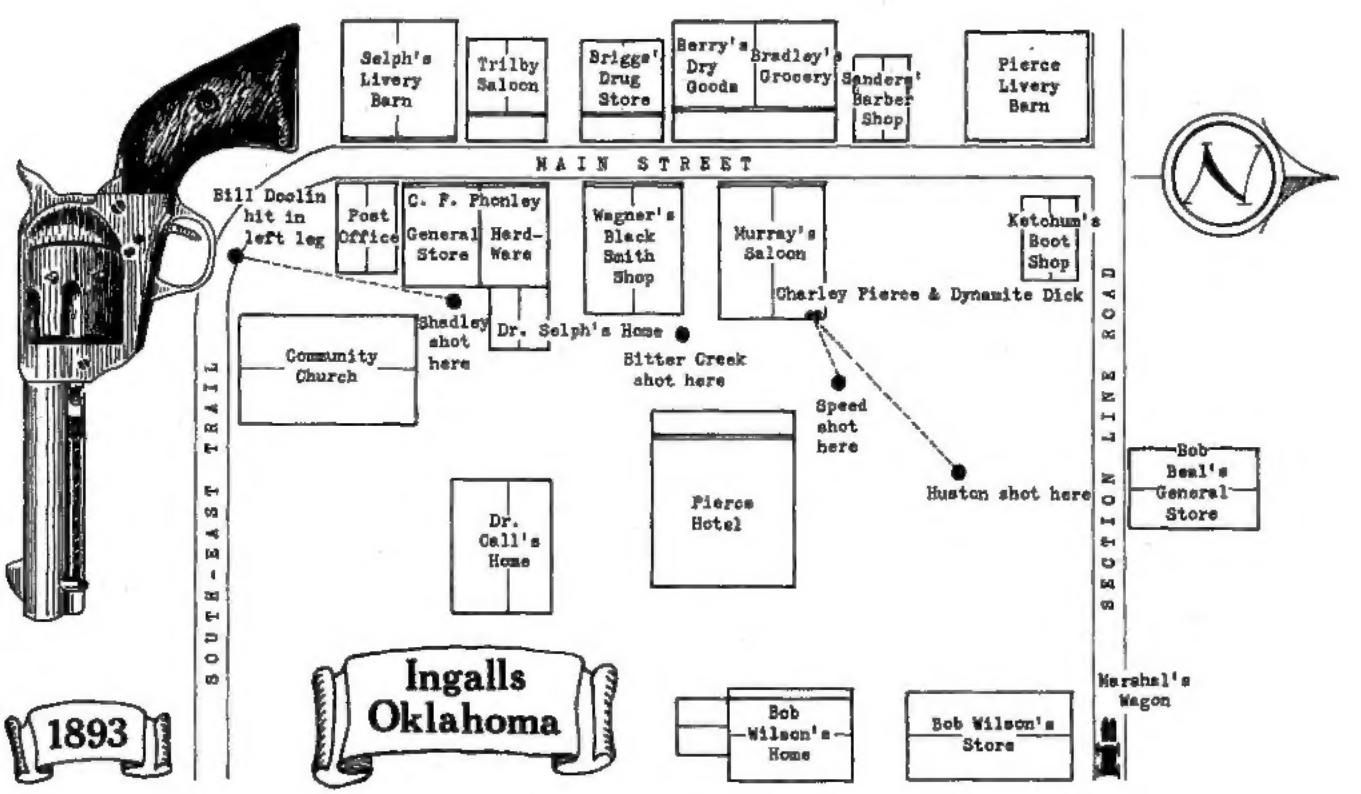
Ingalls had no gambling, no dance halls, no painted ladies—in fact, not one single reason for any hell-raising gangs to ever think of it as a place for their type of fun. The result was that no outlaws ever visited Ingalls, except the Doolin Gang who came to visit old friends, many of whom had ridden herd with Doolin and his men while they were cowboys at Oscar Halsell's big ranch which had almost bordered on the village limits.

Actually, due to the quietness of this town and the people in it (including the Doolin boys who were always on their very best behavior, when they visited here), the U. S. Marshal's office located at Guthrie, just a few miles away, never once thought of Ingalls as a town that would attract any outlaws, or even any wild cowboys who might want to go out for a night or two. It was the last place that the U. S. Marshals would ever think of when looking for outlaws. They had every inch of that country blueprinted, photographed, and every spot that might be a hideout completely recorded, but Ingalls never once was considered until word leaked out that Doolin and his gang were making regular visits there to see friends.

It has been stated in a book, and I quote, "The old Trilby Saloon is perhaps the best preserved building now standing there, and one can step inside its ramshackled walls and find signs that will help him visualize the gun battles that have taken place there." I am sure that this writer must have had the old Wilson store in mind, rather than the old Trilby Saloon building, as this story was written in 1929, and the Trilby Saloon had long been gone. The only original buildings left there at that time were the old



The Doolin-Dalton cave on Salt Creek, three miles southwest of Keystone, Oklahoma. At the time it was being used by the gang, it was fronted by rocks and a growth of small trees. The arrow points to a "money hole" cut deep in the sandstone. It was kept covered with a huge rock that took several men and horses to move. Fortune hunters have pried most of the rocks off and into the creek bed, leaving a wide open cave. Below, Bill Wittliff's reproduction of a map drawn by the author forty-one years ago, showing Ingalls as it appeared in 1893.



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church and Wilson's store building, Doc Call's home, and Wilson's home. The Wilson store was torn down several years ago. All of the other buildings were moved away to towns along the railroad.

I would like to state here that there never was a gunfight in Ingalls of any kind, in any of its buildings, except the gunfight that the U. S. Marshals brought to Ingalls on September 1, 1893, when they tried to capture the Doolin Gang. Only six shots were fired that day and no bullet holes were made in any of the buildings. Three Marshals were killed—Shadley, Speed and Huston—with one bullet each. Bitter Creek Newcomb was wounded in the shoulder, and Bill Doolin got shot in the fleshy part of his leg after the bullet had glanced off his rifle scabbard. Bill Dalton's prized black horse was killed by Marshal Shadley. There were three shots fired by Pierce, and one by Dynamite Dick. There were only six of the Doolin Gang in town. One was taken prisoner; the other five rode out of town unmolested.

After the disastrous licking that the Marshals took at Ingalls using rifles, practically every outlaw killed later by the Marshals met death from double-barrelled shotguns using number 00 buckshot, nine shots to the shell. In due time all in the Doolin Gang were killed.

THE TOWN of Ingalls was built on a school site. The citizens had every reason to believe that the railroad was coming through there. Buildings sprang up rapidly in order to get the best locations. They were of wood construction and built like all places of business of the day with false fronts and posts for a foundation. This made for easy moving in case the owners had guessed wrong.

The railroad did not come through Ingalls, and eventually the buildings were moved to towns along the track. Ingalls did not become a ghost town, with dilapidated buildings left to rot away, however. But that it existed to cater to the outlaws who inhabited that area is far from the truth. The only two saloons in Ingalls were small, wooden buildings, with one card table each. A social, conservative game of poker, between good friends, was the extent of the gambling.

Main Street ran north and south on the west side of town square. The north boundary of the square was the main trail through the country—Section Line Road. On the south side of the square was Doctor Call's home and office and the office of Doctor Selph, a veterinarian, C. F. Phonley's Hardware Store, and the post office.

On the east side was Bob Wilson's home, out-buildings, and general store. The Pierce Hotel was located in the south-central side, and within the square acorss from Doctor Call's. Three other places of business were within the square on the east side of Main Street: Joe Ketchum's Boot Shop, Murray's Saloon, and W. M. Wagner's Blacksmith Shop. The latter two were almost directly west of the Pierce Hotel, about 100 feet away.

On the west side of Main Street, starting from the northwest corner and going south were the Pierce Livery Barn, Sherm Sanders' Barbershop, Jim Bradley's Grocery, Briggs' Drug Store, J. W. Berry's Dry Goods Store, the Trilby Saloon, and Doctor Selph's Livery Barn. The last was well out of the town square.

The big community church stood away from the other buildings by a couple of hundred feet, all by itself in an opening about 200 feet square. It is the last Ingalls building still standing and is badly in need of repair and paint. This was the social center of the town, the only place large enough for community gatherings.

Opposite and outside of the center of the square, across Section Line Road, was Bob Beal's General Store and Corral. He had many activities beside the operation of his store. Some thought that he had a tie-in with the outlaws, but it never was proved. He knew all of them, had ridden range with them, and supplied them with much of their gear. He bought and sold horses, saddles, harness and such. He kept his horses a couple of miles out of town, south in Kerry's pasture. I think that he was a relative of the Kerrys.

Ingalls has been labeled by one writer as the pop-off valve for the Doolin Gang of outlaws. If he referred to a good home cooked dinner, a basket social, or a square dance at one of the settlers' homes, then he was right. If he had in mind any hell raising in this town, then he couldn't have been more incorrect. This was the one place where these boys were on their best behavior and the only place where they were welcome.

While the people of Ingalls did not approve of their actions, they did welcome them for meals and visits. The idea that people catered to the wishes of the outlaws because of fear was just not true. These men were welcome at almost any home in and near Ingalls because of old times' sake—because of friendly ties that dated back long before the opening of that part of Oklahoma when they were cowboys working for Halsell.

The home of Bee Dunn, long considered safe by the Doolin Gang. After the Ingalls fight, Bee was given an ultimatum: Aid in capturing the gang or go to jail! On a September night in 1895, two years after the fight, Bitter Creek Newcomb and Charley Pierce rode in to spend the night. About midnight, Bee climbed the ladder to the upstairs room and killed the two men with Doc Call's shotgun as they lay sleeping.

ONE COULD not write the story of Ingalls without mentioning one person who has been wrongly portrayed by writers who wished to add a little spice to their stories. That person was Rose Dunn. Referred to as "Rose of the Cimarron" in a 1914 movie, "The Passing of the Oklahoma Outlaws," she was presented as a woman bandit, riding at times with the gang. It is true that she was the sweetheart of Bitter Creek Newcomb, whom she had met through her brother, Bee Dunn, but if you had known Bee Dunn, you could be sure that Rose received every respect from anyone who knew her and associated with her. Bee Dunn would see to that.

Doc Call's home, lower left, where Rose Dunn lived with her mother and stepfather. The house was about 100 feet south of the Pierce Hotel. Below right, the old church, gathering place of all the townspeople. The Doolin gang attended many of the social affairs held here. Marshal Shadley was killed within twenty-five feet of the front door.

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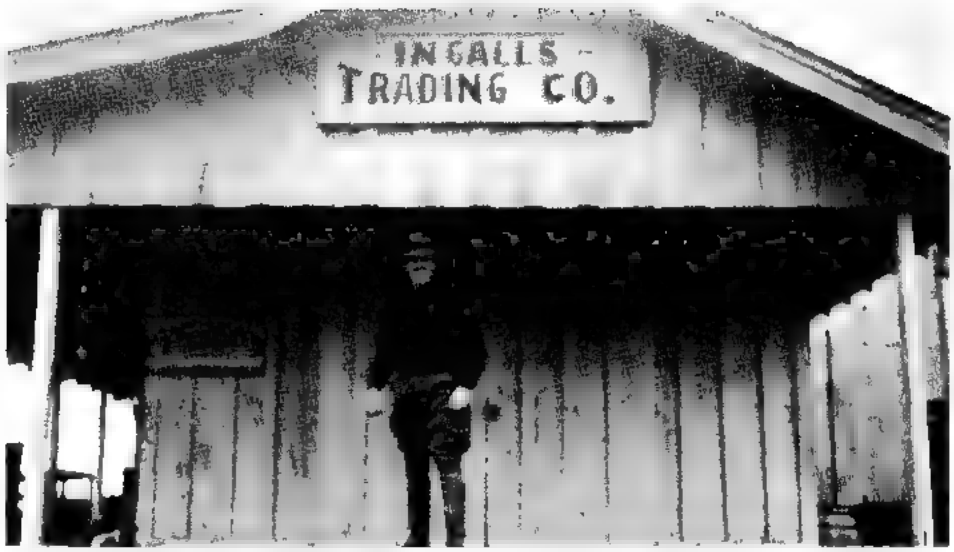

The author on the ramp of the Ingalls Trading Company.

You can be sure that Bill Tilghman, nor any of the other fine Marshals who knew Rose Dunn, ever said one thing derogatory to her character. After Bill Tilghman had captured Bill Doolin at Eureka Springs, Arkansas, and was riding back to Guthrie, Oklahoma, on the train, Doolin gave Tilghman many details of past happenings.

When Tilghman asked, "Just what kind of girl is Rose Dunn?" Doolin smiled and said, "Why, she was just a sweet little country girl who was unfortunate enough to fall in love with an outlaw. She would have laid down her life for Bitter Creek Newcomb, and he worshipped her, but not enough to go straight. Naturally folks have suspected, but I swear that she was as good a girl as ever lived. If anyone had ever dared to intimate that she was not all a good girl should be, any one of the gang would have killed her accuser immediately."

In Mrs. Zoe Tilghman's story, "I Knew Rose of the Cimarron," she states, "My father had bought a farm adjoining the townsite of Ingalls in 1896. We had heard of Rose as a local celebrity. I first met her at a schoolhouse supper and entertainment which she attended with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Bee Dunn. Rose had dark hair and eyes, a good complexion and figure. She was poised and well mannered, attributes she had learned from a year or two at a convent school. She had helped her sister-in-law, Mrs. Bee Dunn, cook for the outlaws; she met and fell in love with Bitter Creek Newcomb, who took her to dances, and became known as her regular cavalier. He was handsome and dashing enough to attract any girl. There was no hint of any misconduct. Ingalls was a gossipy place, but I never heard a single aspersion on her character."

After Bitter Creek's death, and time had healed the hurts, Rose married a blacksmith by the name of Charles Noble. Jokingly she told some of her friends that she married Charley because he looked so much like Bitter Creek. Charley died after a few years and Rose remarried and moved to the State of Washington where she lived until her death.

I met many of Rose's friends. Some had known her long before the Territory was opened for settlement. She was very popular, full of life, and a most attractive and lovable girl. A short time after Rose Dunn's father died, her mother married Doctor Call and Rose moved from the old ranch to Ingalls to live with her mother at Doc Call's home. She had lived there quite some time before the fight at Ingalls. When Bitter Creek and his friends stayed at her brother's ranch, about two and a half miles south of Ingalls, Rose would go down there and help cook and take care of the boys. If Rose was in Ingalls the day of the fight, no one saw her. It has been stated that she ran to Bitter Creek's side and bandaged his wound. She did not do this at all. It was Mrs. Wagner who bandaged Bitter Creek's wound.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1893, was one of those glorious, warm, fall mornings that announce the coming of Indian Summer. At Ingalls, most of the men were already at their respective places of business. That old, deep, red sun had risen over the countryside, leaving shadows of fog down in the valleys. Browned grass and hay, nipped by an early frost, extended as far as the eye could see. Great flocks of red-winged blackbirds were gathering in the thickets, getting ready for the long flight to the southlands. A gentle south wind, coming over the Cimarron River Valley, barely stirred the leaves on those little trees that spotted the town square.

Joe Ketchum, the cobbler, had just walked across the street to show Sherm Sanders, the barber, a caterpillar which was crawling across his front window. Ketchum had been a saddle master with the Seventh Cavalry and upon retiring had decided to set up a boot shop in the new town of Ingalls. He built a small frame shop where he exhibited quite a few relics and souvenirs gathered during his years in the Cavalry. Joe's shop was a meeting place for many of his friends —at times these friends included some of the Doolin Gang. They contributed to Joe's stock of relics. Their visits were of the "touch and go" type, except when they were having their boots repaired.

Sherm Sanders was an old cowhand. He had ridden with several of the Doolin Gang on the Halsell Ranch. Like Ketchum, Sherm Sanders was on friendly terms with the outlaws. They got all their barber work done here and paid very well for the service. Sherm allowed them to put up at his ranch at times, also. He even did their barber work at his house if necessary.

W. M. (Bill) Wagner had been with the Halsell Ranch for a time and shod their horses. He had located in Ingalls and built his shop in the inside of the town square cater-cornered from the Pierce Hotel. It was across the street from Briggs' Drug Store, and about 25 feet away from Murray's Saloon, which was also inside of the square. The last building inside of the square was Ketchum's Boot Shop. This was across from the Pierce Livery Barn.

The Pierce Hotel was located well within the square on the south-central side. Directly across from Doctor Call's office and residence, which was across the side street, this hotel was still under construction at the above date. Mary Pierce had hoped to get the business of the outlaw trade, especially that of the Doolin Gang. But this was not to be. While the gang would make short visits to Ingalls, they never spent the nights there. They would stay out of town at some ranch, and only two or three of them would stay in one place.

Mary Pierce found out her mistake before she had gone too far, and stopped any further building. She had finished very comfortable living quarters in the downstairs southeast corner. This was her home and she entertained quite lavishly and often. She responded to all

Wilson's store as it appeared in 1929. It has been identified erroneously as the old Trilby Saloon. This building stood at the southeast corner of the square and gave protection to Marshal Shadley as he weaved his way to the back of the church where he shot Doolin. In firing on Doolin, Shadley was exposed to Dalton, who shot him through the head.

The home of Edith Ellsworth, the girl who married Bill Doolin.

activities within the town and nearby ranches.

She never gave up hope of catching a few of the $20.00 bills that the gang would spread around on their visits to town and went out of her way to meet these men, but it was of no use. If they had wished to "blow off steam," they would have gone to Kansas City or St. Louis. The only member of the gang who ever spent the night at the hotel was poor Arkansas Tom. And he was taken prisoner by the Marshals the next morning.

SOME of the neighbors were visiting. Mrs. Call was sweeping her front porch. Mrs. Wagner was hanging over the front fence discussing the coming events of the church and school. Mary Pierce was churning butter in the cool of the morning. The three were making plans for a party to be given at the Community Church.

Bill Murray was taking advantage of the brisk, warm breeze to air out his saloon. Murray's Saloon was almost directly in front of the Pierce Hotel. It was a common meeting place and he served lunch and soup. Many of the Doolin gang ate there whenever they were in town. The back door opened into the square.

J. W. Berry's Dry Goods was across the main street. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Owens had gone into Berry's store to do a little shopping, but mostly to formulate their plans on the coming basket-social that was to be held at the schoolhouse. The trick that worked to produce brisk bidding among the buyers was to be used again. The committee would make five beautiful baskets. They would give one of these baskets to the most charming girl in town (often to Rose Dunn). The other four would be given to two young girls, and two to a couple of the older ladies. Oftentimes the top bidder would wind up with either a little girl or someone's grandmother!

As the morning wore on, Sherm Sanders saw two riders coming in from the south. As they drew close to town, Sherm recognized Bill Doolin and Bill Dalton. They put their horses in the livery barn, the southmost building on the main street. Dalton went into Briggs' Drug Store for some supplies. Doolin, after waving hello to Sherm Sanders, went into Ketchum's to get his boot heels fixed.

Sherm had received word from Bob Beal about a covered wagon which had been parked out by Kerry's woods. Beal was suspicious of the two men he had seen there; they looked like U. S. Marshals to him. Sherm went over to Ketchum's and told Doolin about it, and to be on guard until these men were identified. Doolin thanked Sanders and said that he would be over for a haircut as soon as his boots were finished.

As Sanders was going back to his barbershop, he saw three riders coming in from the west. He recognized them to be Charley Pierce, Dynamite Dick, and Bitter Creek Newcomb. The five most important men in the Doolin Gang were now in Ingalls. They came in on the main street. As they passed Wagner's blacksmith shop, Bitter Creek turned in to get a couple of shoes set. Dynamite Dick and Charley Pierce went next door to Murray's Saloon, tied their horses to the rack, and went in for a little refresher and a couple of sandwiches. Murray was a little worried as he, too, had heard about the covered wagon and the hunters from Bob Beal. He immediately told the two boys about it and added that they better get out of town as it looked bad. The two happy fellows just laughed but did go out to their horses and get their rifles from the saddle scabbards. As it turned out a little later, it was a good thing for them, as well as for Doolin and Dalton, that they got their rifles.

A young fellow who lived near Kerry's was coming into town for some drugs. As he passed the woods he saw that the hunters were breaking camp and that there were five men in the hunting party instead of two. He became excited. As he passed near the camp one of the men called out to him and asked if there was a good place to eat in Ingalls. He told them that there was no restaurant, but they could get something to eat there at Murray's or the Trilby Saloon. They also asked him if there were many cowboys in Ingalls. These men were heavily armed and had all of the appearances of lawmen.

He told his story to Mr. Briggs. Dalton was still there and felt that something was wrong, and perhaps he and Doolin had been followed. He found Doolin still in Ketchum's shop visiting and looking over several relics that Ketchum had on the shelves. While Dalton had not seen Bitter Creek, Dynamite, and Charley Pierce arrive in town, he did recognize their horses. He alerted the two men in Murray's, who felt that the kid had been frightened and perhaps was imagining too much. But they made up their minds that as soon as Bitter Creek's horse was ready, they would take off. These three men did not know that Dalton and Doolin were in town until Dalton found them. They all agreed that this could be a serious thing.

They also felt that if there was to be a battle, they would have better cover in Ingalls than out on the prairie. They would keep in good cover until they were ready to leave town. They waited for nearly an hour and nothing happened. There was no sign of any hunters or anyone else. They momentarily relaxed and had a good lunch.

Although most of the people in Ingalls had been frightened from the news that the boy had brought to town, the excitement died down and they again went about their work feeling that this was more of a scare than anything else. However, things were really happening down the road about two miles out of town. The town would soon see a sight that they had sometimes expected, but so far had escaped. The people knew that sooner or later, with the outlaws coming to Ingalls as often as they did, there would be a shooting and killing in their streets. They were nearer to it now. It would surely happen before the sun set again.

(Continued on page 62)

Bob Donehough stands outside the old Wilson home. Bob was only a small boy in 1893, but he saw the entire fight and gave a vivid account of it to the author.

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GUNS OF THE OLD WEST

Tenth In A Series

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

THE SHOTGUN

Doc Holliday

By Lea Franklin McCarty

DURING tough John Slaughter's four years as Sheriff of Cochise County, Arizona (1887-1890), a misguided reporter from a New York newspaper got up the nerve to ask him why he carried a shotgun along with a Winchester and a Colt six-shooter on his manhunts.

John's hard black eyes narrowed in contempt. "To *kill* men with, you damned fool!" he snapped. (End of interview.)

That simple, cold fact explains why so many gunfighters, on both sides of the law, packed the deadly scattergun as the essential tool of their lethal trade. A double-barrel 10 gauge with the barrels sawed off to 18 or 20 inches and loaded with 00 buckshot was the most popular weapon, but the old reliable 12 gauge saw plenty of action too. The gauge was a matter of personal preference; what mattered in a life-or-death shootout was the fact that nine buckshot in each shell meant the shotgun carrier had nine chances to the six-gun slinger's one. At long range, of course, there was no substitute for the rifle, which explains why John Slaughter and Wyatt Earp, among many others, packed shotgun, Winchester *and* six-shooter.

No man, no matter how tough, relished the prospect of a gutful of buckshot. Doc Holliday, although handy with Bowie knife and pistol, preferred his shotgun when the chips were down. In the famous O.K. Corral fight with the Clantons and McLowerys in October of 1881, Doc gave Tom McLowery a double dose of buckshot "right in the bread-basket" as he later described it with his peculiar brand of macabre humor. Of the six men killed or wounded on that bloody day in Tombstone, all except Tom McLowery were hit by six-gun bullets. Significantly, all except Tom managed to get off a shot or two after being hit.

Perhaps the most famous shotgun killing of the Old West was Billy the Kid's slaying of Bob Ollinger (or Olinger) when he escaped from Lincoln Courthouse on April 28, 1880. Ironically, the shotgun Billy used was Ollinger's own weapon—a 10 gauge Colt-made gun with Damascus barrels that had been sawed off to 18 inches. Ollinger had left the gun leaning against a wall of the prisoner's room while he crossed the street to eat supper at a Mexican cafe. That was Bob's first mistake. His second was leaving the Kid in charge of Deputy J. W. Bell.

Bell's mistake, which triggered his own death and subsequently that of Ollinger, was wearing his six-gun in a hip holster within Billy's reach while he played a sociable game of cards with the little buck-toothed killer. The Kid purposely dropped a card on the floor and when Bell stooped to retrieve it snatched his gun. Bell broke for the stairs leading to the first floor and Billy, raising the gun in both his manacled hands, shot him in the back. The deputy rolled down the stairs, his body crashing into Old Man Geiss sitting on the bottom step. Geiss dashed out and across the street to warn Ollinger.

Billy slipped his slender, supple hands out of his handcuffs, picked up Ollinger's shotgun and stepped to an open window overlooking the door. Ollinger, racing across the street with drawn Colt, was brought up short by the Kid's sardonic greeting, "Hello, Bob!"

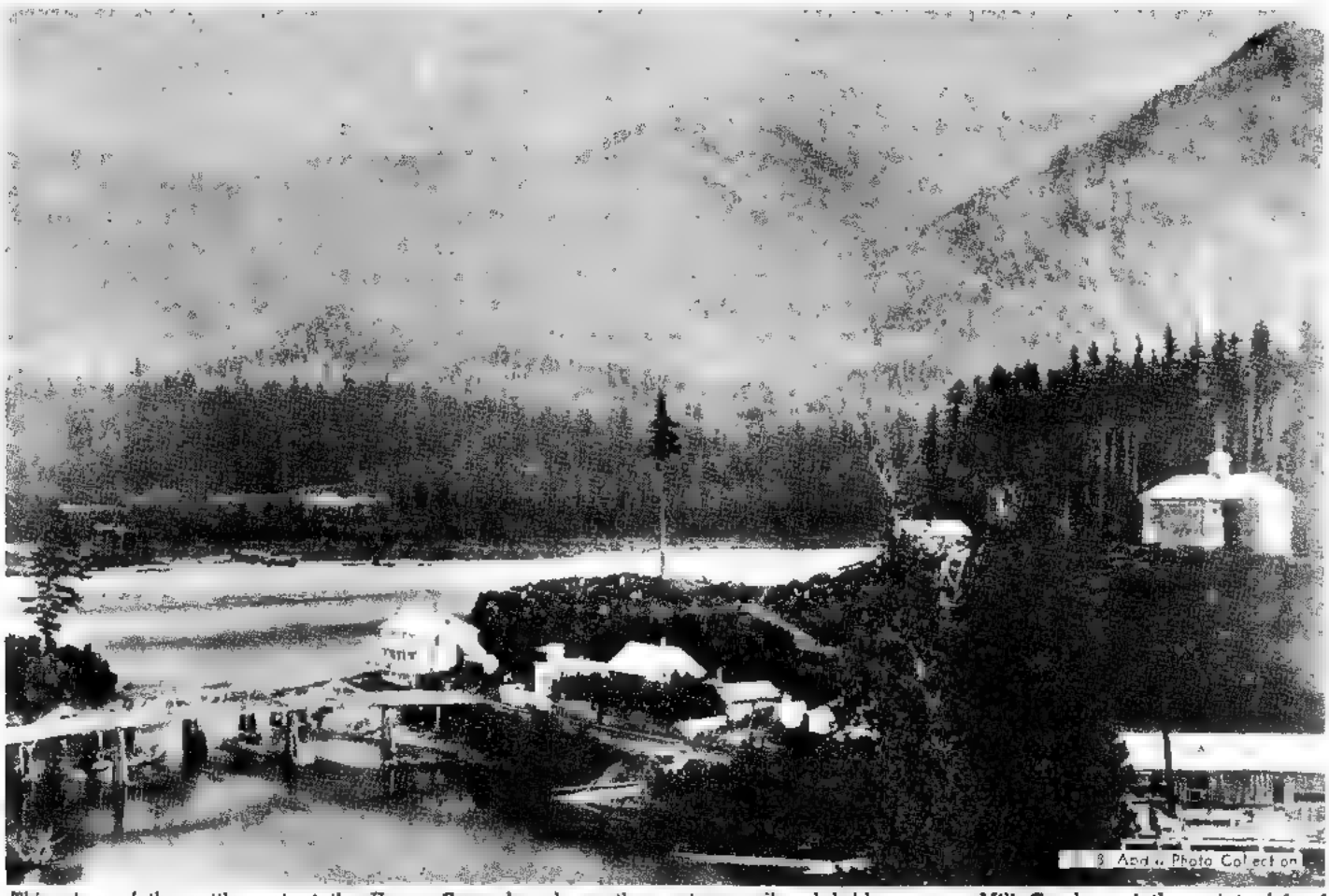
Ollinger looked up knowing he was doomed. Billy blasted his face and neck with the contents of the first barrel, knocking him down and killing him instantly. Then, in a paroxysm of fury, cursing the corpse, the Kid fired the second barrel into Ollinger's body and wound up his murderous performance by hurling the empty shotgun at the deputy's shattered face.

WILD BILL HICKOK is supposed to have "buffaloed" a hundred Texas trailherders with a shotgun while serving as marshal of Abilene, a claim vigorously denied by all true Texans ever since.

Another "shotgun yarn," probably apocryphal but possibly true, is Wyatt Earp's account of killing outlaw Curly Bill Brocius at Iron Springs, Arizona. Lord knows who Wyatt's ghost-writer was, but he sure wrote like dime novelist Ned Buntline! Earp's story (condensed) follows:

"I climbed down off my horse. . . . As I stood there by my horse's head, cocking my gun, I looked the nine men (outlaws) over. . . . I noted with surprise that every rifle seemed aimed at me. I rather resented that. I wanted to kill Curly Bill. I believed he had been in both plots that had resulted in the wounding of my brother Virgil and the death of

(Continued on page 52)



This view of the settlement at the Upper Cascades shows the portage railroad bridge across Mill Creek, and the point of land from which the Indians poured a hail of fire on the Bradford store. The sawmill, at the lower right, replaced the one burned during the siege. The large blockhouse at the right was built by the Army to protect the settlers shortly after the battle fought here in 1856.

BATTLE AT *The Cascades*

Kamiakin saw a chance to wipe out every settler between the mountains and the Pacific Ocean. Forty men, women and children, forted up in Bradford's store, were his first target

By GEORGE B. ABDILL

THE MORNING of Wednesday, March 26, 1856, broke cold and grey over the little settlement at The Cascades of the Columbia River, with a chill wind sweeping through the gorge of that great Northwest waterway. There, 144 miles above the mouth of the river at Astoria, the Columbia's channel was filled with rocks and rapids which rendered it impassable for steamboat traffic. Yet to supply the needs of miners in the Colville gold fields and other settlers and military installations in the vast inland empire lying east of the mountains, riverboats plied the Columbia in increasing numbers.

The scattered community known as The Cascades played an important role in this river trade and was strung out along the north bank of the Columbia in three parts. Steamboats from Portland and Fort Vancouver struggled upstream to Lower Cascades Landing where they discharged their passengers and freight to portage around the five miles of rapids; at high water stages of the river, the boats could reach the Middle Cascades. At the upper end of the treacherous rapids was Upper Cascades Landing, where steamboats again took over for a run upstream of about forty-four miles to The Dalles. This was the site of Fort Dalles, established in 1850 for the protection of settlers following the Whitman massacre.

The portage around the rapids at The Cascades consisted of a railway or tram road, made of wooden rails faced with strap iron strips, and was operated by mules hitched to four-wheeled flat cars. Construction of this tramway had started late in the fall of 1855 under the guidance of two brothers, Daniel F. and Putnam Bradford, who also had steamboat interests on the river.

Throughout the winter of 1855-56 there had been considerable unrest among the Indians in the region, especially in

The settlement on the Upper Cascades of the Columbia River, scene of the surprise attack by Indians during the Yakima Wars of 1855-56. Tracks of the portage railway lead to the riverboat landing (upper right) where a steamboat can be seen ready to depart for The Dalles.

the Yakima and Klickitat tribes led by the noted chief, Kamiakin. There was also open friction between the Oregon settlers and the United States Army. A group of Oregon mounted volunteers were in the field against the Cayuse tribes east of the Cascades while the regulars garrisoned Fort Vancouver and Fort Dalles.

On the 6th of March a band of Klickitat Indians raided the Joslyn settlement at the mouth of White Salmon River, about half-way between The Dalles and Upper Cascades, and drove off a large number of stock belonging to the settlers. When the news of this raid reached Fort Vancouver, Colonel George Wright ordered Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe and two companies of the Ninth Infantry to proceed to the White Salmon. On March 11 Colonel Wright and his command arrived at Fort Dalles on their way up the Columbia toward the troubled Cayuse region.

Because the portage at the Cascades was a vital link in the military supply route up the Columbia, Major Gabriel Rains had been ordered to construct a blockhouse there to protect the portage. This log structure, located about one mile below the Upper Cascades Landing, was completed in the fall of 1855 and was unofficially known as Fort Rains. A strong garrison force was kept there until Colonel Wright moved up-river, but on March 20 the officer in charge there, Lieutenant Bissell, was ordered to withdraw, leaving only a small guard detachment consisting of Sergeant Kelly and nine enlisted men of Company H, Fourth U.S. Infantry. In addition to their arms, this detachment was supplied with a small howitzer and ammunition for it.

THE FIRST inkling of trouble at the Cascades came on March 25 when Robert Williams, a soldier stationed at the Fort Rains blockhouse, passed the Cascades Indian village near the Lower Cascades Landing. These Indians, numbering about fifty, were generally considered friendly and made their living fishing for salmon and serving on the barges in transfer service over the rapids. When Private Williams neared their camp, bound for the Lower Landing with a message, he noticed a big powwow was in progress and that the natives were in war dress. What he did not know was that Yakima and Klickitat runners from Kamiakin were in council with the Cascade tribe, exhorting them to battle.

The wily Kamiakin's scouts had informed him that Colonel Wright and his troops had moved eastward from The Dalles, and the Yakima chieftain speedily put his war plan into operation. With the main body of regular troops moving east up the river, Kamiakin planned to wipe out the Cascades settlement and move down the Columbia River Valley, exterminating all white settlers between the mountains and the Pacific Ocean. Only a skeleton force of Army troops at Fort Vancouver stood in his path, and he was confident that his tribesmen could overwhelm them.

As Williams approached the Cascade camp, a number of braves broke away from the council fire and began circling through the dense timber to head him off. The soldier noted this flanking move and took to his heels, returning to the blockhouse and reporting what he had seen to Sergeant Kelly.

The night of the 25th passed quietly and the next morning the settlers began their normal activities. A crew of workmen building the last of the portage railway bridges near the Upper Cascades had hitched up the mules to the tram cars and were at work on a bridge located near the home of a settler named Bush; other carpenters were at work on a new warehouse being built for the Bradford brothers on an island close to the Bradford store.

Nearby, in the mouth of Mill Creek, lay the little sidewheeler *Mary*, the steamboat connecting the Upper Cascades with The Dalles. Her fires were drawn and her crew was engaged in some repair work; the winds that sweep through the Columbia's narrow gorge at this point were blowing raw and cold, holding the steamer against the shore.

About 8:30 a.m. all hell broke loose. From the fir-timbered bluffs at Mill Creek to a point on the portage railway near the first falls or rapids, a line of naked, paint-smeared Indians rose out of the brush and opened fire on the settlers. All was confusion as a rain of bullets and arrows filled the air. One of the railroad crew fell, mortally hit, and several others were injured.

The men dropped their tools and fled, most of the crew running for the shelter of the Bradford store; three of the carpenters fled down the track and overtook the portage cars near a salmon-curing warehouse, where they cut loose the

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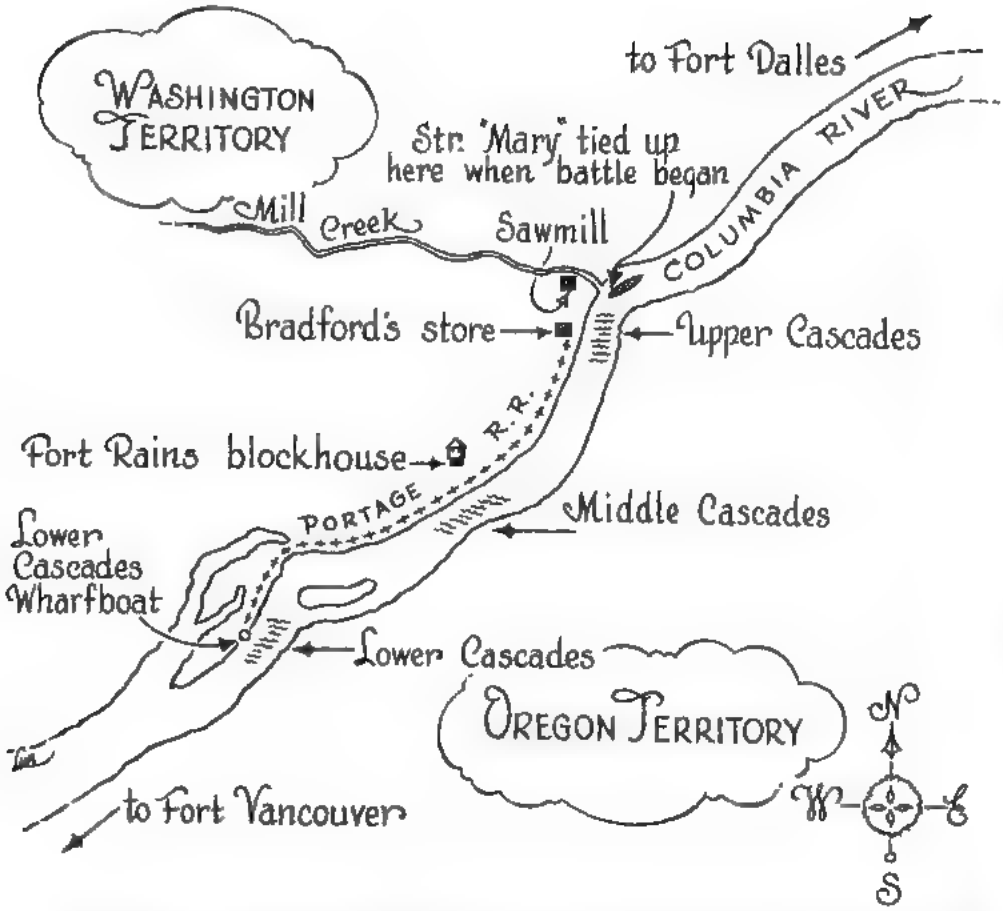


Cascades of the Columbia River—1856. The small island in the river above the Upper Cascades, to the right of Bradford's store, is where the warehouse was burned and the carpenters wounded. There was general fighting from above the mouth of Mill Creek to the wharfboat at the Lower Cascades Landing during the three days' siege of the settlement. The Army blockhouse (below), known locally as Fort Rains, was built by troops under Major Gabriel J. Rains. Here Sergeant Kelly and his squad of soldiers were besieged by the Indians during the attack.

mules and, joined by the car-drivers, rode toward the blockhouse at Fort Rains. They were not molested until they reached a spring at trackside, where they encountered more Indians and were forced to ride through volleys of bullets and arrows. Several of them were wounded in their race to safety, and "Little Jake" Kyle, a German boy, was killed as he neared the haven of refuge. An Indian hidden behind a big fir stepped out as the lad rode by and killed him with a musket shot.

When the fight started, the detachment at Fort Rains was badly scattered. Sergeant Kelly had sent Private Frederick Bernaur up to Bradford's store for a canteen of whiskey earlier in the morning. Private Lawrence Rooney was cutting wood for fuel on the hill above the blockhouse. Sergeant Kelly and others of his guard detachment were strolling about the neighborhood, and the only members of the garrison in close proximity to the blockhouse were Privates Williams, Sheridan, McManus, and the cook.

Although the troopers heard the firing at the Upper Cascades, they took no alarm until bullets began splintering the cookhouse door and the frightened cook charged out shouting "Injuns" at the startled troopers. Private McManus was hit by a shot in the groin and was hastily dragged inside the sheltering log walls of the blockhouse by Private Williams; he later died in the post hospital at Fort Vancouver, following the raising of the siege. Sergeant Kelly and the other troopers ran for the fort and all arrived in safety except Private Rooney, the woodcutter. He was captured by the savages and tortured, his face mashed with his axe, and his body mutilated. Then he was hanged with a willow withe.

Private Bernaur had reached the Upper Cascades, purchased the canteen of whiskey ordered by Sergeant Kelly, and was on his way down to the blockhouse when the Indians attacked it. A party of them encountered Bernaur and opened fire on him, shooting him through both legs, but he escaped into the dense brush along the riverbank and hid so well that he was not detected. Weak from loss of blood, he fainted several times but revived himself with the raw liquor in the canteen he carried.

When night fell, he crawled from his hiding place and managed to enter Fort Rains under the cover of darkness. George Griswold, a settler living near the blockhouse, was not so fortunate. He and several neighbor families fled to Fort Rains when the attack began, but Griswold refused to believe his Cascade Indian friends had turned against the whites and exposed himself, probably in the belief he could reason with them. His confidence was misplaced and he was shot dead.

THE TROOPERS and settlers in the Fort Rains blockhouse bolted the door and secured a heavy chain across it for added protection. Fourteen rounds of canister shot from their six-pounder were poured into the savages surrounding the fort. Heavy underbrush prevented the whites from knowing if they had inflicted any damage on the attackers, but the bursting shells forced the Indians to retreat out of range. They retired to a timbered hill and proceeded to torture the captured soldier, Rooney, whose screams were plainly heard by those defending the blockhouse. After killing Private Rooney, the main body of redskins who had engaged in the attack on

Fort Rains moved down the river toward Lower Cascades Landing.

Earlier in the morning George Johnson and Captain E. W. Baughman had set out from the Lower Cascades to the Indian village located on a sand bar some distance toward Fort Rains to get a boat crew from the Cascade tribe. On the way they met a native called Indian Jack, who warned them that the blockhouse was being attacked. Johnson refused to believe it and the two white men continued toward the Indian village, even though they heard the reports of the howitzer firing at Fort Rains.

Arriving at the camp, they met a few members of the Cascade tribe who said they thought the Yakimas were on the warpath. While parleying, the sound of musket fire convinced the men that a battle was in progress. They both took to their heels and headed back downstream. The war party they heard was headed their way after its unsuccessful attack on the blockhouse.

This war party, numbering about thirty braves, had encountered a man named Bill Murphy and two companions, and had opened fire on them. The three ran for the Lower Cascades, hotly pursued by the natives, and spread the alarm at Johnson's cabin. Murphy ran on to warn another settler named Hamilton and his neighbors who had taken up claims a short distance below the Lower Landing. These families abandoned their homes and took to the river in small boats, all escaping downriver toward Fort Vancouver.

When the Indians moved on the Lower Cascades, Indian Simpson was dispatched with an express to Fort Vancouver to warn the military there of the battle raging on the north bank of the Columbia. A number of men remained at the Lower Cascades, taking a stand around the wharfboat and a schooner tied up at the landing. They were not disturbed until late in the afternoon, the Indians having been occupied with robbing and burning the homes of Putnam Bradford, Bishop, and other settlers. Although there was a quantity of Government freight stowed in the wharfboat awaiting transfer up-river, the men had only a few rounds of ammunition.

When the Indians arrived and began firing on them they cut loose the wharfboat and the schooner and floated off down the flooded bosom of the Columbia. Although under heavy fire, only one man was wounded in the escape, Tommy Price being shot in the thigh while poling the boats out into the current.

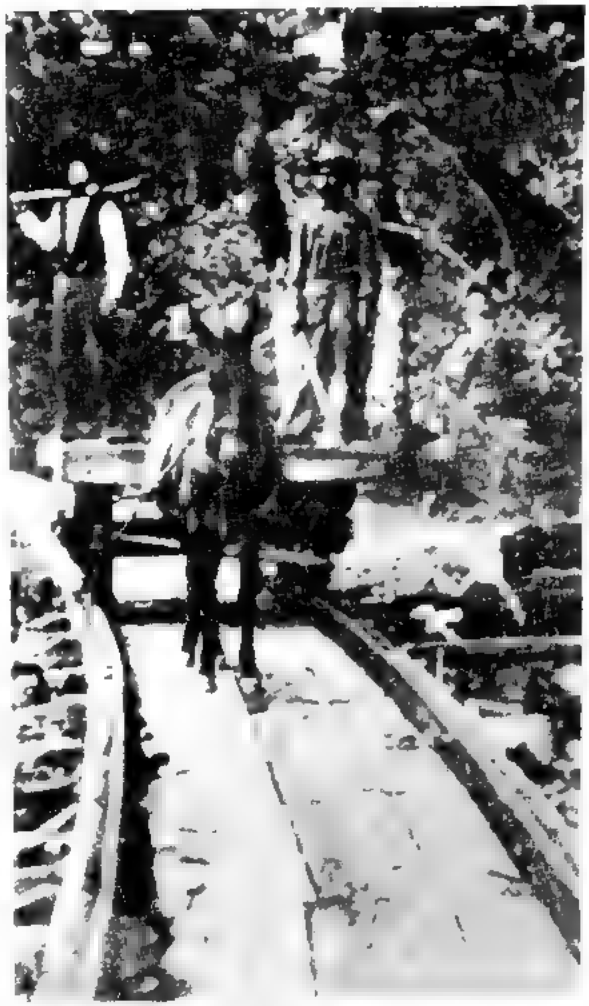
Shortly after the first group of refugees fled from the Lower Cascades, they met the steamboat *Jennie Clark*, the first sternwheeler ever to run on the river. The steamer loaded the settlers aboard and made the run back to Portland in four hours and forty five minutes, one of the fastest passages then on record.

AT THE Upper Cascades, the battle was still going on in deadly earnest. After the first burst of firing, many settlers in the immediate area fled to Bradford's store for refuge. The Indians burst into the cabin of George Watkins and killed Henry Hagar, a brother of Mrs. Watkins, but the latter and her children escaped by running to the Bradford store. As they neared the building, an Indian rose out of the brush and drew a bead on Mrs. Watkins, but before he could fire he was killed by a settler named Bush who had taken refuge in the store.

Settlers in the vicinity of the water-powered sawmill, located a short distance up Mill Creek from the steamer landing, were not so fortunate. B. W. Brown and his wife were killed at the mill, their bodies stripped naked and thrown into Mill Creek. Others killed at the sawmill were Jacob White, the sawyer, and young Jimmy Watkins, who was driving an ox team engaged in hauling logs to the mill. The savages also killed a mill hand named Calderwood, and Norman Palmer who was driving a team at the mill.

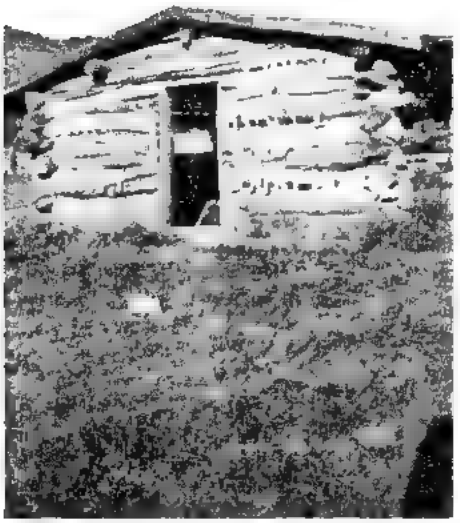
When the attack began, there was a great deal of confusion at the Bradford store. The store was a two-story frame structure located close to the riverbank and within gunshot of the end of the island where a crew of carpenters were building a warehouse. A high bank rose directly behind the building, giving the Indians a vantage point from which they poured a stream of fire. The only means of access to the upper floor of the store was by use of an outside stairway; when the firing began the only person in the upstairs was the cook, a man

(Continued on page 40)



A lone mule pulls a flatcar along wooden rails faced with strap steel on the portage railway. This 1867 photo by C. E. Wilkins shows the portage road on the Oregon shore of the Columbia River. It is typical of the Bradford portage road under construction on the opposite shore when Indians swooped down to attack the crews at work. Below, sidewheel steamboats, "Dalles," "Idaho" and "Iris" at the landing at The Dalles, about 1865. The steamer "Mary" was slightly larger than the boat shown at the extreme left.

Photos Courtesy Author



The first Routt County courthouse.

Homesteadin' in the

One thing about the mistakes we made—there weren't very many people around to notice them. That's the only advantage to being twenty miles from nowhere!

BACK IN 1912 our Government decided that a lot of land in northwestern Colorado that had been reserved for the coal underlying it, would be thrown open for homesteading. It was dry land. Very little could be irrigated. The elevation was 7,000 feet or more. It was covered with various kinds of brush, mostly sage, but there were buck brush, choke cherry and service berry as well as scrub oak and groves of quaking aspen. The land was rich and, when cleared, would raise good crops of grain.

The promise of a homestead was like winning the prize in a lottery. The welcome news was printed in the newspapers and people were quick to take advantage of the opportunity to make a new home in the West. Northwest Colorado soon witnessed a collection of characters, dressed in business suits and derby hats, work clothes and heavy shoes or whatever garb they had been used to wearing in the life they were eager to change for the life of a homesteader. All were eager to find someone to locate them on a piece of land. There was much talk of maps and forties, section lines, townships, and squatter's rights. A number of them got filings on 160 acres and buckled their belts for the struggle to turn the wilderness into a garden.

We lived in Denver. My dad was a carpenter. He had been raised on a little patch of ground in West Virginia. He thought this entitled him to know all about ranching. When he read it was possible to get 160 acres free he decided we had to have a homestead. Leaving us in Denver, he went ahead to Routt County and an old friend of ours, a surveyor, located him on a quarter section of land. He filed on this and built a little cabin. It was 12' x 20' and located on a flat piece of ground close to a little creek that ran across the place.

The cabin had a boxcar-shaped roof. It was all covered with black tar paper with battens over the cracks. The floor and door were made of 1" x 10" pine boards. There were two little windows and a partition across the middle making two rooms. All was new and clean and smelled of new pine. It was tight and dry but would get awfully hot in the summer and very, very cold in the winter.

Dad wrote us that the cabin was ready and I shipped out our few possessions. On the tenth of May, 1913, we started for our new home. We were my mother, myself and two brothers, Lloyd and Leonard. I was seventeen; Lloyd was eight; and Leonard was four years old. I had an older sister but she was married and had her own home and was not along.

We boarded the old Moffat train. The Moffat railroad was the highest standard gauge railroad in the world. It runs through and over the Rockies with the most marvelous mountain scenery to be found anywhere. It was spring and the leaves were just turning green and the mountain streams were rushing over the rocks in the valleys. There were huge banks of snow beside the tracks. The train had to climb steep grades and went slow. We enjoyed it all.

On top of the Continental Divide at Corona we went through snow sheds that were covered with snow. Our destination was Oak Creek, the nearest town to our homestead. It was about 180 miles from Denver and in this distance there were forty or fifty tunnels to go through, cut from the solid rock. It was all wonderful.

Oak Creek, Colorado, about 1925.

WE ARRIVED at Oak Creek about six o'clock in the evening. Dad met us at the depot, which was a boxcar set on some ties. Oak Creek was a coal mining town and booming. There were three grocery stores and about ten saloons. There was a feed store, a few rooming houses, a livery stable and a few other stores or offices. We rented a room over a saloon, piled our suitcases in it, had some supper, and looked the town over. This did not take long and as there was not

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By GUY C. BATTON

Rockies

much to do we turned in early, but not to sleep. There were a couple of bullet holes through our door which gave the place a "Western air" and down below someone began to play an accordian and a couple more began to sing. Song and laughter kept us awake until midnight.

The next morning we purchased a box of groceries and got ready to start the nine miles out to our homestead. The neighbor on the ranch adjoining us had hired a man from the livery stable to haul out a load of household goods for him and we were to ride along. This was all loaded on a hay rack and made a bulky load. We loaded our box of groceries, piled ourselves on, and started out.

As soon as we came to a hill the team balked and we got off to walk. It took a long time for the driver to get the horses to pull a few feet so we walked to the top of the hill and waited. This was a mile or more and there were three long hills between town and our homestead. We walked up all the hills and rode down. We arrived there about four o'clock in the afternoon. We were all hungry. Dad had gotten our furniture and stove hauled out a few days before and had our stove up and in working order. We gathered a few armloads of sagebrush and branches and started a fire. My mother cooked something for us and the driver to eat and he went on to unload and then headed back to town.

We had a couple of beds and bedding, a sideboard and chest of drawers, some dishes and cooking utensils, table and chairs. A few clothes and tools was about it. We had a cupboard built of pine boards and some nails were driven in the walls. We also had a .22 rifle and a twelve gauge shotgun. It was kind of crowded but we loved it. You could look around at the mountains; range cattle were grazing everywhere; there was no other human being in sight.

We had 160 acres of land in an ell shaped piece across a kind of flat little valley. A small creek ran across our place for a quarter of a mile. The water was muddy but it was water, and water was valuable. There was a small natural meadow in the flat. One end of our place ran up on a mountain covered with sagebrush, the other end up a steeper mountain to where a rimrock cropped out. This end was covered with scrub oak below the rimrock and we found out later on it was a wonderful place for cottontail rabbits. It looked like a lot of land to us. More than half was rich and black and could be farmed. All in all, it was a pretty good homestead.

WE HAD a million things to do but nothing to work with. You can't farm without horses and machinery. We had neither and there was very little money left. We went hunting. There were sage chickens, jackrabbits and grouse.

The elevation of our place was a little over 7,000 feet. This made a short growing season and you had to get your crops planted as early as possible for them to mature before the early snows covered them up. We could raise good crops of barley, oats or potatoes if we had anyway to plant them. Hardy vegetables that would stand a little frost would grow wonderfully and were crisp and brittle. I spaded a little ground and planted a few garden seeds. The gophers watched me and as soon as the things started to come up they ate them down to the roots.

We did have some good luck, though. An old fellow who was working out lent

Crops were abundant at times, as the above picture shows. These men were photographed while putting up hay in Routt County. Below is a view of the Batton homestead after twelve years of improvements.

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us his team of horses and wagon. This was a miracle because a man's horses were his treasured possession. The team was old and gentle and I learned to harness them and hooked them to the running gears of the old wagon and prepared to go to the woods to cut fence posts. Dad went away to work for a rancher so he could keep us in a few groceries. My job was to improve the ranch. A neighbor went along to help and we would cut and haul two loads each per day. A load was twenty-five trees that had been cut and trimmed of the branches, and each tree would make two fence posts. It would take a lot of them. We cut and hauled for a good while. It was hard work. My axe was not very good, the trees were green and heavy, and the woods were full of brush and grass. Walking on it made your shoes as slick as glass. You had to be careful not to slip and fall with the heavy end of a green tree on your shoulder.

It was awfully pretty in the woods. The choke cherry and service berry brush were all in blossom and gave out a nice perfume. The bees were busy around them. Wild flowers, blue and red, were everywhere. Before we were through cutting, the columbines began to bloom. There were hundreds of them, purple and white, blooming everywhere.

We picked out a little patch of ground that was rich and not too brushy and planted a few potatoes. We could buy potatoes for seed for fifty cents a hundred pounds. You could raise fine mountain potatoes without cultivating or having to spray. There were no bugs then. Farming was simple and easy, and a good thing it was. Most of the homesteaders had to learn how to farm.

The rancher my dad worked for lent us a cow. I had to learn to milk. This helped out wonderfully. We could churn a little butter and had milk for breakfast food. Working in the woods gave you an awful appetite and we loved that old cow.

We got a dozen spools of wire and I started to build fence. I set the posts a rod apart, and fifty a day was a good day's work. We just put two strands on at first as we did not have much wire. This would turn the cattle better than none but it takes a good four-wire fence to keep range cattle out. I think I got about eighty acres fenced. About this time we had to return the team. Without them I couldn't have done anything.

Lloyd learned to milk well enough so that I could go out to work in the hay fields for a rancher. As part of my wages I got two weaner pigs. When I got home I built a pen for them and we also dug a kind of cave for the potatoes we hoped we would have. We also got a patch of potatoes and turnips to dig on shares. We dug them all with a garden fork or a spade. They were the first I had ever seen grow. When we were through we had three or four tons of potatoes and about 800 pounds of turnips for our share. We hired them hauled home and put them in our cave. The turnips were sweet and good—if you happen to like turnips, which fortunately we did.

Dad made a trade with a couple of bachelor brothers who were old lumberjacks and got them to haul us a set of pine house logs. They hauled us enough logs to build a cabin 16' x 24'. Dad, in turn, was to help them build their cabins. Winter was coming on so we took the cow home, and my mother and brothers went to Denver to stay for the winter with my married sister. Dad and I would stay and batch.

There was a little valley with a little water from a spring running through it which flattened out close to the road and was a beautiful spot. We decided on this place for the location of our new log house. We piled up a lot of flat rocks for a foundation and started to lay up the house logs. Dad hewed them as smooth as he could on the inside and we laid them up eight rounds high. This made about an eight-foot wall. We cut in windows and a door.

Dad bought a load of slabs and we roofed the logs over with them and covered the slabs with dirt. This made a good warm roof for the winter, but in the spring when the snow melted or it would rain, muddy water would run through and it was terrible. We chinked the cracks between the logs with mud and that was as far as we could go, as we were out of material.

The snow had been getting deeper so we tore a few boards from our boxcar-roofed cabin and made each of us a pair of skis. Then we would tear off a few boards every day, carry them to our new location, and close in our log house. We did all this transporting on skis and lived in our original cabin until we got the log house tight enough to move into. The log house just had two rooms, too, but they were larger and it was warmer than the tar paper cabin.

I piled up a lot of dry quakers in the woods, standing them on end. A neighbor hauled them for half and we also hired him to haul us a load of coal. Coal at the mine was a $1.50 a ton but we had no way to haul it. To haul the wood he just used the front two runners, chained the dry quakers on it, and let the back end of the trees drag in the snow. We loaded them butt end to the front. When we got them home we piled them on end, like a wigwam, to keep them dry and out of the snow. This was our fuel.

IT TURNED real cold and one morning when we went to the cave for potatoes we found them all frozen like rocks. As long as they stayed frozen we could thaw and cook them but the starch in a potato turns to sugar when they freeze and they taste sweet. We ate sweet-tasting potatoes all winter. It did not make any difference in the taste of the turnips and we ate lots of them. We had a little bacon and salt pork and shot a few cottontail rabbits. We did not live as well as we had during the summer. We had no milk, eggs or sweets. We had flour and coffee and a neighbor woman gave me a start of sourdough. I learned to make good sourdough and baking powder biscuits.

The winters there are long and our meals grew pretty tiresome. I began to think homesteading had a few drawbacks. We could only get to town with a neighbor once in a while unless we would walk in. No one went to town until he was out of tobacco. We only got our mail when we went to town or sometimes a neighbor going in would bring it out. We hardly ever saw a paper and did not know much about what was going on in the world. We did not seem to worry much about it, though.

We could not do much in the way of work in the snow and cold, so we would visit our neighbors and hunt a few cottontails. Our neighbors were not much better off than we were. No one had chickens. We all got along without fresh milk or eggs. The women would try and make a cake without eggs using a little canned milk. It was a tough winter for most of us.

One morning we looked out the window and saw a weasel playing outside.

Early winters made threshing difficult. It took a sizeable team to move a threshing machine (below) out of the area after the snows had set in. The picture at right is the winter road to Oak Creek.

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He would run and dive under the snow, tunnel along for twenty feet or so then come up and sit up and look around. He was awful foolish because his fur was worth $1.50! We watched him a little while, then Dad got the .22 and put a bullet through him and we stretched his hide on a board. It would bring as much as a hard day's work.

There were lots of sage hens in the country and in the winter they would gather in bunches and eat the sage leaves. There would be maybe a hundred or two in a bunch. Finally Dad killed one. I picked and cleaned it real well and decided to bake it. I did not know you had to put a little water in the pan and baste it as it cooked. I just put it in the oven, built up the fire, and let her cook. Everytime I would look at it it seemed to be more dried and shriveled. When it had shrunk to the size of a pigeon, I decided it was done.

Except for the shape it could have been an Egyptian mummy. We cut off a piece with a sharp knife and tried to eat it. It tasted like a piece of rawhide flavored with sage. We quit hunting them.

The young ones are delicious, fried. One time later on I saw a bunch of sage chickens fly across the horizon. I counted a hundred and figured about how big a spot they covered. The flock looked to be about twelve times as large as the spot. I estimated that there were 1,200 sage chickens in the flock. That was the most I ever saw in one bunch. This, of course, was in the winter when they gathered together.

THE DAYS began to get longer and finally it was spring. With spring there was work on the ranches. I went to work for a rancher and Dad got a job in town at the mines as carpenter. I learned something about farming and how to handle horses and farm machinery. My mother and brothers came home from Denver. Dad and I came home weekends. We did not have any horses to farm with so could not do anything at home. We hired a few acres plowed, but it was too late to plant that spring.

Dad donated an acre of land for a schoolhouse. The county built a little one-room school and hired a teacher. There were about fifteen children of different ages to attend, and school got started before the desks arrived. The kids each brought in a flat rock to sit on. They hung their caps and coats on a nail driven in the wall, and were ready to be educated.

After the homesteaders had planted a few acres and had a little time to rest, the community organized a Sunday school. We all attended at the schoolhouse on Sundays. We had a neighbor who was a good preacher. We would sing a few hymns and read a few verses from the Bible. Everyone attended, young and old. We would take up a collection. On a good Sunday this might amount to as much as thirty or forty cents.

We also held farmers' meetings about twice a month. These were held on Saturday nights and the school board allowed us to use the schoolhouse if we would clean it up after we were through. The women all brought cakes, some with eggs in them, or sandwiches. We made coffee. The men would talk a little about farming while we young folks would sit and impatiently wait until they would get through so that we could dance. Everyone came and all danced. The pious ones, who would not go to a dance, would go to a farmers' meeting—and as long as they were there they might as well stay and dance! Babies and young children were laid along the wall and slept through it all. An old man played the fiddle and his tunes all sounded alike whether for a waltz or fox trot. We danced square dances too, all to the same tune. Everyone stayed until daylight and all had a good time.

If you were lucky enough to have brought a girl in a buggy or spring wagon, you did not wrap the reins around the buggy whip with your arms around the girl on the way home. The horses were cold after being tied outside and were raring to go home. You had to sit up, wrap the lines around your hands, and hold on. You got a fast ride and a cold one. It was cold enough sitting in a buggy on a July morning at daylight to make your teeth chatter.

The schoolhouse was close to the road and the road was fenced on both sides making a lane. An old fellow who lived down below the school would ride his old horse to town to get a few groceries. He had to ride through the lane past the school and the kids would see him coming and each get a rock or club. When he got even with the school they would all throw rocks at his horse or hit it with a club and make him go through on a lope. The old man would hold on to the saddle horn and spit tobacco juice and cuss.

Neighboring homesteaders and the cabin of the "good cook" brother.

WE HAD hired a few acres plowed and decided to plant it in barley. We did not have a drill so were going to broadcast it. We would then cover the seed with a disc harrow or drag of some kind. Dad did not know how thick to plant it, so a neighbor told him to scatter it thick enough so that the flat of your hand would cover above seven grains when placed flat on the ground. This did not look thick enough to Dad so he thought the neighbor meant your thumb instead of your hand. This way he planted about 350 pounds to the acre. I told Dad it was too thick but you could not tell Dad anything, so he went ahead. It was dry

(Continued on page 44)

The Batton homestead cabin as it appeared after a heavy snow had begun to melt. The skis beside the door were used daily in weather such as this.

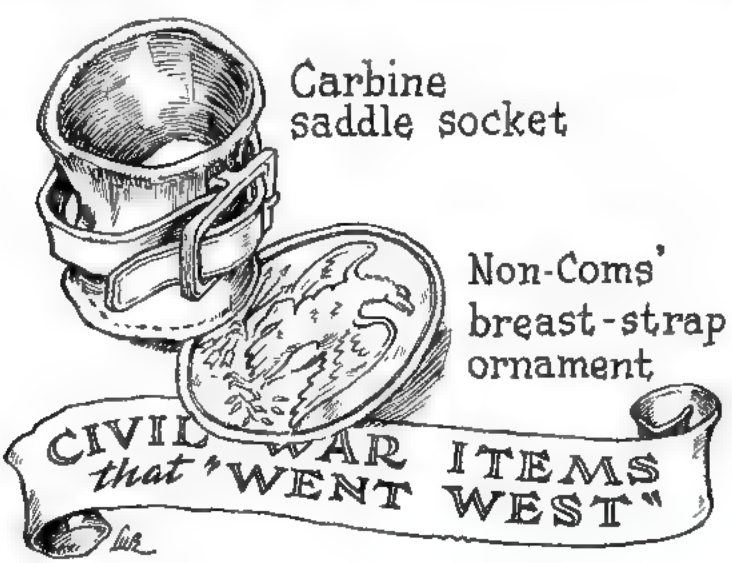
FRONTIER RELICS

By LESTER U. BEITZ

FOR THE purpose of contrast—or, more appropriately, to show the wide range of collectable material from the early frontier, let's examine a few items that are still quite readily obtainable at modest cost and then look into a few that will be a terrific challenge to the most diligent (and well-heeled) collector. We'll start with some easy ones.

Thousands of ex-soldiers headed for western homestead lands immediately following the Civil War. In their wagons were many items of military gear and equipage that were to serve utilitarian purposes on the prairie comparable to their usefulness "in the field." A good example is the regulation leather saddle-socket for cavalry carbines which fit the Sharp's and Henry rifles neat and snug. Although military, these relics are just as closely associated with the development of the frontier as are the Sharp's, Henry or Winchesters. A nice one can still be picked up through arms collector outlets or at gun shows for as little as $5 or $6—a real buy, because there has been a general lack of recognition in providing this relic its proper Western heritage.

And the same is true of the kepi cap. Stetsons and similar wide-brimmed hats just weren't readily available to the struggling sodbuster; frequently, he wore his kepi for the first season or two until the initial crop would afford the price of new headgear.



Kepis show up from time to time in rummage sales and junk shops throughout the Midwest. A tolerably decent one is well worth $10—that is, one with a minimum of moth holes in the woolen crown and with leather visor and strap in fair shape. Twenty dollars should influence an antique dealer to part with a fine one, complete with original insignia and buttons. In short, there are kepi caps around but condition is the all-important factor in determining price.

There are two distinctive types of oil lamps which are closely linked with the Western community. It seems that our illustrators of frontier life have been almost unanimous in depicting a little rabbit-eared, green-shaded font suspended over a game table or from a cabin rafter. This typical design must be categorized as essentially Western. I've never seen one in the East or South and, after studying their construction, it's evident that they were singularly adaptable and appropriate to frontier use. These lamps are rather hard to find complete with hanger and shade, but an alert rummager can ferret out the separate pieces to complete a lamp for under $10. I've found that Goodwill and Salvation Army thrift shops are ideal sources for accessories of this kind. Of course, expect to shell out $15 to $20 if the Gods of Time deliver up one that is complete.

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The other type of Western lamp is harder to find. It consists of a metal pedestal with an open bowl-shaped top, somewhat like a fat candlestick. The rancher could remove the little glass lamp font from the wall bracket holder and place it atop the metal pedestal to read or putter at his table—a dual purpose sort of contraption. Here again, you'll seldom find one complete but if you can secure the pedestal for $10, it's a steal. The little glass font should be the least of your worries as most antique shops have them at $4 or $5. This lamp is uniquely Western and when it's true scarcity is recognized, the price will skyrocket.

JUST about the rarest item of Frontier Americana that I've encountered is the chuckwagon cannister box, sometimes called a wagon pantry or kit. (As a matter of interest here, the word "kit" is actually a contraction of the word "kitchen".) Anyway, the rarity of these cannister boxes stems from their not being an article of commerical manufacture but rather the product of town cabinetmakers, carpenters and tinsmiths. Last summer I saw one at Harold Warp's Frontier Village in Minden, Nebraska—a marvelous example of tinsmith craftsmanship, produced in the mid-1880s. I know an Air Force Captain's wife who owns one, also. These two are the only old ones I've come upon during the past three or four years. A wagon pantry might not make an attractive piece for living room decor but I'd pay a small ransom to secure an authentic one. I can't think of a finer thing to use for storing my pistols, spurs, arrowheads, mule bits, old cartridges, etc. From $100 to $150 is the general area for mutual transaction if you're lucky enough to find some old rancher to dicker with.

In mountain country, more specifically in deep mine areas, the collector of frontier relics should have little difficulty in finding a miner's lamp. Small ones are equally as plentiful as the larger lantern-size units. The one I have is about seven inches tall and is worth $10 or $12. Bear in mind that these lamps are still manufactured today, many types of them being made under the original patent designs, so be wary in selection until you've satisfied yourself that the metal surfaces bespeak that well-weathered patina which only age can produce. This, of course, holds true for all metal accessories and implements, whether they be brass, wrought iron or copper. Even old gold has a distinctive lustre.

Recognizing old metal is also important in determining the authenticity of lawmen's badges—exceptional rarities, all of them. The Ranger star badges, both Arizona and Texas state authorizations, are a whopping bargain at $25 each. Town marshal badges and local county badges for sheriffs, deputies and constables are only slightly less common, so let's say $20 is a fair exchange for one of these. The U.S. Marshal badge is in a class by itself—the classic of the group. A real one shouldn't bring a dime less than $50. Obviously, this area of collecting abounds in phonies, so once again aged metal will be the chief clue to the genuine.

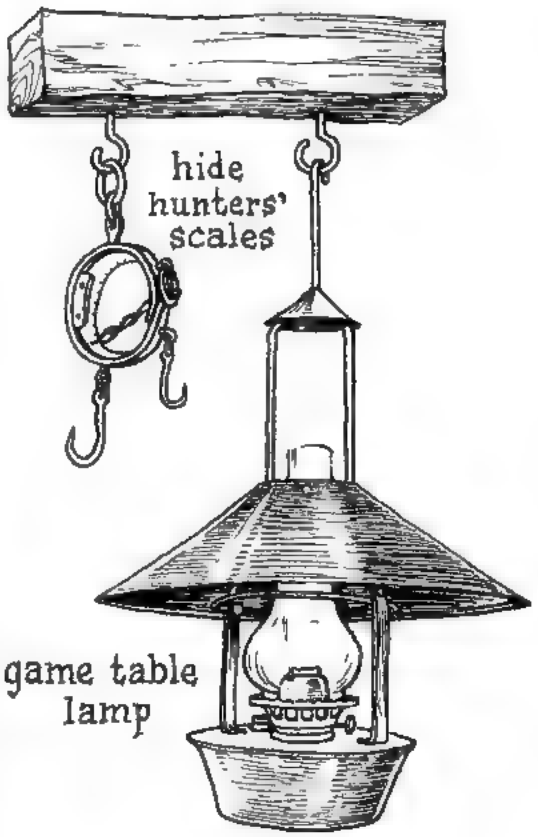
Hide hunters' skinning knives fall into that category of relic which cannot be classed either as common or of great scarcity. There are knives and more knives to be found throughout the rural areas from coast to coast, but a hide hunter's knife is really something distinctive. Invariably the rugged, massive, even clumsy-appearing blade is hand forged—blacksmith made—intended to do a big job on a big beast. The handle or gripping shank is of equally bold outline and construction. Briefly, the hefty characteristics of these knives identify their purpose, so if you spot a rugged old hooked blade that appears to be suitable for skinning a Kodiak bear, you've probably hit the jackpot. Go as high as $15—a good "woollie" knife is worth every nickel of that price.

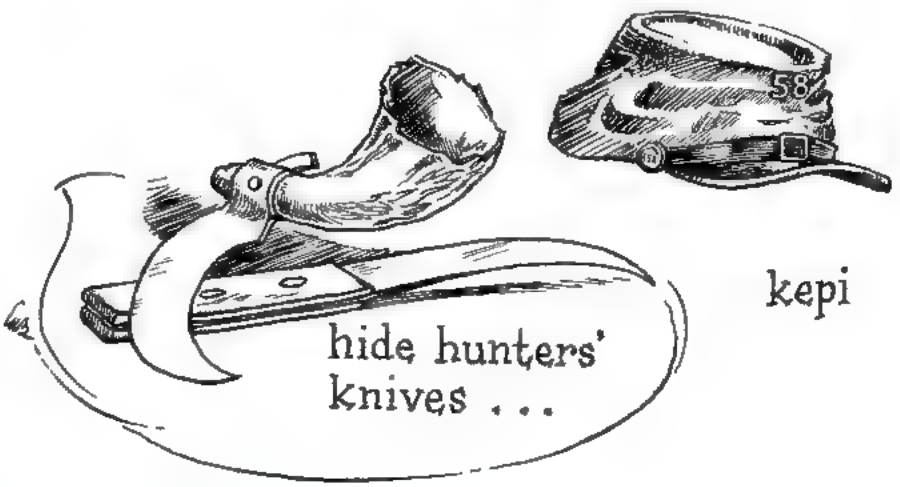
There are several other fragments of frontier life worthy of being collected. An old ox-bow stirrup cup would be priced right at $4 to $5. The disc-shaped brass ornament worn by Cavalry outpost non-coms on the regulation breast strap would not be overpriced at $5. I have one, in rather sad shape, which was dug up near the base of a crumbled brick outer-wall at old Fort Harker, Kansas. As something of a criteria in pricing, I'd say my beat-up disc is worth $2. Hide hunters' scales, like the skinners' knives, are in the medium scarcity bracket, so $10 is a decent price to pay for a not-too-rusted specimen.

Powder and shot cannister boxes, used in the old general stores to dispense the bulk product in measured quantity, are still fairly easy to locate around used furniture stores and at junk and auction barns. Fifteen dollars should fetch home a sound one. If the stencilling and scrolly labels are not too obscured, you can invest an additional $5 in this relic with the assurance that you've bargained wisely.

The Sibley stove is a doggoned scarce frontier antique. These are the little funnel-shaped camp stoves that many ex-soldiers brought West and used in dugouts, sod shelters and prairie shacks during the post-war era. The last one I saw was tagged at $25 and I consider it underpriced at that figure. My good collector friend, Colonel Herschel Logan, has been trying to locate one for over a year now, so the rarity factor on this relic is mighty high, we figure.

This is just another example of those intensely interesting items of historical value which have all but disappeared from the Western scene. It is my hope that they are "disappearing" into public or private collections where their worth can be fully appreciated, and that will be the case if enough of us are on the lookout for the few items that remain.





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Taking finished lumber into town

Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company

BIG B

MY FATHER insisted to the last day of his life that I did not see the big fight between the Pit River Indians and the river drivers—that I was safe at home in bed and that I am able to tell about it only because I'd heard him talk about it so often!

Not only did I see the fight from beginning to end, but I knew whose hand slid the knife between Swede Swenson's ribs and the next day when I looked at Swede lying stiff and cold on a table in our little church, I didn't say one word about what I knew. Because there was rivalry and hatred between the two men, people secretly thought that Big Ira knifed the Swede, but the coroner's jury ruled that he met his death by an unknown party and nothing more was ever done about it.

My father and I lived in three rooms in the back of his little store in Big Bend—my mother having died a couple of years back—and there we did our own cooking and housework. When these chores were finished I could do pretty well as I pleased.

My closest friends were Erie Gogan, an Indian boy, and his sister Ula. Erie was my age, twelve, and Ula was two years older. Beautiful and graceful as a young deer, Ula could run and swim as fast and as far as we boys could, so we graciously allowed her to go with us wherever we went.

When the low drumming of a grouse or the chattering echo of a coyote's wail announced the arrival of my Indian chums, I'd sidle through the store filling my pockets with raisins, a wedge of cheese, cookies and apples. Then we'd meet to roam the woods or to swim in the river and there were no secrets in either that we did not know.

One place, however, was forbidden to us: Benton's logging camp, three miles away on a plateau above town. I'd gone there once with my father and it was a different world—a world of great creaking chains and straining oxen, of enormous logs and toiling, shouting men. The logs were snaked along a greased skid road to the cliff's edge above Pit River, there to await the spring drive. Later, walking home through the moonlit woods, my father warned me never to go to the camp without him and that Erie and I must never, never bring Ula near the loggers. The woodsmen, for the most part, kept clear of the Bend, going to Redding on pay-days to buy supplies, to drink and to gamble.

WITH each spring came the river drivers—big, husky men who rode the logs from Benton's Landing down the wicked, boiling waters of the Pit to his mill on Turtle Bay near Redding. One night in our store, as I lay dozing on the floor behind the stove, I heard my father and Mr. Blaine talking about the river drivers, how they overran the town and always caused trouble among the Indians because the Indian women were not safe from their molesting.

The very next evening after school Erie, Ula and I were hunting ducks' nests along the river when we heard far-off sounds of lusty singing mixed with shouts of laughter.

"The river drivers!" Erie yelled and we sprinted for the store.

We heard the galloping horses and the rumbling wagons as the stage swayed around a bend in the road, followed by a wagon sent by Benton to fetch the river drivers. Huge men leaped from the stage before it was fairly stopped. Throwing their bedrolls and baggage into the Benton wagon they swarmed into my father's store, roughly shouldering aside anyone who got in their way. We gaped at the bewhiskered faces, the bright blazers, and the heavy woolen trousers tucked into high boots. As soon as their purchases of tobacco, snuff and socks were made, the drivers climbed aboard the Benton wagon and their singing rocked the canyon walls as they went out of sight.

A few nights later the drivers again descended on the town, but they had quieted down and were busy planning a birling contest for Friday evening. All agreed that Swede Swenson and Big Ira were the best in their own gang.

"You can throw a piece of soap into the water and Ira will ride the bubbles to shore," said one.

"Oh, I don't know about that," stated another, "I believe Swede would beat the bubbles to shore on just plain water!"

Noisily, bets were placed and my father held the stakes. The whole town was lined up on the river bank to see the birling contest, whites and Indians together.

A log was chosen with great care. The two men jumped upon it. They crouched there facing each other with taunting grins. Swede Swenson did a little mincing dance. That log came alive in the water and set up a lazy spinning. Big Ira jumped high in the air and came

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a rustle. Swede Swenson stepped from behind a bush. I get goose pimples even now when I remember the look on his face.

"You boys hit for home," he said and made a grab for Ula.

In that split second of fear, Erie's foot darted out and sent Swede sprawling headlong. Ula, in response to my upflung arm, whirled and cut the air in a wide arc to the pool below. Erie and I hit the water together and were safe away. Fortunately, as it turned out, we told no one, no one at all, about this incident. If we had, they might have guessed who slid the knife into Swede Swenson that very night.

INDIAN DANCES were always fun. Old Chad Mattley played the fiddle and Yiminy Bearse plunked the mandolin and beat time with his feet. There would be crowds of people and long tables filled with food—food in dishes, in platters and pans and piles of it in tin cans. I was so excited I had trouble eating supper until my father said I had to stay at home and go to bed early because he feared trouble with the river drivers. I wanted to bawl, but being so nearly grown, I couldn't, of course.

I had to go to that dance. Half drying the dishes, I flung them into the cupboard and peeked through the door into the store. My father was up front grinding coffee for a squaw so I slipped out

END Melee

down squarely upon it. Surprised, Swede reeled and tottered the entire length of the log before he recovered his balance, cheered on by the wild yells of the crowd.

Big Ira's feet began a swift tapping and the log spun faster and faster. Swede Swenson watched Ira's every move, anticipating every sudden stop, every jerk, taunting Big Ira, begging him for newer, faster maneuvers which set the crowd howling afresh at his jibes. When Ira accepted the challenge, Swede's banter ceased. Ira's feet moved almost faster now than the eye could follow; he set the log to spinning, spinning, spinning. Suddenly he stopped, braced his great legs squarely, and the big Swede, arms flailing wildly, toppled into the water.

The crowd went wild. Big Ira grinned as he leaped onto the bank just as the dripping Swede climbed out beside him. Everyone saw the look of pure hatred pass between them. Ira reached with lazy grace for his yellow blazer and went with the crowd to collect the bets, but Swenson went off alone toward the woods. As he passed Ula standing with her mother, Swede stopped for a long moment, bold blue eyes raking the Indian girl from head to foot, then strode on.

The next evening Erie, Ula and I were out of sight of town, on the riverbank above a deep pool, talking about the birling contest when we heard a sound, back and ran to the hall. Circling the building, I put an eye to an open window. Inside, the bucks and squaws, laughing and jostling, were square dancing. Then I saw the river drivers crowding through the front door. They scattered and began dancing with the Indian women; some of the squaws giggled and went along, but some tried to pull away from the white men, but were jerked into the dance anyway.

I threw my leg over the sill and slid into the hall just as Swede Swenson pulled Ula to her feet and they began a struggling sort of dance toward the door. The terror and despair on my friend's brown face aroused fear and anger in me such as I had never before known. I clutched and pounded at dancing figures trying to draw attention to Ula's danger, but the bucks, unable to hear me in the din, playfully hit back and pushed me aside. At the door I almost fell down with relief when I saw Ula and her father come hurrying back into the hall. I was a man grown before I realized that scalping generations had molded the look on his face. Ula ran to her mother and I scooted under a table near my window.

The next quadrille was about to begin when trouble flared to bursting. The Indian men gathered, an angry buzzing swarm, while women and children faded from the hall.

"I can lick man as big as pine tree!" yelled Woolsy Jim. Murder skated along the wicked, shining blade of the butcher knife he snatched from the table. Lee Crandall grabbed for the buck's wrist, then howled in agony, staring stupidly at his own hand, every finger sliced to the bone and dripping blood.

"I'll get him for that, Lee!" shouted Mac Beasley and smashed his fist into the buck's face. As Woolsy Jim hit the floor, I saw the shining blade, bloodstained now, sail through the window above my head, and I saw the hand, strong and brown, that caught it by the hilt, then vanish into the night.

Two bucks were closing in on Ike Reeder. Mac grabbed one from behind in his powerful arms, lifted him high, whirled him twice and sent him crashing into a group of bucks. They went down like nine-pins.

Suddenly Big Ira burst into the hall. Love of battle lit his face with fiendish glee.

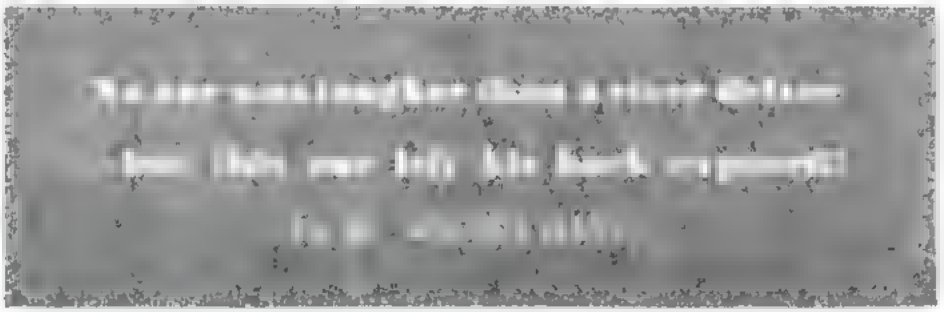
"Clean out these Injuns, boys!" he shouted. The answering roar rang through the rafters. Ira evaded the less agile bucks with the speed and grace of a practiced boxer. He seized a can of food from the table and hurled it at two bucks who were closing in on Hack Gleason; it took one buck behind the ear and he fell without even a grunt. Hack felled the other with a wicked right to the jaw. Soon the air was thick with flying cans, curses, groans, and the thud of falling bodies.

I was wondering why I couldn't see Swede Swenson anywhere when an enraged buck slammed into my table, seized it and, with a mighty heave, overturned it, leaving me with no cover. Scuttling like a cockroach for the window, I cleared it and landed outside in the welcome dark.

The night air, hideous with the shrieking and wailing of the terrified squaws, was being cleansed by a gentle rain. I turned back to the window in time to see Chad Mattley hurl a can of fruit at a pegged lantern. It went out in a shower of glass. One by one he put out the other lights until only one remained. Chad grabbed that one and flung it out over my head. His boots scraped the sill as he dived after it.

Stillness settled over that room like snowflakes. There were only the sounds of labored breathing, stifled grunts, and groans mingled with unsteady footfalls making for the door.

(Continued on page 56)



SPRADDLEY of the 101

Next to the man who rode him this little horse had the stoutest heart that beat that day

Bill Pickett on Spraddley—photographed in 1908.

SPRADDLEY was the little horse used by Bill Pickett in Mexico when Pickett attempted to throw a wild Mexican bull. The bull had gored the little horse in the hip when the 101 Ranch Show played Mexico City. I believe you readers would like to know the true story of how the game little horse was injured.

There were two leading newspapers in Mexico City in 1908—*El Heraldo* printed in Spanish and *The Herald* printed in English. These two papers fought each other like tigers. The Miller Brothers' press agent worked on the *Herald* for publicity and got plenty of it.

One day the *Herald* made a statement that Bill Pickett's act was a far, far better and more thrilling stunt than any Mexican bullfight. Those Mexicans sure made a howl louder than a pack of lobo wolves. And the next issue of the *El Heraldo* proclaimed that any bullfight could out-do the wildest of Bill Pickett's acts.

Now this started the big fight. It was wonderful publicity and that was what Joe Miller wanted. He ran a large advertisement in the *Herald* challenging any two bullfighters in Mexico to come to the 101 Ranch Show arena and throw ONE steer as quick as Bill Pickett could throw TWO steers.

Insults were thrown back and forth. Then Joe Miller offered to give 1,000 pesos to the Charity Hospital in Mexico City if any bullfighter could throw a steer the same size as Pickett could throw. One bullfighter accepted, but said he would not perform in a show ring for it would disgrace the art of bullfighting. They set nine a.m. for the contest with only representatives from each newspaper as witnesses and to make a report.

The Mexican never showed. He sent a note, however, saying the Bullfighter's Union would not permit the stunt. Then they offered a counter proposition. They would put up 5,000 pesos that the Negro, Bill Pickett, could not keep his black hands on one of their bulls for five minutes. The showman was to put up another 5,000 pesos. In plain words, it was a gambling bet.

Now Joe, George and Zack Miller were not the type to back down from any kind of deal, be it right or wrong. The money was put up by both sides and the rules written out. The Plaza Del Toro was to be rented by the Miller Brothers. Bill Pickett was to choose a bull from the herd in a big pen beside the bull ring.

Pickett selected a bull they called "Chiquito Frijole," meaning "Little Bean" because he had small brown spots all over his body. The bull ring was not new to Frijole because he had fought there so bravely and so viciously and had made a good showing against a second class matador. For this the crowd forced the bullfighter to spare Frijole's life. It was nearly always the rule that no bull could leave the ring alive unless the crowd ruled out the custom. So the Millers figured that since the bull was well known it would be a good drawing card to get the public to attend.

Ves Peg, who liked Bill Pickett, as did all who knew him, wanted to tip the horns of the bull, but Bill said he would need every inch of those horns to hold on to.

The day before the contest, Bill went close to Zack Miller and said softly, "I'm wanting to ask a big favor, Mister Zack. If my luck don't be right, do I git to be buried back on the 101?"

Zack answered in a startled voice, "You old scamp, are you trying to back out now that we have everything set to go?"

"Mister, you done got this old man all wrong. I ain't afeered of that bull. I'll rassle that devil bull same as any other critter. But, a man's time is bound to come. So is I goin' be put away among friends if it happens down here?"

Zack laid his arm around Bill's shoulders and said soberly, "I have never let you down, my friend, and if your luck should quit anywhere, even down here in a strange country, you can bet anything I will take you back home and lay you right beside the big memorial shaft on the hill that looks out over the whole 101."

The dark face of one of the best men I ever met was a picture of pride and happiness from then on.

WHEN THE parade started the next day, we were joined by a gang of strutting bullfighters decked out in their gaudiest outfits and carrying an elaborate coffin. They had lettered on it in bold black, "EL PINCHASINO." That means "One who has already been horned to pieces by a bull." All who saw knew it was meant for the black bulldogger after the bull was done with him.

All seats in "El Sombre" (meaning the shady side) and "El Sol" (the sunny side) were completely sold out. The place was jammed for an hour before starting time. Gate receipts netted 22,000 pesos after the rental was paid. They had to turn Mexicans away in droves.

The Millers tried to have a few acts before the Pickett bulldogging attempt to stay with the fighting bull for five minutes. That was what had been agreed, but the crowd was not interested. They did not want to see bronc riding or anything else. They booed everything we attempted to show. They all wanted blood and yelled that fact continually. The stands rocked with the thunder of sound.

Zack and Joe Miller sat on their horses just inside the main gate listening to the uproar. Their yells in unison, "Chiquito Frijole. Viva El Toro, Viva El Chiquito Frijole" rocked in great waves over the place. The Millers were no fools. They knew what they must do.

Joe Miller looked like a great general on his horse, straight and tall and proud. He nodded and ordered the arena cleared.

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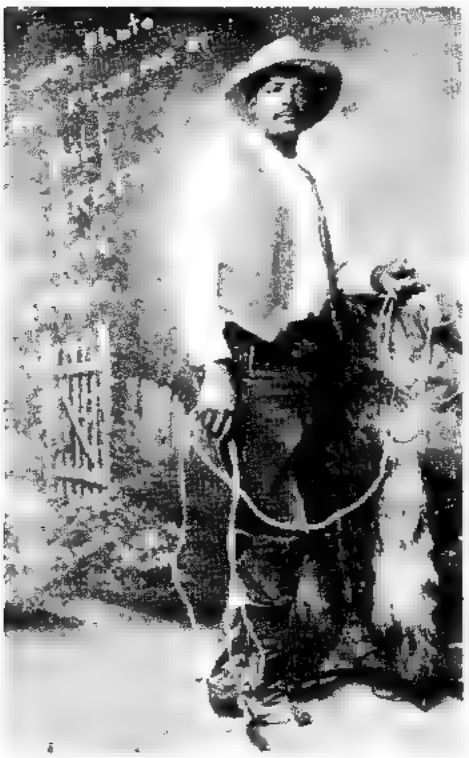
Photos Courtesy the Author

By MILT HINKLE



The only studio picture Bill Pickett ever posed for, was made in Austin, Texas.

Bill Pickett in Arizona—1904.

He then announced the act they came to see, and Bill Pickett, "the Dusky Demon" mounted on little Spraddley, entered.

Bill was not fancy dressed like the Mexican bullfighters. He wore a good grade cowboy hat and had on a pair of Hyer Boots and what he wore made no difference to our Bill Pickett.

Timbers popped and rattled in the bull corral and sounded above the nasty exploding noise of firecrackers. Then in charged the speckled bull. He was tossing his horns, looking for anything that moved. Frijole was no bluffer. He took the fight to Pickett with no hesitation. Poor Spraddley didn't know much about this kind of cattle. He was a bulldogging horse. But he saw the old bull coming full force and stood his ground until the bull made his charge. Then the horse jumped aside and the bull's pass missed.

Pickett had reached for those wicked horns but he, too, missed. He missed three or four times more, Spraddley doing his best as any good cowhorse will.

The crowds, led by the many watching bullfighters, booed and jeered, and Pickett spurred toward the Millers at the main gate. Ves Peg and Zack were waiting with open loops so they could pick up the bull's heels and get Bill away safely when it came time to do so. Bill wanted to get another horse before he attempted to get his hands on the bull again. He was afraid Spraddley would get hurt.

Zack said there was no time now to change horses and told Bill to get out there and take that damn bull. The crowd was on its feet and getting wilder by the second. They believed they were being cheated of seeing a bloody and cruel kill. They were ready to flow over into that arena and mob Pickett and every gringo they could lay hands on.

So that brave black man rode back to meet the bull. It was only his beloved little Spraddley that he was fearful for. No man will ever know what it took for Pickett to guide that little horse back into such danger.

HE CAME square into the path of that charging bull and then it happened. The bull hit Spraddley from behind, driving his horns deep into the hip muscles. The horns went into the horse clean up to the bull's head.

It was when the bull was backing to loosen his horns that Bill reached backward and got a hold on the slippery, bloody things. Spraddley had squealed and dropped down behind but kept gamely up on his front feet. Bill must have had a death grip for the bull thrashed him around on the ground for a full two minutes.

He whipped his head and slammed Bill against a wall, then staggered back to the center of the arena where he dropped to his knees. The clinging weight was too much for the bull and he was tiring fast, but he was constantly striving to put a horn into old Bill. The crowd was screaming for Bill's death.

For a minute it looked like Bill would throw that bull and the crowd knew they'd been foiled, because the game Negro was tiring the bull fast. The great national sport would be disgraced forever if Pickett stayed with that bull. So they started throwing things. They hurled seat covers, pop bottles, bricks, sticks and stones. I forgot to mention that one of the agreements made was that the Mexican timekeeper was to ring a bell when five minutes had passed. Zack was to hold his watch.

"Hang on, Bill," Zack yelled. "Only three minutes more!"

Bill hung on, taking knocks from the missiles hurled by the Mexicans and punishment from the bull dragging and stepping on his legs and body. Five minutes came, but no bell sounded.

Zack waited another minute, then said, "Those Mexican devils don't intend to ring a bell. They want the bull to get loose and kill old Bill."

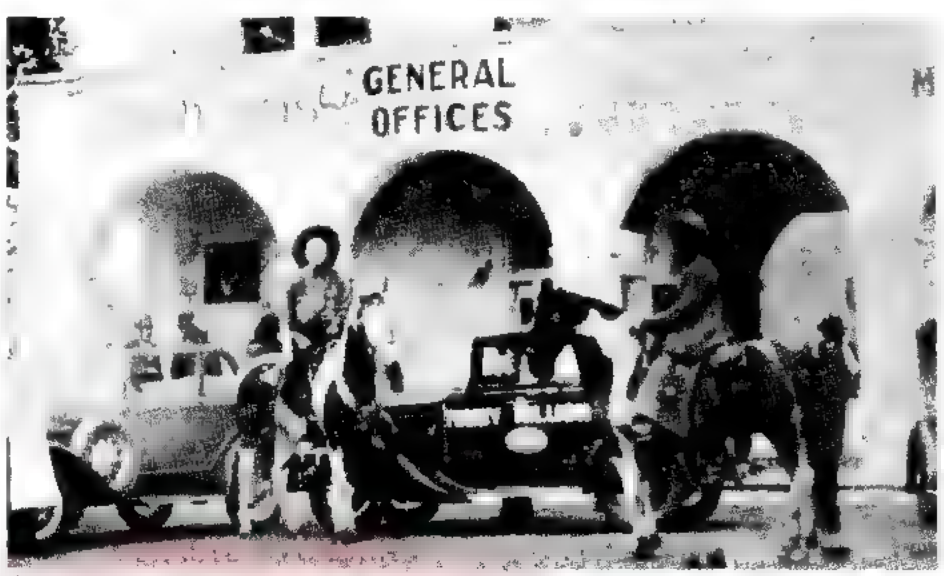
Joe then bawled at the gatemen, "Abre la puerta, hombre, you s-o-b!"

The gate swung open and Ves Peg spurred his horse into the arena and set a loop on the bull's hind legs. Bill fell away from it and Zack helped Bill outside. A quart beer bottle aimed with deadly sureness had broken one of Bill's ribs and he was sobbing for breath and grief about his horse. He would not allow anyone to touch him until they got Spraddley out.

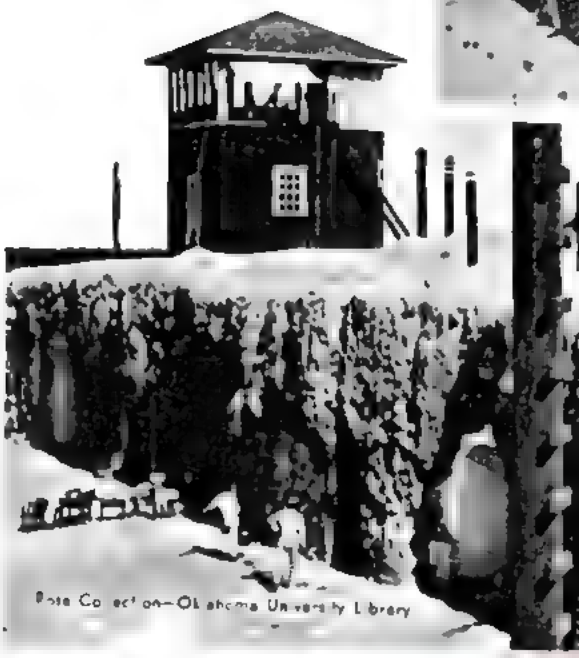
Then Bill staggered to the horse and

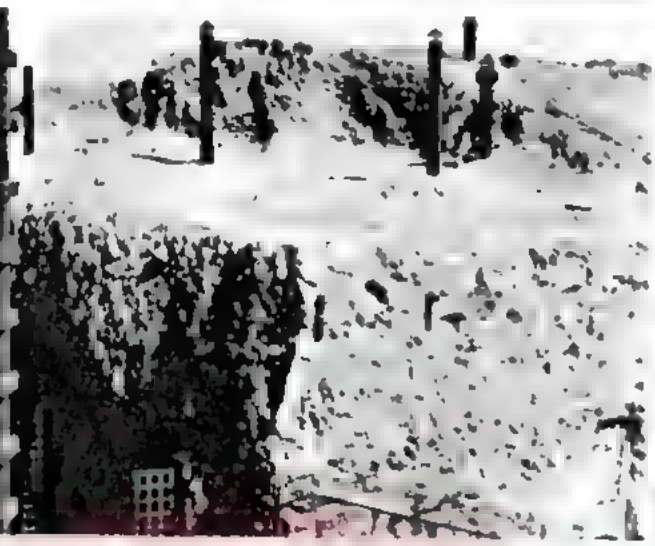
(Continued on page 50)

Zack Miller and Bill Pickett at the ranch.



(a) The jail at Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory, May 20, 1889. Notice the man looking out through the barred window. (b) The first county jail at Enid (now Garfield County), Oklahoma Territory, taken in 1893. (c) Inside view of the Yuma Penitentiary (established 1875) showing cells cut in a solid granite hill.





When men went West, they took their "prisons" along with them—maybe just a chain on a wagon tongue, or a tree at the end of the street, or a shack at the edge of the square

EARLY DAY COOLERS

By HAROLD MATTHEWS

THE county jail sat on a sunbaked, weed-clotted lot down the street from the cupolaed courthouse and the marble statue of a Confederate soldier. It looked forlorn, deserted and mean. The narrow two-story red brick building had a jagged crack from top to bottom caused by poor construction and a sandy foundation. They were trying to hold it together with several long iron rods.

"How many prisoners do you have?" I asked the Sheriff as we trudged through the loose hot sand of the street.

"I got one," he replied in an agreeable, hillbilly tone of voice. "That's Joe!"

"Joe?"

"Yea, Joe. He's a pretty good boy."

The Sheriff and his wife occupied the first floor, and the jail was on the second floor. His "office" was a giant roller-top desk in one corner of the big front room, its tiny drawers and pigeon holes a rat's nest of invoices, receipts, legal documents and a couple of canvas-back ledgers.

The Sheriff began calling, "Mama! Mama!" as we walked toward the combination kitchen and dining room. Unwashed breakfast dishes and cooking utensils were scattered over the round oak table and an old wood-burning cookstove. The Sheriff's wife was on the back porch bent over a big zinc tub. A cloud of steam and the strong smell of lye soap enveloped her flushed face.

"Mama," asked the Sheriff, "is Joe around this morning?"

The woman didn't look up but kept scrubbing a blue cotton shirt. "I saw him about 9:00 o'clock," she replied in a tired voice. "I recken he's about summers."

"Joe is my prisoner," the Sheriff explained again. "He's a pretty good boy."

There was a formidable—but unlocked—solid steel door to a stairway leading up to the jail.

"Joe! Joe!" called the Sheriff. "You up there, Joe?"

No reply.

He called again as we reached the top of the steps and from the far corner of the room behind the square iron cage which enclosed four cells came a jovial answer, "Yassuh boss, I's up heah."

"You got this dump cleaned up, Joe?" he asked. "We got a visitor from the city."

Joe exploded into action, snatching up scraps of paper and three dirty socks. Then he grabbed a stub of a broom and frantically swept toward an ancient pile of trash and ashes in the corner behind the stove.

"I been aiming to clean up, but I jes' been so busy. I sho ain't had no time."

The young Negro had a roaring fire going in the old pot-bellied stove to heat a sadiron. A freshly washed shirt was spread out on a pine board ready to press. The windows were closed except for a few narrow cracks, so the room was stifling hot and all the old familiar odors had come to life to float about on the imprisoned heat waves.

"I's plumb sorry, boss, but I sho' been busy."

THE NEXT county jail I visited that morning was a spanking new miscarriage of architectural design. Inside was a strong smell of new mortar and the stale dead stench of burned cotton. A dozen new cot pads stacked in one of the cells had been set on fire the day before by a prisoner being held for transfer to the State Hospital for the Insane. He had also attempted to hack his way through the outside wall, leaving a big raw gash. The opening could have been completed by one good swift kick.

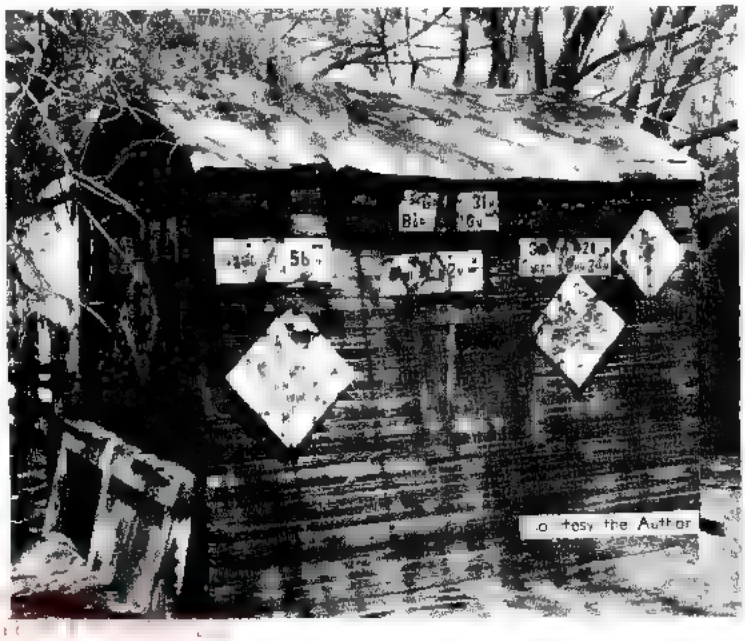
There was only one prisoner—a wild-eyed young white man who was vigorously shining his shoes! This unexpected visit by the Sheriff and a stranger had filled him with sudden excitement and importance. He promptly called our attention to the damaged wall and told the Sheriff that he could repair it if he had the materials.

"Of course I won't try to escape," he assured us, "but you can't tell about the next guy you'll have in here."

The Sheriff did not reply, only grumbled about the burned pads and something about nobody understanding what he had to put up with. As he guided me back down the corridor toward

(Continued on page 67)

(D) The county jail and courthouse at Lincoln, New Mexico, where Billy the Kid made his famous escape. (E) The famous old Daggett, California, jail, now located on a private ranch.



GOLD TOWN of the COEUR d

Murray was the Mecca of the claim jumpers, the last home of lovable Molly B'Damn, and the only town in Idaho that never had a pauper's funeral

By GRACE ROFFEY PRATT

Photos Courtesy Author

IN THE FALL of 1882, A. J. Pritchard and his friend, Gelatt, standing on a site that was to become Murray, Idaho, washed out a panful of gravel and recovered a handful of gold nuggets. If they let out a whoop of jubilation it was not recorded. They had no idea how rich in the yellow metal was the ground on which they stood nor could they possibly have foreseen that, with that first pan of pay dirt, they had started the development of one of the richest mining districts in the world, the Cocur d'Alenes.

The stampede did not start at once for the men tried to keep their discovery a secret. They belonged to an organization called the Liberal League and they wanted their associates to have the first chance at the diggings. They wrote letters of their find, admonishing secrecy, then located a sizable number of claims by proxy, intending to retain a half interest in each.

Somehow the secret leaked out and in the spring of 1883, a hundred gold-hungry men arrived at Pritchard's permanent camp on the Mullen road and asked to be taken to the gold fields. Pritchard, sensing the temper of the gold seekers, did not flatly refuse them. Instead, he offered his hospitality and tried to talk them out of it. "Look fellows, the snow is still far too deep and that trail, going back forty miles into those hills, is rougher than blazes."

But the men answered, "We've come a long ways. We're not afraid of a little snow and rough trail and we're not going back now."

Finally Pritchard gave in and led the way, but when they came to the area, the snow's depth made it impossible to find the exact location, much less pan for gold.

Disappointment led to anger. Anger turned the men to a mob demanding a scapegoat. They turned on Pritchard yelling, "You deceived us." Someone shouted, "Fetch a rope." Pritchard was not far from the noose. Fortunately, William Osburn, for whom the town of Osburn was afterwards named, talked to the men, reminding them that Pritchard had brought them there against his wish and judgment. The men calmed down and tragedy was averted.

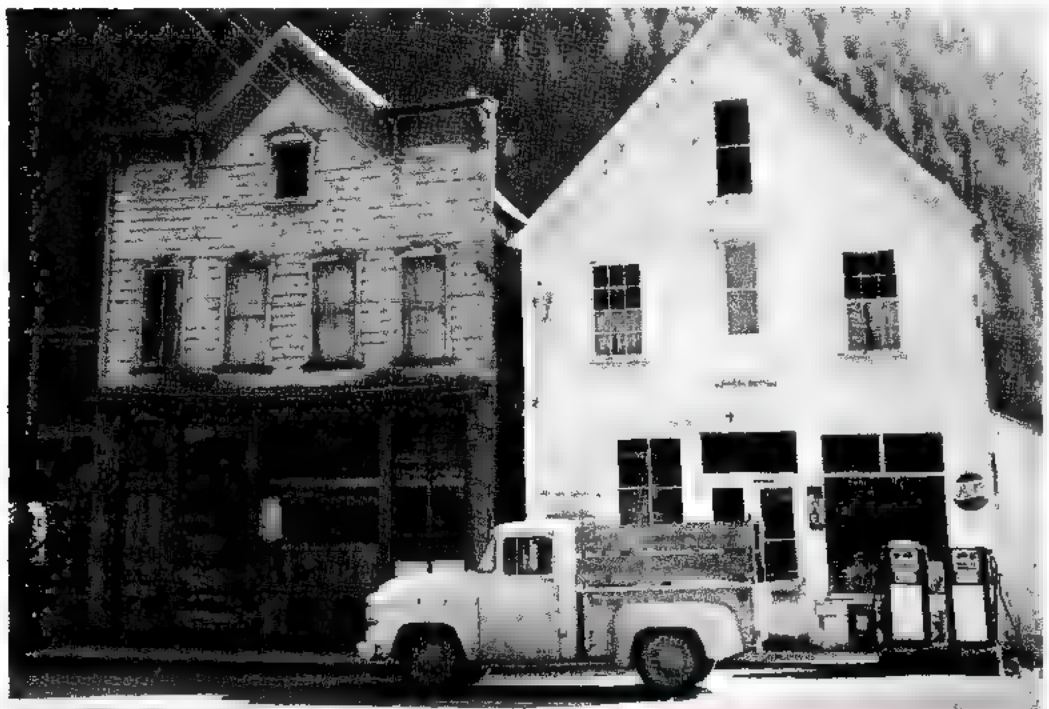
That fall some gold was found on Eagle Creek, seven miles north of Pritchard's claims. During the winter over 5,000 people swarmed in, on snowshoes and horseback, paying a toll of fifty cents for the privilege, and Eagle City was born. A sawmill was packed in by mule train, buildings went up, and lots sold for $2,000 each. It was a big boom and a big bust. When the snow went off, very little gold was found and in a few weeks the camp was deserted. But the rush to Murray was on.

MOST of the gold claims had been located and claim jumping became an everyday sport impossible to stop. Pritchard and a few others, recognizing this, sent word to their friends to hurry and get in on the game. About fifty responded and formed a three-sided clash that was the beginning of mining troubles in the Coeur d'Alenes which lasted far into the next century.

The Murray claim, over which there was the most litigation, was located by Pritchard for Mrs. Mar Lane, a widow living in Illinois. Widow Eddington was on the spot and was determined to have the Lane claim. She tried to jump it; she tried to get it by process of law; she tried to get Pritchard to marry her, all with much publicity and no success. This valuable property became known as the "Widow's Claim." In one week it yielded 148 ounces of gold, well over $2,000.

Like most gold rush camps, Murray was at first a town of tents and shacks thrown together of whatever material was at hand. The first bank was a tent with the banker keeping the gold in valises under his bed. There was no attempt to rob this bank during the time a substantial building with a safe was being constructed. C. L. Dahler was president; Charles Hussey, secretary; and W. Hussey, cashier. A sawmill was brought in and set up. With lumber easily available other buildings went up quickly. There were several good stores, coffee houses, a brewery, plenty of saloons, a bath house, school, churches, hospital, Fraternity Hall, an art studio and a row of bawdy houses along the west hill.

The Masonic Temple, on the left, is said to be the second oldest in Idaho. The store building on the right is still in use. Buildings were tall and narrow, as ground was too valuable to waste.



Murray in 1886.

Murray was quite a town.

For about ten years there was no wagon road into the gold town. For eight or nine months of the year everything was packed in by mule train, but in the winter when snow lay deep on the trails (it was sometimes ten feet deep), dog sleds were used. A sled with a carpeted seat was called "riding on cushions" and was a superior mode of travel. Passengers were weighed like freight and charged accordingly, a dollar per pound. A letter also cost a dollar and might be two weeks in coming a hundred miles.

There were several trails into Murray but two main ones—the Jackass Trail, leaving the Mullen road at Girard's station near present Kellogg and the other, a shorter and better route from Thompson Falls, Montana, over the pass now known as Thompson's Pass and down Pritchard Creek Canyon. It was over this trail that Adam Aulback came, riding at the head of his string of forty-five mules and carrying his most treasured possession, his printing press.

He arrived in Murray while a shooting scrape was going on in the street. A man was killed and excitement ran high. Aulback calmly went about finding living quarters and something that would do for an office, set up his press, and in three days had put out his paper, *The Murray Sun*. Starting as a tri-weekly, it became a daily in 1886.

Mrs. Aulback joined her husband and they became the town's leading citizens. At times Aulback was hotel keeper, constable and mayor. He died there at the age of 88.

Mary Burden, a young Irish woman who had won approval on the Thompson Trail by kindly and effectively helping a distraught mother with a fretful child, quickly found her niche in Murray as queen of the underworld. She became the notorious Molly B'Damn who lived in luxury but never hesitated to climb to a mountain cabin to nurse a sick prospector who was far from home and family.

It is said that one such man later struck it rich and provided well for Molly when she herself was stricken. At any rate, she did not lack for care during her long illness; even the most respectable women were charitable and, when she died at the age of thirty-five, she was given a "proper burial."

THERE was plenty of social life in Murray in the old days. The saloons were gathering places for many, the lodges for those who belonged, the churches with their services and socials for the religiously inclined, community dances for the common crowd, and fancy balls where the elite went only by invitation. But the funerals were for all. They were held in Fraternity Hall after a wake at which there was an abundance of food and drink. All business was suspended so that everyone could attend, even the children who were well fortified with caramels to chew during the service. The good or bad deeds of the departed were reviewed at considerable length. It is Murray's claim that it is the only town in the State of Idaho that has never had a pauper's funeral.

Every mining camp has its favorite story. Murray's is that of Dream Gulch and "Dream Gulch" Davis who discovered it, and there seems to be little doubt of its authenticity. Davis was late in coming to Murray and apparently was not a claim jumper. He worked hard but his work brought little reward. Discouraged and down to his last handful of beans, he was ready to give up and move on when he had a dream. When he woke up it was still vivid. The next morning he went to his friend, Jock Hazelton.

"Jock," he said, "I had the dingbustedest dream. I saw myself panning out gold. Lots of it." There was, of course, nothing strange about that. Men looking for gold often dream of it, but Davis dreamed *where* he had found it—the exact spot. He described it to his friend. Jock didn't laugh. Instead, he said, "It won't hurt any to look."

They went down the trail a couple of miles, then turned to the right up a bushy gulch to the place Davis had seen in his dream. The first panful of dirt brought so many nuggets that Davis thought he must still be dreaming. He wasn't. It was the real thing.

The place became known as Dream Gulch and from then on Davis' first name was forgotten. His initials were probably W. R., because two claims, the Last Chance and the Mammouth Hill, both in that area, are recorded in the name of W. R. Davis in the winter of 1883-84, the year Dream Gulch was there. The man was not well and when he had acquired $35,000 in gold, a very tidy sum for that time, he left Murray for his

(Continued on page 69)

BLAZING the TRAIL to EL PASO

John "Rip" Ford

Robert Simpson Neighbors

Barker Historical Library University of Texas

By

STEPHEN B. OATES

Almost 600 miles of unmapped territory stopped the Forty-niners from heading west across Texas. Rip Ford, Bob Neighbors and a handful of Comanches set out to change the situation . . .

THE NEWS that Sutter had discovered gold in California, that thousands of adventurers from New York to Florida were already on their way West, tickled the imaginations of Texas businessmen: the exodus, if it could be channeled through Texas, meant a fortune right here at home. Old maps were studied in an attempt to find a suitable route across the state, but most were inaccurate and incomplete. In February a group of merchants met at Austin and called on John S. "Rip" Ford, who knew something about Texas geography, to draw up a report on the best overland route to California's gold via Austin and El Paso.

Two days later Ford and a friend named Mullowney submitted a report based on an account by Jack Hays who had tried to reach El Paso the year before. Unfortunately, Hays' guide had gotten lost, the party had ended up somewhere in Mexico, and when it finally returned to civilization Texans had known no more about the region than they had before. Ford told the merchants that few fortune hunters would come through the state until a professional surveyor with a competent guide charted a route through the El Paso country. At the same time, Robert Simpson Neighbors, under orders from the United States Army, was planning a similar project. Neighbors came to Austin to talk about it, and when he and Ford shook hands and sat down for coffee at Ford's home, they were immediate friends.

Both were extremely active men. Rip, a native of South Carolina who had come to Texas a month after San Jacinto, had been a leading spirit in the annexation movement, had fought in the Mexican War as an adjutant in Jack Hays' Ranger regiment, and had become well known for provocative editorials in his liberal newspaper, the *Texas Democrat*.

Neighbors had gained a reputation for his efforts to consolidate the Democratic Party in Texas and more particularly for his work as an Indian agent out on the frontier. Some were saying that he had more influence over Texas Indians than any other white man of his generation. General William J. Worth, commanding the Department of Texas, believed he did and had chosen him to chart the El Paso region in hopes that he could secure the help of the Comanches who knew the country better than any white man.

Ford and Neighbors were the same age, thirty-four; both were over six feet tall, with lean, powerful frames and blue eyes. Their personalities, however, were fairly dissimilar. Ford was loquacious and loud (his hands stroking and molding every phrase made his voice seem a

El Paso Chamber of Commerce

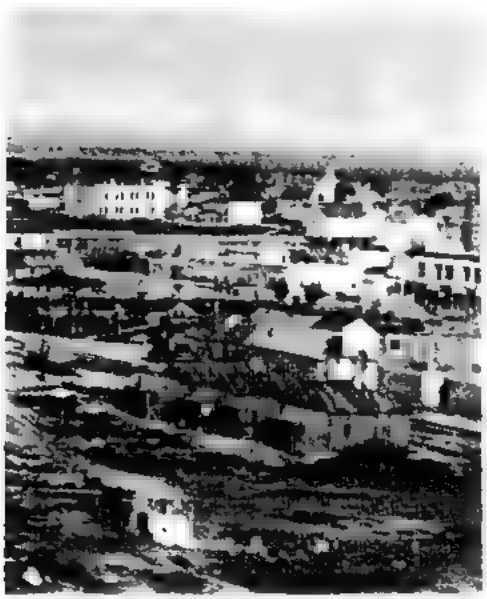
El Paso in the 1880s.

Rose Collection—Oklahoma University Library

Ox teams on West Commerce Street (looking east), San Antonio, Texas, before the Civil War.

bit louder than it really was); he was outgoing, with an electrifying vitality that drove him relentlessly through tasks no matter how difficult they were. He had wit, too, a charming kind of humor that allowed him to poke fun at most anything without arousing one's ire or hurting one's pride.

"The Major," as all Neighbors' friends knew him, also had humor; he knew more jokes than any man in the state and could tell them for hours if he had listeners. His was a sarcastic wit. He never smiled while telling his stories—he never smiled at all—and wherever he went people were stirred by his stubborn pride, his solemn and determined air. When discussing business, the Major was quiet and shrewd. In less than an hour he persuaded Ford to accompany him to El Paso. They would leave on March 2, 1849, from Bernard's Trading Post near present-day Waco.



WHILE Neighbors went out to the Indian reservations to get some guides, Ford rode on to the trading post where he hired a couple of white men named Doc Sullivan and Alpheus D. Neal. Sullivan was an impetuous and impish little man, always into mischief. "He could sing for hours," Ford recalled later, "and not repeat a song," and was "a terror to pretenders and windbags." Neal, his "constant companion," was "a manly specimen" who'd never learned the meaning of fear. On the expedition these two would prove to be incomparable, both for the quality of their work and for the deviltry they set on foot.

On March 1 Neighbors arrived at the post with a number of Indians who would accompany the expedition. Delaware Jim Shaw would be their interpreter; Joe Ellis and Tom Coshatee, two Shawnees, Patrick Goin, a Choctaw, and John Harry, another Delaware, would serve as hunters and do whatever menial tasks were necessary, such as finding suitable campsites and cooking the meals. Buffalo Hump's Comanche band would also go along, with Buffalo Hump acting as guide.

When this motley crowd started west the next day, Ford took an interest in the friendly Comanches, learned many things about their people he had never known before, and recorded these in the journal he kept of the party's operations. For one thing, he learned about the Great Spirit, about signs and charms, and about the medicine Buffalo Hump carried in his buffalo skins.

On the third morning out the chieftain demonstrated his powers in a medicine song. "It was a grand thing, no doubt, to an appreciative audience," Ford wrote in his journal. "It stirred up recollections of boyhood—the calling of hogs, the plaintive notes of a solitary bull frog, the bellowing of a small bull, and all that sort of noises. Anon, the awful melody of the sonorous song was reproduced; the next moment the mournful howl of a hungry wolf saluted the ear, which gradually softened into something like the gobble of a turkey. It might have been a choice assortment of Comanche airs gotten up to amuse . . . but it failed to solace his white companions. The performance commenced about an hour before daylight and did little to soothe the slumbers of the morning."

As the party rode that morning, Ford and Neighbors, who had lived with the Comanches for several years, got into a discussion about the Indians' peerless horsemanship. Dismounted, the Comanche was awkward and sluggish, but when he was on a horse he moved with remarkable ease and grace, as if he "took lordship from the animal who was lord of the prairies." War chiefs, Neighbors pointed out, owned great herds of stallions—no mares, since maleness meant superiority. And each stallion carried his master's essence; when the Comanche broke a wild mustang, he roped and threw it and, covering its nostrils with his mouth, exhaled his breath and his controlling spirit into the horse.

They got these animals, according to Buffalo Hump, by raiding ranches in Mexico when the moon was full in September—the time of the Mexico moon, when the summer rains were over and cool winds began to blow across the prairies of wild, succulent grasses. After a ceremony of songs and dances and tales of war, Comanche warriors set out along the Comanche war trail—which seemed like "a geat chalk line on the map of

(Continued on page 59)

Wild Old Days!

Photos Courtesy the Author

Agnes Moses and her mother (right), Tolo-Alab-Lernot

AGNES MOSES

By D. E. Warren

IN AUGUST, 1961, Agnes Moses told me of the things she remembered about the Nez Percé War. She was ninety-three at the time.

"I was nine years old when Mother made her famous ride. Mother, Tolo-Alab-Lernot, told the story to me many times. "There's the trail she took to Florence," she said, pointing east from Slate Creek on Highway 95, at the foot of Whitebird Grade.

"Joseph didn't want war and Mother believed as he did. He believed that there was enough grass, fish and game for both the Indian and the white man—but, he didn't believe in a reservation.

"He promised his father, Old Chief Joseph, that he would not sign away his land nor the bones of his father," she went on. "Old Chief Joseph had refused to sign the treaty of 1855 or the treaty of 1863 providing even less land for the reservation. The Old Chief was a Christian having been baptized by Reverend Henry Harmon Spalding, but now he was losing faith in the white man. He did not keep his word, he said.

"Young Chief Joseph and others were known as 'Non-treaty Indians.' General C. O. Howard had asked them to leave their hunting grounds in the Wallowa Mountains and move onto the reservation described in the treaty of 1863. Joseph argued against it but all of his pleadings fell on deaf ears. General Howard's orders were to move onto the reservation within thirty days.

"The Indian cattle and horses were scattered over the mountainous ranges of the Snake and Salmon River areas. The rivers were at flood stage. It would be foolhardy to try. In spite of the extreme danger the Nez Percé tried to comply—swimming their stock and floating their families across in cowhide rafts. Many animals were carried downstream to their death. Others returned to shore and were driven off by settlers waiting for such losses.

"By June 13, several Indian bands had reached the edge of the reservation boundary near Tolo Lake, six miles west of Grangeville. There were still ten days' time before the deadline.

"The Old Chiefs contemplated their situation—all expected to comply with the orders of General Howard for he had stated, 'If you let time run out one day, the soldiers will be there to drive you onto the reservation, and your cattle outside the reservation will fall into the hands of the white man.'

"Among the bands assembled were Ollikut, Joseph's brother, who was friendly to the whites and White Bird who was ready for a fight. There was Chief Looking Glass, an overbearing middle-aged Nez Percé from the Alpowa area on Snake River. There was Chief Toohoolhoolzote, a bitter man and anti-Christian who had no use for the white man. Together with several small bands they totaled 600 Nez Percé of which 200 were of fighting age.

"While Old Chief counseled, the young braves raced their horses, gambled and staged mock war games. All were ready to comply with General Howard's orders until the taunts of old men touched off the spirit of revenge in a young Nez Percé named Wahlitits, one of three called 'Red Blanket' because the three dressed alike and were always together.

"As the three raced their horses and brandished their rifles showing off, someone jibed, 'If you are so brave, why don't you kill the man who killed Eagle Blanket, your father?'

"Cut to the quick, the boy retired to his tepee crying in shame. When he had collected himself, he and the other two Red Blankets slipped out of camp and descended over Whitebird Mountain to Salmon River. They stopped at Larry Ott's ranch intending to avenge Eagle Blanket's murder. But Ott was not at home.

"The three proceeded to their second choice targets. They selected 'less friendly whites' and laid five settlers low between Slate Creek and John Day Creek.

"The next day they were joined by seventeen others of White Bird's band. Together they killed ten more men, a woman and child.

"They captured a freight wagon headed for Florence with supplies including whiskey. Fortified with whiskey they went on a spree—stealing favorite horses as they went. Settlers grouping for protection arrived at the C. F. Cone Ranch at Freedom, presently called Slate Creek.

"Here a palisade fence of poles surrounded the house and other buildings. There were forty women and children and twenty-three men gathered together. Their best weapons were muzzle-loaders and a breech-loader rifle of inferior quality to those of the Nez Percé who had secured better guns from the Crow Indians of the Plains.

"The Red Blankets and White Bird's warriors did not attack the Cone ranch, however, thinking them to be better fortified with guns and ammunition.

"Here is where Tolo came into her glory. She didn't like war," Agnes Moses said. "The whites had been good to her. She had gone to school with the Robie children.

"She slipped out of the house, mounted her favorite black mare and headed up the trail to Florence, a mining camp twenty-six miles away. As she arrived, her horse dropped dead.

ORG
ON PROH BIT

"Florence was active with 2,000-3,000 miners at the time. They lost no time in organizing a rescue party of twenty-five. They arrived at Freedom by morning."

Mrs. Moses recounted, too, her memory of the battle of The Clearwater.

"Looking Glass had camped on the Clearwater near Stites, well within the reservation after he left the camp at Tolo Lake. The soldiers came after him and his horses but he did not want to fight. He tried to surrender but they could not agree to the terms—so there was a fight. Several Indians were killed and the soldiers drove off 725 Indian ponies.

"About this time other Nez Percé warriors from Joseph's band on Cottonwood Creek joined with Looking Glass. Looking Glass explained how he had tried to surrender according to the treaty but that the soldiers would not live up to their agreement. He said, 'Now I am ready for war.'

"After a two-and-one-half day battle, Looking Glass urged a retreat over the Lolo Trail into Montana. There they could join with their friends, the Crow Indians of the Plains. The famous retreat of the Nez Percé led by Chief Joseph, who hoped to join Sitting Bull in Canada, began. It seemed futile to resist."

After the war, Tolo worked for the Ben Large family and Agnes went to school. Her later years were spent near Winona with Chief Yellow Bull and his wife. Chief White Bird and his wife visited her many times.

Today a monument erected by the American Legion in the Winona Cemetery, on a bluff overlooking the Clearwater River, marks her grave.

Agnes Moses, her daughter, died at Kamiah in 1962. She spent her last days in an unpainted house in East Kamiah watching her eleven grandchildren play. Her chief pleasures were digging camas bulbs in Weippe Meadows every summer and tanning deerskin for gloves and moccasins.

"Buckskin feels good on the hands," she explained.

A walnut tree five feet in diameter and with a 70' crown, the largest in Idaho, stands on the Mamie Robie place. It was planted the year of Agnes' birth about 1869. Today it stands as a living monument to the faithful friendship of Tolo and Agnes, two loyal Nez Percé women.

LOST, ONE HAUNTED HOTEL

By H. M. Travis

IT WAS A wintry night back in 1890 when Bill Nye, author and humorist of that time, found himself having to lay over in the lusty little railroad town of Wallula, Washington. There was only one train daily, so he registered at the Ellingsworth Hotel on the main street and let himself in for one of the most miserable nights of his career.

The hotel, later to be known by other names—the Wallula and the Union Pacific Club among them—was built sometime in the 1880s. It was operated by William Ellingsworth, former deputy sheriff. The hostelry with its rough boardwalk was the center of Wallula's social life and boasted the finest dance hall east of the Cascades. Crowds came from miles around to dance to the merry tunes provided by the best fiddlers the West afforded.

As for the cuisine, chefs from some of the best known hotels in the country were imported to serve the railroad magnates and their friends as they dined in a splendor that compared favorably with that of Alaska's and California's gold rush days.

Bill Nye was on a lecture tour with James Whitcomb Riley. It is through Nye's last book, *Remarks*, in a chapter entitled "A Wallula Night" that present-day Wallulans know what happened.

Nye was winding up his 4,000-mile tour over the Northern Pacific and O.R. & N. Railroads and he said, "It would have been better if I had taken my valise and a rubber doormat from the sleeping car and crawled into the lee of a snow fence than stay in that Abomination of Desolation."

Instead, he rented Room 2 on the second floor from which the odor of the dead past mingled with the heavy aura of good plug tobacco and human perspiration. A pair of Venetian pantaloons had been left by a previous occupant who had either left in a hurry and had forgotten his pants, or perhaps they were beyond wearing. As Nye tossed and tumbled, he found himself obsessed by them. Whose were they, and why were they left in his room?

The wind came up, as it usually did almost every day or night. The weird howling of coyotes, like the cry of some damned soul, could not be shut out although he tried to muffle the sounds by putting the pillows over his head. The bathtub sighed, and the last rattle of the coffeepot in the dining room conspired to keep him awake. It was the longest night that he had ever experienced.

COULD it be that Nye knew the story of the hotel's haunted room? Or that perhaps he was lying in bed in the very room where a mysterious event had taken place? No one knows. The story—it was almost legend—is that on a bright and sunshiny morning during the town's hey-day, a chambermaid loaded down with dustrags, broom and mop was making her rounds and humming cheerfully as she worked. Arriving at Room 2, she fitted the key into the door. To her surprise the key would not turn. She tried again and again before the realization came to her that the door was locked from the inside.

Puzzled, she put her ear close to the keyhole in an effort to learn if the room was still occupied. She could hear nothing—only sensed a silence that was heavy. Leaving her equipment in the hall, she hurried down the stairs, stumbling in her excitement and fright. The clerk in the lobby had difficulty in understanding at first what she was trying to say. Then grabbing up an iron bar from the back porch, he dashed up the steep stairway, followed by the girl and several drummers.

It took two blows with the long bar to batter down the door. A loud scream echoed along the corridor. It came from the chambermaid as she flung her apron over her face to shut out the horrible sight before them.

On the floor were two bodies, those of a man and a woman. Blood trickled slowly from wounds and made a red line across the gay-flowered carpet. Near the bodies was a knife with a long wicked-looking blade.

Who were the people? No one knew. Was it murder or a suicide pact? No answer. They were buried in the soft sandy plain north of town.

The hotel room with its stained carpet was boarded up, as drummers and transients refused to sleep there, and even the help shunned it. Rumors grew of ghosts that walked through the locked door and of ghostly garments fluttering about the hall. Unexplained noises bothered sleepers in nearby rooms as they lay wakefully pondering the mystery of the unknown man and woman. Business began to drop off.

Then one day the chairs tilted against the wall thudded back on all fours and the spittoons were forgotten, as a cloud of dust blotted out the Gap. Two riders came into the clear, followed by what appeared to be a posse. All were riding hell-bent-for-leather! The two men in the lead separated, one riding away through the sage in a northeasterly direction, while the other rode west toward the grove of trees by the riverbank. Both were soon out of sight.

Not long after, the posse rode in with both men and the onlookers got the story. The two men had robbed the stage of a gold shipment and made their getaway. But the gold was not in their saddlebags when caught—and it was never found. To this day, or at least before McNary Dam covered the site of the town, search went on in the hope of locating the cache.

The town and the hotel had their fires as did many frontier communities. At one time two sisters were running the hotel. One night as one of the sisters was going downstairs with a lighted lamp in her hand, she tripped and fell. The coal oil in the lamp ignited and flames spread quickly. There was quite a stir before the fire was extinguished.

Wallula's early fire department consisted of a two-wheeled hose cart with very large wheels. It was drawn by twenty to twenty-five men resplendent in brand new red shirts and white helmets. A large fire bell perched on top of the cart, and behind the crew panted their mascot, a huge Newfoundland dog.

During World War II, the hotel became a tavern for servicemen of the area, after which it was abandoned except for an occasional tramp who unrolled his blankets on the littered floor.

(Continued on page 58)

The Haunted Hotel

Photo Courtesy the Author

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

this story which is not based on true facts, but one man's story, who was an enemy of the Church when he wrote his story, has greatly offended me. The story showed execrable taste.—Dick Olsen, 340 East Center, Pocatello, Idaho.

Howdy, Mr. Joe:

Just before I came up here in the mountains on a writing and illustrating assignment I read nearly all of the current issue of *True West*. Some years ago I handled some Matador cattle at a stock yard for the late Charles Campbell and was much interested in the Matador story. The whole series of "Cattle Kings" are well written and interesting.

I read "Use Him Up, Bill!" by Mr. Carson. I am not a Mormon. I am a Texan and was partially reared in Texas. My father was born in Texas, my mother was born there and I have many relatives still living there. My grandfathers are buried in Texas and my great grandmother and one grandmother are buried there. But in drifting around over the West I worked for and with Mormons in western Colorado and in Utah. I did not experience any ill treatment because I was a Gentile. Some of that time was put in far off the beaten trails, where there were few Gentiles, shortly after the turn of the century. I knew a Mormon Bishop who did some very kind and generous things for Gentiles who ran into trouble. That man was outstanding. He had courage, and was a top cowman and horseman. I think he ought to be in the Cowboy's Hall of Fame.

I knew a Mormon doctor, who went far beyond the call of duty to administer to people, some of them Gentiles, during the disastrous flu epidemic at the time of World War I. And there are others who went through the range wars out in a small Mormon settlement many miles from the railroad and everyone for many miles around, both Mormons and Gentiles, were invited. And I know Mormon pioneers who settled in the southwest and established homes in the desert. They went through many hardships but had the courage to do a big part in the winning of the West. I know of one family who have rescued many tenderfeet from death by thirst and the searing heat of the desert. Their acts and lives make a bright page in the history of the Southwest.

What I am getting at here is this. There surely must be writers who know of those things and I can tell you that those stories would be as interesting as any stories you have ever published—stories of success, failure, violence, hardships and human interest that cannot be excelled anywhere in the West.—Tom Moss, 14514 S. Normandie Ave., Apt. 1, Gardena, California.

Tom Moss, our old compadre, tells us that he reads every issue. We don't see how that could be so. In the past year, we have had three issues carrying stories of the type he mentions. Since we only publish six issues a year, that's not a bad average!—Ed.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find photo of gun, complete with three notches in the butt, found in ruins of one of Bill Hickman's cabins. I also have a knife, found at same time, made from a file.

I won't argue with you about Joseph Smith and polygamy, but I'll bet some-

Hickman's Gun?

body will. I had two grand-aunts married to him the same day, for instance.

Enjoy your magazine. Hope to send you a chit about the Mormons and Indians in Utah's San Juan country some day.—Ruth Louise Partridge, 195 East 4th North, Provo City, Utah.

Dear Sirs:

I am so disappointed in you, and yet in a way I cannot blame you for what has happened, because I am sure that you do know the real truth, in this case. I am referring to the article in the June issue of *True West* about William A. Hickman and the Mormons entitled, "Use Him Up, Bill."

There is just enough "salted" truth in the article to make non-Mormons believe this to be the gospel truth. I am sure that it was written by a non-member who didn't search into all the histories that he could find about the incidents mentioned before he began writing. If he actually knew anything factual about the Mormons he would never attempt to write as he did.

For instance, several of the men mentioned in his article were ex-communicated from the Church for their fanatical zeal. Also, if Mr. John Carson will write to the Deseret Book Co., 44 East South Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah, and ask for a list of books dealing with the people mentioned in his article he will be referred to a good many which have facts taken from diaries of these men, such as Porter Rockwell and Orson Hyde, etc.

Yes, I am a Mormon, and proud of it. I am not going to say anything in defense of the Church here, because the Church needs no defending. I am only saying that Mr. Carson does not have enough facts to write such an article as has been published.

I do want you to know that I enjoy your magazine very much and use it to a great extent for reference. I, too, hope someday to be one of the writers of western research such as yours. At the present time I am doing much deep research on the Old West.—Iola M. Headlee, 2724 Frankel Street, Lakewood, California.

Dear Sir:

John Carson's article, "Use Him Up, Bill," in the June issue has been read. I have a copy of the book from which it is taken. My paternal grandfather knew Bill Hickman and did some scouting with him. I also am personally acquainted with several of Hickman's descendants and have found them to be forthright citizens, of the most part. Grandfather always said that it was Young's influence which caused Hickman to err.

Most Mormons do not know of Young's duplicity. Without being able to prove it documentarily, I'm certain that the Mormon Battalion was raised by Brigham Young to get him off the Federal rap for counterfeiting; I have in my possession documents from the Federal Government which names him, his cousin, Dr. Willard Richards, Apostles Hyde, Pratt, and John Taylor as among those in Nauvoo who counterfeited the coin of the realm in 1845. Fear of being taken by marshals caused him to leave Nauvoo late one Sunday afternoon, February 15, and flee to the Iowa shore, leaving behind him his namesake, Young Briggy, to get across the ice-choked river as best he could.

When he reached Sugar Creek, he had the head of the police force there double the guard. He was constantly apprehensive while crossing rain-drenched Iowa about being taken. When Captain James Allen rode into Mt. Pisgah, Iowa, Apostle Pratt took off for Brigham's camp and, in an effort to get the news to Brigham, Pratt was nearly drowned in his effort to tell the Mormon leader that Federal officers were after him.

Later in Salt Lake a Federal officer found engraved plates in Brigham's office. A young man named Brewer was induced to take the blame for the counterfeit engraving. Later on, Porter Rockwell was sent to serve papers on the young man. Rockwell allegedly shot him because he resisted arrest.

Brigham Young's treatment of the Mormon Battalion is one for which the defenders of the Mormon Church should forever hang their heads. These are historical items for which I can present documents to back up my statements. Brigham never stood trial for making bogus coin, so I can't prove that statement.—Allen Fifield, Box 367, Route 1, Fallon, Nevada.

Dear Editor:

Rehashing a spurious book from the past is an easy way to write an article, but it hardly adds to the cause of history. As a long-time reader of your very excellent *Frontier Times* and *True West* I was amazed that you would publish the lengthy rewrite of the alleged confessions of Bill Hickman. Certainly it is not worthy of your publications. The use of pictures from our historical societies, implying our approval of the story, is of questionable ethics.

While researching my book *Captain Bonneville's County* I had occasion to go thoroughly into the Bill Hickman thing, since one William A. Hickman was associated for a time with the Eagle Rock ferry in what is now Bonneville County, Idaho. In his day, J. H. Beadle spewed reams of anti-Mormon propaganda into print. The Beadle-Hickman vehicle is a study in abnormal psychology, and rather laughable in its self-contradictions. Brigham Young had many real enemies. Isn't it odd that Hickman was never "ordered" to kill any of these, but only obscure miscreants, two-bit crooks?

The "Avenging Angel" or "Danite" theme was a lucrative and dramatic angle among writers who considered it as expedient to be against the Mormons as to be for Motherhood and the Fourth of July. Joaquin Miller and A. Conan Doyle, as well as Mark Twain, used the myths as grist for their mills, but critical non-Morman historians—Bancroft, Burton, Stenhouse, etc.—rejected the notion.

Any new sect must of necessity suffer a backwash of disenchanted apostates. Of such came the fabrications of a Mormon Gestapo. The Mormons were especially vulnerable to such accusations, since they lived on turbulent frontiers for many

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JIM PARKER'S REVENGE

By TOM L. COLEMAN

Courtesy Author

The hanging of Jim Parker, June 3, 1898, in Prescott, Arizona. Deputy Sheriff "Shorty" Lacy is shown with his back to the camera and he partially obscures Sheriff George Ruffner (cigar in mouth). Parker is in the center (dark suit) with Under-Sheriff Joe Dillon at his left. A Catholic priest, Father Quiteau, is on the extreme right. One of the unidentified men is Johnny Munds.

When a Santa Fe train killed two horses owned by Jim Hamilton near Peach Springs, Arizona, no one could have predicted the chain of events that followed

FEBRUARY 8, 1897, was just another cold winter day in Prescott, Arizona, where I was an eight-year-old boy, but only a few miles away tragedy was in the making.

The afternoon paper of February 9, reported the robbery of the Chicago-bound Limited on the Santa Fe main line at Peach Springs in Yavapai County the preceding day. One of the robbers had been killed during the holdup, but three had escaped with a small amount of loot from the mail and express cars.

The motive behind the robbery was nothing more nor less than a grudge. Jim Hamilton had shipped into the Peach Springs area a herd of better than average horses. Two of these horses had been killed accidentally by Santa Fe trains. The railroad had paid Hamilton $30 each for the dead animals, which was the going price for range horses in the area. Hamilton had complained bitterly, claiming that these horses were far above the caliber of range horses. However, the Santa Fe would pay no more.

Jim Parker, a well-liked and competent hand with horses, was Hamilton's chief assistant in his ranch operations. Parker was quite incensed at the seeming injustice of the Santa Fe stand. Parker told Hamilton he would get more from the Santa Fe than that—someway or other.

Parker planned with Abe Thomson, Love Marvin, and an unidentified man, whom I will call "X," to rob the Santa Fe Limited. This was his idea of getting even for their low payment for the dead horses. When the train stopped at the Peach Springs water tank for engine water, Parker and "X" boarded the engine and took command. After filling their water tanks, the train was pulled on east a few miles to Nelson Lime Quarry, where Thomson and Marvin were waiting with horses. The train was stopped, and "X" went back along the train, and fired a few shots to shoo the train crew back into the cars from which they had descended to investigate the unexpected stop.

Wells, Fargo Express messengers Summers and Randall had heard the shooting, and had gone out of their cars on the opposite side from the gunfire. However, they also were curious about the stop and, being fully armed, started around the train to see what was going on. "X" had the same idea about a look on the other side, and he collided with Summers' gun in the dark. Summers pulled the trigger, and "X" fell dead on the cold Arizona desert beside the track.

Parker took the fireman back along the train, and had him unhook the mail and express cars, and pull them ahead to where the horses were waiting. The bandits went through the mail and express, but found almost nothing of value, so they mounted their horses and galloped away. The train resumed its interrupted ride eastward, about an hour late.

THOMSON and Marvin chose to ride east, but Parker went north into Diamond Canyon, which flows into the Grand Canyon. It was all highland desert country with scrub cedar and pine trees scattered thinly over a surface that showed remnants of long ago volcanic flows. Water was of prime importance for the sustaining of life.

On the morning of February 8, the body of bandit "X," which was found to be frozen stiff, was taken into Peach Springs and leaned against the wall of the station. Several pictures were taken of the body but he was never identified.

Sheriff George Ruffner of Yavapai

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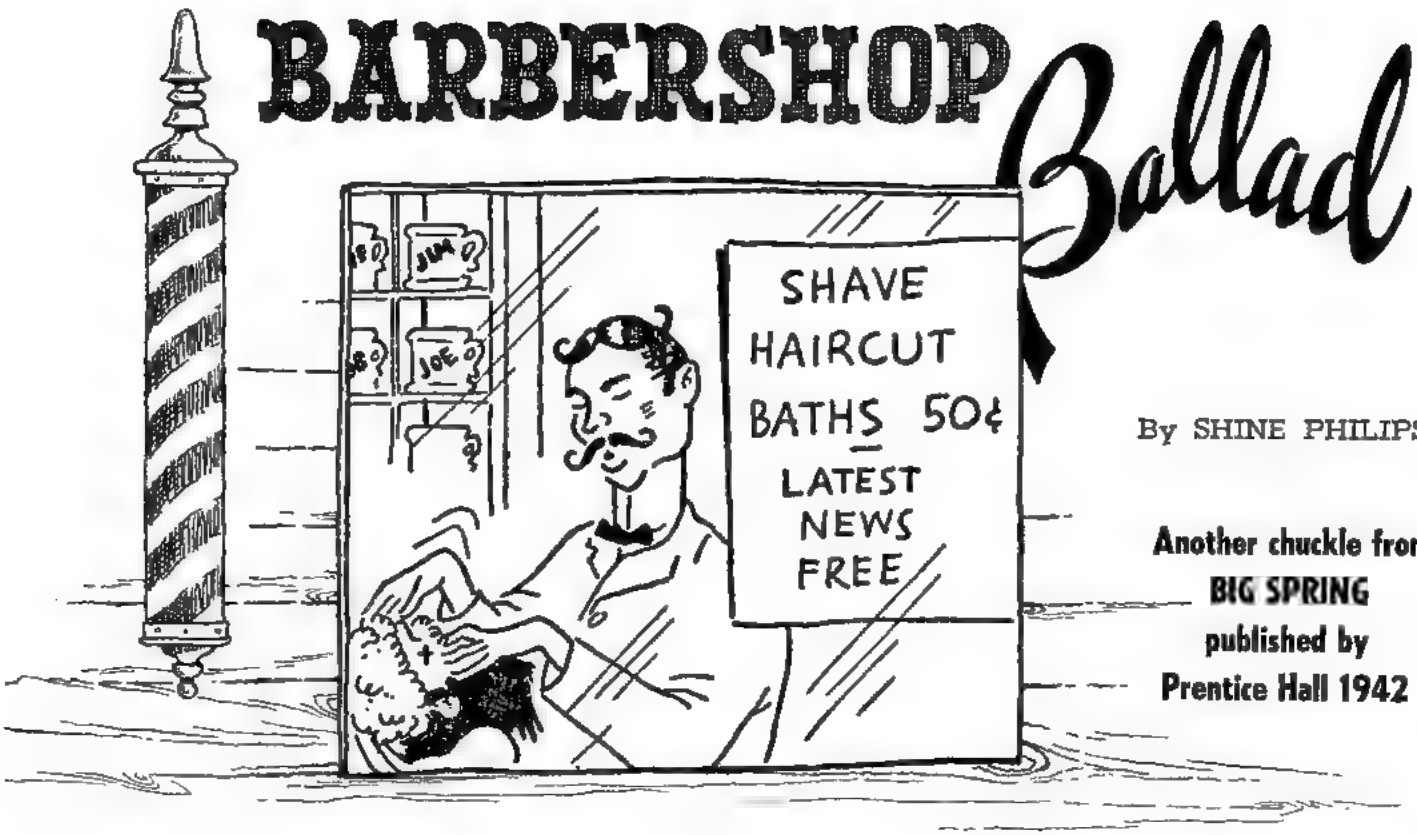
BARBERSHOP Ballad



By SHINE PHILIPS

Another chuckle from BIG SPRING published by Prentice Hall 1942

MY FRIEND flopped on a chair behind the prescription case. "I'm plumb wore out," he said, falling into the vernacular.

"Where have you been?" I asked him, corking the prescription I had just finished filling.

"I had a haircut," he answered, "at that barbershop down the street."

"I never heard that referred to as work," I said, "at least not for the fellow who was getting it."

"I'm exhausted by being the receptacle of confidences," he said. "That barber talked my ear off."

"It's a funny thing," I pondered, "how little barbers change."

"Yes?" he said, ears still wide open.

"But you must be tired of being talked at," I said.

"Go on," he told me. "About the barbershops . . . "

The first place the cowpunchers made a break for when they got to town was the barbershop. There were some ranches far to the northwest whose wagons didn't get to Big Spring oftener than every six months and the cowhands wouldn't make it into civilization any oftener.

I used to think that this was where the term "wild and woolly West" was derived from. Hair grows a long distance on the range in six months, and so does a beard. The barbers would whack off enough hair and shave off enough beard on one of these Saturdays to stuff a mattress. Then the cowboy would take his semiannual bath, get his boots shined, and hit out for the general store to buy himself a new shirt and a pair of chaps, and he was ready to knock the girls dead.

Besides that, the boys who had been out of circulation a long time caught up on all the national and international news and local gossip in the barbershop, so when they got out, they would know who was laying for who, who wasn't talking to who, who had been shot or shot at since the last session, and whose girls he better not try to make a date with. When he got out of the barbershop, he had all the required information for handling his social contacts. The barber saw all, heard all, knew all, and told all to everybody. He was the town crier, armed with a strop and a razor and a good pair of lungs. His wind never gave out.

In addition to being a disseminator of news and custodian of the public's appearance, the old-time barber was a super-salesman. It was hard to get out of his chair without spending seventy-five cents to a dollar. He had tonics that would grow hair on eggs, he had dandruff remover of which one drop would kill all of the dandruff west of Fort Worth, and he sold it all day long, year after year. That's salesmanship.

The local tonsorial parlors always fascinated me when I was a kid. Hot political arguments, discussions on the Spanish-American war, how McKinley had ruined the country, what cows were worth and how the farmers were ruining the country, were chief topics of conversation. The local weather prophets gathered there to chew their "chawing" and tell about the bark being thicker on the mesquites, which signified a hard winter, and the skunks and wolves had thicker fur than they had borne since the blizzard year of '88.

We had two shops, one with six chairs, one with two, and a lonely Negro who had his one chair and who played solitaire most of the time. These barbershops were always next to a saloon. It was the saloons that had the crowds. The reason one shop had a door leading directly to the bar may have been because the whiskey killed the pain of the dull razor.

Twenty to twenty-five ill-shorn men waiting in a barbershop couldn't read the one copy of the paper, and they got tired of talking to each other. In fact, these men didn't do too much talking anytime. The gradual development of the Barbershop Quartette was the result. A few of the boys got their "tonnage" next door in the saloon and drifted into the barbershop and some of this stuff that they served made men sing. Some of it made them fight. Each Saturday night when they could get together, we had *Old Black Joe, My Old Kentucky Home, Farewell My Love, After the Ball is Over,* and *Daisies Won't Tell,* while the hanging lamps shimmied their protest far into the night. That's how the Barbershop Ballad was born.

AS SOON as a local boy got old enough to feel a little fuzz on his upper lip, he invested in a cup with his individual brush and with his name in gold on the outside, advertising the fact that, at last, he was budding into manhood. Long rows of pigeonholed racks held these "name mugs." The barber usually used his own soap and mug on account of the fact that the sandstorms made the soap mixture in the cups that had stood so long hard on his razor, but everybody who had enough money had his own barber and his own cup. Nothing could take that cup out of its rack except death.

The blushing maidens of Big Spring had to look down or across the street when they passed a barbershop as it wasn't ethical to look inside—might see a man with his collar off. I've often wondered why the women at that time ever looked down at anything. A man never got a chance to check his package until after he married anyway, they were

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wrapped up in so many skirts and whalebones. No woman ever looked up when she passed a barbershop, but it may have been because she had to look down to keep from stumbling over the patches in the boardwalks, or to avoid a hole, as the heels were high then too, only they didn't kick them up as much. Maybe it was because the odors which emanated from the barbershop, composed of a mixture of barber's soap, unwashed cowhand, and bay rum didn't smell like a lily of the valley.

One thing that I do know now, most men can wear one half of the clothes that he wears and still have twice as much on as the average modern woman. But in those days, women wore clothes by the bolt Hence to see a man practically out in public without a durn collar that chokes him might have been a sin. Anyway, high collars were the vogue in town. In the ranch country they wore a red bandana handkerchief, but the high collar and the red bandanas met on equal footing at the barbershops. It was democracy in its purest form.

The barbershop, like the saloon and the drugstore and nearly everything else, was strictly the male domain. (When I recount these things, I wonder what is happening to us men. If there is anyplace left that is the male domain I would like to hear where it is. Everytime I am able to get in my own bathroom, after standing in line, to shave, my daughter starts pounding on the door and says she left her lipstick and rat-tail curl comb on the laundry basket and kindly hand it to her.)

There was no such thing as a manicurist. The cowboys that hadn't worn their fingers to the bone working, just cut 'em off with a nail clipper or a jackknife. The idea of a girl playing with the big ham of a cowpuncher and washing the sheep dip out from under his nails with a brush and soapy water would have scared the cowboy into the middle of kingdom come. In fact, he never heard of a manicure.

Barbershops had the only bathtubs in town. Water was carried, heated on stoves, and poured into the tub and then let run out under the barbershop after the boys got their bath. This spot under the shop made a cool place for the white sow, that patrolled our streets, to raise her family.

Water had to be hauled from the spring two miles. If you wanted water, you put out a red flag, then a water tank would back up and supply your needs at from ten to twenty-five cents a barrel, so you can see why a bath cost fifty cents. The impression of the boys that you get from Western movies is very misleading, because every one of them that I've ever seen in the movies is a durn liar—in appearance at least. He is too clean and dressed too fancy. Baths were scarce; water was high and hard to get.

SHAVING was done with a long, barefaced razor, honed on a leather strop or a stone. When the barber got through sharpening it, he would snatch a hair out of his head and whack it to see if the razor was sharp. Everybody got a close shave because usually it had to last a long time. Moustaches were in fashion and some of the customers looked like they had swallowed a couple of mustang ponies and left the tails hanging out. Some of these gents were mighty proud and particular about their moustaches and had them trimmed and brushed fashionably and greased them to make them shine.

Haircuts were straight across the back and they shaved the neck so there was usually a strip of white skin where the hair had been, showing above the dark red sunburn and windburn which colored the complexions of range riders like mahogany. Everybody's haircut was alike, and we never heard of any such thing as the contour cut.

The red barber pole in front of the barbershop was one of the most colorful things on Main Street. The barbers kept the stripes painted up and, as a usual thing, their shops were clean and attractive. They had hanging kerosene lamps which were certainly mighty pretty but didn't give off any more light than any other kerosene lamp. It's a wonder to me that people didn't get their throats cut while the barber was trying to shave them by the flickering light of that hanging masterpiece. He must have shaved them by the touch system. But not only could he shave a fellow without being able to see, he could do it without ever once shutting his trap or coming up for air. He was really a remarkable man.

The first safety razors caused consternation in the barbershops. The reaction of the tonsorial artists was that "there ought to be a law." Those durned things were just out-and-out dangerous. Of course, nearly every man had an old-fashioned razor already, but he hardly ever used it, because if he lived in town, he figured once a week was often enough to shave and by that time his beard was so tough he couldn't cope with it. so the barbershops got his business. If he lived on a ranch, there wasn't any call to be shaving his face every day; besides long hair was said to be a protection against heat in the summer and cold in the winter and they all needed protection If long hair and whiskers are insulating material, our population was well-insulated. Around the drugstore, where we sold safety razors, everybody said they were just a fad and a notion and would soon pass on.

Although barbershops didn't have manicurists, each one had a shine boy. He brushed off the excess hair, of which there was invariably considerable, with a great long whiskbroom and he could literally play a tune on your back with the durn thing, and it got the job done. Dust and hair were brushed off together. The shine boy could stick up an old pair of boots so you wouldn't know them, but he usually lost money on boot polishing if his labor was worth anything. Not everybody had his boots shined, except after the rains came, and then the mud had to be got off of them or you would be carrying double weight. The cowmen tipped heavily for fixing up their muddy boots, especially if they had had a drink The shine boy fared pretty well during the rainy season and had to save up enough to carry him through the next drouth.

The barbershop was the most popular place in town on dance nights and the traffic was terrific. Sometimes as many as three men at a time would be waiting in line for the bathtub, and the barber would shear off whiskers and hair all afternoon. Saturdays were the really big days, and I don't know what a barber did with his time all week long, unless it was to amass that unbelievable amount of information which he disseminated to prone and helpless men lying back in his barber chair with a couple of hot towels on their faces and absolutely no way to escape the barber's confidences.

ONE OF the funniest things that ever happened took place in the barbershop near our drugstore. Practical jokers abound in small towns like this and horseplay is dear to the heart of every male individual. They just haven't got much else to do in their leisure time

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 34)

decades. Though there were fewer crimes committed in Utah than in other Western state, any which did occur were promptly blamed, by the Mormon-haters, not on any individual Mormon felon, but on the Church authorities. Even brawls among thieves such as Hickman's escapades were labelled "plots" to strengthen and enrich the Church.

Positively no authentic evidence has ever been produced showing that the Mormon Church ever countenanced any punishing organization.—Edith Harold-Lovell, Ririe, Idaho.

Dear Sir:

I am writing because I have an interesting story to tell to you concerning my grandfather, William Adams Hickman, who was born in 1815, in Warren County, Kentucky.

He met Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon Church, in 1838, and joined that Church that year. He was the Captain over the men who were in the body guard over Joseph Smith and later of Brigham Young, who was made leader of the Church after Joseph Smith was killed.

My grandfather and Porter Rockwell, another "Danite," owned a large ranch of cattle and thoroughbred horses (about 65 miles southwest of Salt Lake) which they would sell.

Brigham Young would have these two men leave the ranch from time to time to do his dirty work, such as to kill men that he considered should be done away with. While they were away from the ranch their cattle, etc., were stolen.

My grandfather got tired of it so he told Brigham Young to go to hell, that he wasn't going to do any more of it. (Few men dared tell him that to his face, but I know of two men that did.)

Brigham Young hired men to spy on him and to try to kill him. My grandfather went back for awhile to live with his father in Missouri. The last few years of his life he lived with his son in Landers, Wyoming, where he died in 1883.

In 1870, he wrote his memoirs. A small book company in New York published his memoirs in a book of about 250 pages.

My grandfather was *absolutely not afraid of any man.* He would go among men that were armed when he wasn't and tell them to get out of town, for Brigham Young.

My grandfather after he quit doing jobs for Brigham Young was made a U. S. Marshal. He was also in the State Legislature, an Indian scout for the Army, a lawyer, a mayor, a justice of peace, and a few other things. He was a large man, being about six feet in height, and weighed about 200 pounds. It is said that he was to Utah what Daniel Boone was to Kentucky.

Sure, you will receive adverse criticism on that article.

I am a religious Mormon also, doing my Church work and Temple work, and in order to go into the Temple you can't smoke or drink and you have to pay on tithing. But I and my brothers and sisters were insulted and snubbed when we were growing up by other Mormons who were supposed to be religious and kind and to be our friends, just because we were grandchildren of William Adams Hickman.

I am not ashamed of being his grandson. I am very proud of that. I wish that I was just half the man that he was. I was overseas in both of the last two wars, too. I was in the Aleutian Islands for 25 months and also in Korea for one year, from February of 1951 to February of 1952.

If Grandfather was such a rogue, I have wondered why Brigham Young and the law didn't ever put him in jail. Also why did one daughter of a Mormon Apostle marry him, if everything that Brigham Young said and lied about him was true and other narrow-minded and hypocritical Mormons said about him was true. Brigham Young did have men try to kill my grandfather after he refused to do any more of his work.

When he was living with his son in Landers, he was chasing a horse thief in the hot month of July or August and got overheated. He went to his son's place and his son was helping him off his horse when he dropped dead in his boy's arms.

Brigham Young talked 9 out of his 10 wives into leaving him, which they did; only his first wife that he married when he was 16 or 17 years old stayed with him until she died. Some of my cousins never would join the Mormon Church on account of what Brigham Young did to my grandfather.—Carlos Hickman, 222 South State, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Editor:

About William (Bill) Hickman: he died here in North Ogden, Utah, where I have lived all my life. Twenty-five years ago there were people here in Weber County who knew Hickman. Some of them were my father and his half-brothers and others. I asked Father about the Hickman book. He said there was a hatful of lies and half-truths in the Hickman book. The name, Danites, was taken from an anti-Mormon book. Other statements were taken from other anti-Mormon writings.

As to Hickman having nine wives, I only know one widow. When I was a boy she was often in our home to Mother's sewing bees, quiltings and rag bees. I never heard of any other widow or wife.

I know about the violent death of Joseph (Joe) Rhodes. He married Father's half-sister—Leland W. Gibson, 676 E. 28 No., North Ogden, Utah.

Dear Sir:

I make no apologies for Bill Hickman's story. I recounted it as he wrote it, and the first paragraph of "Use Him Up, Bill" clearly implies that what follows is Hickman's story, not the author's. To have altered the account would have been to change Hickman's tale of horror, and my purpose was to retell in condensed form what Hickman wrote and published almost ninety years ago.—John Carson.

Living in the Past, for Sure!

Dear Podners!

Some of your readers may be interested in knowing about a place we recently purchased which is located on the old stage route from Corpus Christi to San Antonio. We talked to a sixty-year-old man in the neighborhood who said his great-grandfather bought this place in 1827. Before that it was the DeLuna Ranch.

The bedrooms were once guest rooms for stage passengers and other travelers. At one time the front room was a saloon and there are paintings on the wall extending up over the ceiling that bear this out. Most interesting of all is an old Spanish hand-dug, rock-walled well that goes farther back in time than can be traced. One old-timer said that it was the

(Continued on page 70)

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Sam Temple: He killed Juan Diego, the "Alessandro" of Helen Hunt Jackson's famous book.

THE TRAGEDY OF Ramona

A legend that America took to its heart, and one man took to his grave

By GARY L. ROBERTS
and
RAYMOND W. THORP

Personally appeared before me, Samuel Temple, and makes the following statement: that he this day committed justifiable homicide upon an Indian, supposed to be Juan Diego.

Two days later Sam was tried and fully exonerated of any criminal action.

The killing of an Indian horse thief scarcely caused a ripple in the San Jacintos. In fact there was a noticeable decline in horse stealing with the demise of Juan. There were stories, told primarily by Ramona, that Juan had been unarmed, and that Sam had shot him three times after he was dead, but no one believed her. They knew Sam too well.

Sam was a big, jovial teamster who hauled lumber and supplies over the San Jacinto Mountains in Southern California, sometimes as far north as Bakersfield. He was renowned for his fine horses, in which he took great pride. A happy man wherever he went, the mountain roads and wide stretches resounded with the tinkling bells attached to the harness of his horses and his voice lifted in song.

IT WAS well known in California that Sam Temple was a mild man of even temper, who rarely carried a gun of any sort. The one thing that he really hated was horse thieves, and yet, as far as the record shows, Juan Diego was the only man Sam ever chased and the only man Sam ever killed. When that was done he climbed back onto his wagon and went singing and hauling his way through life.

As far as he and everyone else was concerned, he had killed a half-crazy, whiskey-besotted horse thief. Such was the fate of horse thieves. To the people of California it was only common justice. But unfortunately for Sam, outside forces were present in California which would wreck his life and brand him forever as a vicious killer in the minds of men.

(Continued on page 48)

SAM TEMPLE was a determined man when he reined up his roan one March afternoon in 1883. There was blood in his eyes and a double-barreled shotgun across the pommel of his saddle. The big black stallion was there, as Sam knew it would be, tied to a scrubby tree near the small Indian hut. He tied his horse some distance from the shabby hovel and checked his shotgun. As he approached the hut he could see "Crazy Juan" lying drunk just inside. Beside him, sitting cross-legged on a filthy blanket, was a decrepit and fat squaw, naked to the waist. A small baby rested on her lap.

Sam Temple paused a short distance from the hut and shouted, "Juan—Juan Diego, come out here!" The locoed Cahuilla stirred and rose slowly, picking up his knife as he stumbled outside.

Jerking his head toward the black horse, Sam said sharply, "Where'd you get the horse, Juan?"

"At Senor Hewitt's," Juan replied. He continued toward Sam, with his knife in hand.

"Stay back," Temple warned, leveling his gun on the Indian. "Did you know he was my horse, and that you could be hanged for stealing him?"

"Si, Senor."

In the same instant Juan lunged at Temple with the knife. The shotgun roared and Juan fell to the ground with gaping holes in his body. With almost frenzied fortitude he struggled to his knees, trying desperately to knife his killer. Temple jerked his revolver and fired three more shots into his head.

Sam changed his saddle from the roan to the black and, leading the roan, rode away, leaving the squaw to weep over the body of Crazy Juan. Her name was Ramona.

Sam rode into San Jacinto that same afternoon and surrendered himself to Justice of the Peace Samuel V. Tripp. The following is on the docket of the San Jacinto Township court, dated March 24, 1883, and signed by Justice Tripp:

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Battle at the Cascades

(Continued from page 15)

named Smith, and he ran down and entered the store unharmed.

In order to defend the place, the stovepipe was pulled down and the hole enlarged with an axe, permitting Dan Bradford and some of the other men in the building to climb up into the upper story. A man named Alexander took some of the best marksmen and climbed up into the gable under the roof, from where they were able to return the Indians' fire to good advantage.

Captain Lawrence W. Coe, a steamboatman and partner of the Bradfords in their business and transportation ventures, took charge of the defense of the store's ground floor. Loopholes were cut in the board walls, and doors and windows hastily barricaded. By a great stroke of good luck, a Government shipment of nine muskets and an ample supply of ammunition had been delivered about an hour before the attack began, so the defenders were amply armed.

In the opening minutes of the battle, shortly after 8:30 a.m., James Sinclair was killed at the entrance to the Bradford store. Sinclair was a veteran of the Northwest Indian trade, and a factor for the Hudson's Bay Company, in charge of their post at Fort Walla Walla. The Indian situation in the Walla Walla region had become so dangerous that, after a conference with Indian Agent Nathan Olney, Sinclair had warned the settlers to leave, after which he dumped the Hudson's Bay Post supply of powder and lead into the river and started downstream with his wife and her sister, Margaret Campbell. The wife and sister-in-law were daughters of old Colin Campbell, the chief factor of the Northwestern Fur Company. Ironically, Sinclair had left his family at The Dalles and was on his way to Fort Vancouver, accompanied by a friendly Spokane Indian, when he was killed in the opening round of the battle at the Cascades.

SHORTLY after Sinclair was killed, the settlers had their attention drawn to hostile action on the island a short distance off-shore. Three carpenters had been at work there when the fighting began and one of them, a man named Finlay, appeared on the rocky point of the island nearest Bradford's, but was unable to cross because of the concentration of Indians on the embankment above the building. After a shouted conversation with the store's defenders, Finlay took shelter from the redskins' fire behind a boulder on the island. While there, he saw the natives plunder the Watkins house and then burn it.

Some of the hostiles crossed to the opposite end of the island in canoes and flushed out the other two carpenters, M. Bailey and George Watkins. These two came running along the shore to the point where Finlay was concealed, with the Indians in hot pursuit. Bailey was shot in the leg and arm, but plunged into the river and swam to the bank on the mainland, gaining the shelter of the store. Finlay jumped in after Bailey and also reached the store in safety, although bullets showered the water around him as he breasted the current.

Poor George Watkins was not so lucky. A ball struck his wrist, passed up his arm and came out above his elbow, making it impossible for him to attempt to swim across, although he had stripped to his underclothing before being hit. He dropped down behind the sheltering rocks just as his pursuers came yelling around the point. The men in the Bradford store poured such a hot fire into them that the Indians turned tail and fled.

Watkins, suffering from his wound and exposure to the cold weather, lay on the island for two days and nights before he could be rescued. He fainted several times and rolled down the steep bank into the river where the icy waters revived him. Each time this happened during the daylight hours, he had to crawl back up the bank to the sheltering rocks through a hail of hostile slugs; his wife and children in the store witnessed his efforts to survive. The effects of his wound and exposure proved too much, and George Watkins died two days after he was finally rescued.

Although held at bay by the stubborn defenders, the Indians made numerous attempts to destroy the Bradford store. From the rise behind the building they peppered the structure with rocks, some of them so large they shook the frame structure. They also attempted to set the store afire by tossing burning brands of pitchwood and hot irons onto the shake roof. The roof caught fire on a number of occasions but the burning sections were chopped out and doused with cups of brine drawn from salt pork barrels.

There were forty people inside the store, eighteen of whom were children or wounded men. This left four women and eighteen men able to man the guns and stand watch during the siege. There was no water in the building. Two dozen bottles of ale and several bottles of whiskey were on the shelves, but these were used up during the first day. When night fell, the Indians fired some of the buildings in the vicinity, creating a bright light that prevented those in the store from venturing forth for water.

After the fires had died down and before day broke on the morning of the 27th, the Spokane Indian who had been traveling with the unfortunate James Sinclair volunteered to try to bring water from the river. He stripped naked and slipped out of the store and down the steep slope, returning safely in a short time with a pail of water. The settlers kept their vigil all through the day, firing at every suspicious movement in the bushes on the hillside behind them.

That night the Indians burned the Sheppard house and later fired Bush's house near the store, making such a light that no one could leave undetected. About four o'clock on the morning of the 28th, the flames died out and Captain Lawrence Coe sent the brave Spokane to replenish their supply of water once more. The friendly Indian darted between the store and the river until he had filled four barrels.

THE LITTLE sidewheeler, *Mary*, 80 feet long and 16 feet wide, with a depth of 5 feet, had been built at the Upper Cascades in 1854 by Captain Lawrence Coe, and Daniel and Putnam Bradford. She was a wood-burner, powered by engines measuring 14 by 30 inches. At the time of the outbreak, she was commanded by Captain Dan Baughman, a pioneer navigator of the waters of the Middle Columbia between the Upper Cascades and The Dalles.

James Thompson, John Woodward, and Jim Herman had started from Bradford's store to go up to the *Mary*, tied up in Mill Creek with her fires drawn, when the first shots from the Indians whistled around them on the first day of the attack. They gained the boat and

(Continued on page 42)

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IRON DOOR MINE of Blue Canyon

Colonel J. S. Hutchason—1902
At right, Socorro, New Mexico, around 1882.

By DEN GALBRAITH

Photos Denver Public Library Western Collection

Did this engineer contrive a story so logical he finally believed it himself? And could he be guessing right?

LEGENDS which have "aged properly" may suddenly blossom out as the truth. Wishful thinking and playing with the truth have added color to the mining world, and have done no harm unless someone's fortune and reputation were involved. Considerable time and money have been spent in the mining game with only legend as a basis.

W. H. Byerts willfully succumbed to a wild dream, which he pieced together from many sources—Indians, Mexicans and all the old-timers he could talk to. Byerts, described as a mining engineer, lived in Socorro, New Mexico, during the early 1900s. He became interested in the Socorro Peak mining district and began doing a bit of research.

Silver strikes were made in the region by 1867, and possibly as early as 1863. Colonel J. S. Hutchason discovered a lead-silver vein in the Magdalena district in 1867, supposedly using a crudely sketched map drawn by Pete Kinsinger, a soldier who had found silver float about 1863. Prospectors, ranging out from Magdalena, staked claims on Socorro Peak. In 1876, Hanson discovered the Torrance vein, which gave rise to most of the district's production from 1880 to 1895. Variously estimated at $760,000 to $1,000,000, it came mainly from the Torrance and Merritt ore bodies.

Early prospectors found evidence of Spanish diggings, trenches, pits, and primitive adobe ovens which had been used to smelt the ore. Byerts states that the ovens could still be seen at the base of the mountains in 1880.

Thus far, Byerts' story can be verified by similar reports in the various journals, bulletins and historical reviews. He took it from there and came up with his theory of the Iron Door Mine.

SINGLY or together, history and legend have handed down many tales of "Iron Door Mines," most of them worked under the supervision of the Spanish padres of the early Southwest. Utilizing slave labor, mainly Indians, these properties served the dual role of mine and prison. Iron doors were an indication that the deposits were rich in free gold or silver.

Blue Canyon, running south of Socorro Peak, had its Iron Door Mine. Blue Canyon has always been Blue Canyon, but in the old days Socorro went by the name of Holy Mission City, or Mission City, or, simply, Mission. History says the forerunner of Socorro was Piro Puebla, Pilabo, or, as the Onate documents record it, Piloque.

This village along the fertile Rio Grande bottoms proved a natural. Springs of pure, warm water, gushing from the base of the Socorro Mountains, prompted its location. Grapevines, fruit trees, and vegetables of all sorts produced well along the flood plains, and the community prospered. Stock thrived and increased.

As agriculture, horticulture, and stock raising became firmly entrenched in the village's way of life, Jesuit priests began to investigate the potential of certain mineral deposits known to the local Indians. The veins of Blue Canyon attracted their attention, and were explored and successfully operated. Opened up about 1585, the Iron Door Mine of Blue Canyon produced until 1684, nearly 100 years, with only occasional shutdowns due to Indian rampages.

Millions of dollars worth of silver and gold bullion were exported to Europe, representing only the royalty portion of the fabulous treasure hoard. The miners worked only the oxidized vein matter, treating the ore in crude adobe furnaces. Complex refractory sulphides, encountered at 150 feet below the surface, could not be treated by the primitive metallurgical methods then known.

A vast accumulation of precious metal was stored as bullion, under the custody of the Jesuits. Silversmiths and goldsmiths spent their days fashioning ornamental trinkets for use in the interior of the church. A golden chandelier, suspended from the ceiling by heavy silver chains, together with fascinating altar ornaments of gold and silver, attested to the tremendous wealth of the Iron Door property. Mission City became renowned throughout the Southwest because of its fabulous mineral production.

Then in 1864, a calamity befell the village. At that time an earthquake of tremendous force broke off an overhang-

(Continued on page 52)

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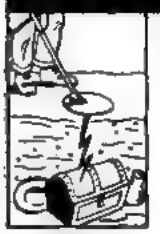

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Battle at the Cascades

(Continued from page 40)

Captain Baughman and Jim Thompson got across Mill Creek and began hauling on the lines holding the steamer, while Jim Herman ran on upriver to warn the Inman, Sheppard, and Vanderpool families who lived above Mill Creek.

The Indians soon put in an appearance on the lower side of the stream and advanced upon the helpless vessel and her crew. Their firing became so dangerous that Captain Dan Baughman and Jim Thompson dropped the steamer's lines and ran for the shelter of the woods toward the Inman house. The crew aboard the *Mary* hurriedly kindled a fire under her boiler and set about to defend themselves as best they could. Dick Turpin, the Negro cook on the steamboat, took the only rifle aboard the vessel and jumped into a flatboat lying alongside the steamer. A bullet from an Indian's gun struck him and he plunged overboard into the river and was drowned, carrying the boat's sole rifle with him.

The savages, emboldened by their first success, soon found they had tackled a hornet's nest. Engineer Buckminster armed himself with a revolver and killed the first Indian who attempted to board the *Mary*, shooting him as he ran up her gangplank. Another of the crew, little Johnny Chance, procured an old dragoon pistol and climbed up onto the hurricane deck, from which vantage point he sent another painted brave to the Happy Hunting Ground, although Chance was shot in the leg while so engaged.

Urged on by applications of pitch and oil, the fire sent pungent clouds of smoke billowing from the stack of the steamboat and soon her steam gauge began to rise. Fireman James Lindslay was shot in the shoulder but stuck to his post. Two more refugees managed to board the steamer; one, a half-breed named Bourbon who had been shot through the body, and Jesse Kempton who had been shot through the shoulder while driving an ox team near the sawmill.

As soon as enough steam pressure had been built up, the lines were cut and the *Mary* backed slowly out into the river, her paddle wheels churning the muddy water into a froth. The savages, screaming with rage over the impending escape, poured a hot fire into the pilothouse, their slugs splintering its flimsy wooden walls.

The hail of bullets became so thick that Pilot Chenowith had to lie on the floor and steer the steamer by turning her wheel according to instructions shouted up to him by the crew on the lower deck. As the boat steamed out of range, Chenowith grabbed her whistle cord and sent a series of jeering blasts echoing across the gorge. The *Mary* steamed upriver a short distance and put into the bank to pick up Jim Herman, who had succeeded in warning the settlers above Mill Creek. Her fuel supply was very low, and the crew pulled in at the clearing of a settler named Atwell, where they appropriated his fence rails for wood.

The steamboat *Wasco* had been lying across the Columbia on the Oregon shore when the battle started and had hurriedly paddled off upstream, headed for help from The Dalles. The Inman family, along with Sheppard and Vanderpool, had escaped to the Oregon (or south) shore of the Columbia in skiffs after the sidewheeler *Wasco* had departed, and the *Mary* picked up these refugees. Bourbon died from his body wound before the boat could reach The Dalles and medical assistance.

In the excitement of the attack on the *Mary* and her subsequent escape, the Indians failed to follow Captain Dan Baughman and Jim Thompson. These two hid out in the timbered mountains above Mill Creek until darkness fell, then made their way down to the Vanderpool claim, where they located an old boat and rowed across to the Oregon shore and hid themselves in the rocks along the riverbank. From here they could watch the action around the Bradford store by day, retiring into the hills at night to sleep.

The Indians, frustrated in their plan to capture the *Mary*, burned two houses belonging to the Inman family, the houses and sawmill owned by the Bradfords, and also fired the lumber yard at the mouth of Mill Creek. After darkness came on the first day of the battle they also burned the big Bradford warehouse located on the island near the store.

WHEN news of the battle at the Cascades reached Fort Vancouver, Colonel Morris, the commanding officer, ordered Lieutenant Phil H. Sheridan to move up the Columbia to the relief of the men and settlers besieged at Fort Rains and the Cascade settlements. Sheridan, later to become a noted Civil War general, loaded his command of about forty dragoons aboard the *Belle* and shoved off from the Vancouver landing at 2:00 a.m. on the morning of March 27. The *Belle* was an iron sidewheeler, 96 feet long, and had been built in 1853 by Captain W. H. Troup and Engineer Tom Smith for Captains W. B. Wells and Richard Williams, who operated her on the lower Columbia run between Portland and the Lower Cascades.

Before leaving Fort Vancouver, Lieutenant Sheridan had requested a piece of artillery but none was available at the fort. However, Captain Dall of the regular ocean steamer running between Portland and San Francisco learned of the matter and offered Sheridan the use of a small iron cannon mounted on his vessel and used for firing salutes. A search of the arsenal of Fort Vancouver turned up a supply of solid shot that fit the little cannon and Sheridan carried it upriver on his relief expedition to the Cascades.

Sheridan's relief unit landed at the Lower Cascades early in the day and took up a position on a neck of land between the river and a slough that was flooded with water backed up from the main stream. As he advanced his troops, he was met by a heavy fire from the hostiles and was forced to halt and make a reconnaissance.

With five or six men the young officer stole through the heavy underbrush of the peninsula and finally reached a clearing. Indian guns blazed from the brush on the far side of the opening and the United States Army came close to losing a future general. A ball grazed the bridge of Phil Sheridan's nose and struck the soldier standing beside him. The slug opened an artery and broke the enlisted man's spinal column, killing him instantly.

Sheridan ordered Captain Dall's cannon brought up, and threw solid shot into the bushes concealing the mingled Yakima, Klickitat and Cascade warriors, but his advance was halted and the troops were pinned down to skirmishing at long range throughout the remainder of the day.

(Continued on page 54)

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Photo Courtesy Author

The Herman Family
Winnie, Edward, Mrs. Lizzie Herman, Nellie, Jake and Cora

Strange justice from the seven campfires

MY BROTHER

By JAKE HERMAN

THIS is a story of my brother, Edward Herman, and a group of Oglala Sioux warriors who once lived on this wonderful earth. In 1903, sometime in the month of May, my brother, who had reached the age of eighteen years, was killed by a black stallion.

Before I tell the dramatic story of my brother's short career, I want my readers to know and understand the meaning of the seven campfires, seven generations, and seven chiefs of the Sioux Nation. The chiefs influenced and molded Sioux public opinion and set a standard code of living and philosophy at their seven campfires council.

Sioux Indian history is based on verbal history passed from generation to generation. The seven chiefs consisted of

1. Chief Red Cloud and his band, the Oglala Sioux;
2. Chief Sitting Bull and his band, the Hunk-Pa-Pi;
3. Chief Spotted Tail and his band, the Sican-Gii;
4. Chief Spotted Eagle and his band, the Mni-Ka-Wozan;
5. Chief Big Mane and his band, the Ku-Wi-Ci-Sa;
6. Chief Holy Lodge and his band, the Wi-Ce-Ye-La;
7. Chief One Horn and his band, the It-az-apa.

Sioux legend tells us that at the seven campfires council they decided that the four greatest disasters that could happen to any race of mankind were first, no food for the people; second, losing your firstborn son in battle; third, when a war party is all killed except for one lone survivor who comes back to camp; fourth, the lonely wailing of a young baby who has lost its mother.

The story of my brother happened on the Pine Ridge Oglala Sioux Reservation here in South Dakota. We lived in the Medicine Root District, a sub-station of the main Pine Ridge Agency where my father was stationed as an assistant boss farmer. His duties consisted of interpreting for the Sioux Indians, teaching the Sioux how to farm and raise stock, and being foreman for the Medicine Root roundup. Like all men of those days, he was a rancher running cattle and horses.

Our family consisted of my father, mother, three sisters and my brother Edward. I was the youngest of our family. Before I start my story, I will state that I was only eleven years old and, as one knows, at that age one's memory of one's childhood days is hazy.

Frank Afraid of Horse, Rock Iron Crow, William Bear Tail, and Charles Red Cloud are still alive, however, and through them it is possible for me to reconstruct the story as it actually happened. They are men who lived, played, and rode the open range with my brother.

ONE DAY a covered wagon came to our home. The owner was a white man who came from Wyoming and was heading for Nebraska. This man was working a coal black stallion. He stayed for a few days at our home. In those days, if a non-member had to cross the reservation, he had to secure a crossing permit. My father gave him a permit and, before he left, my father traded for the black stallion.

My brother, Edward, took care of the stock and, like all Indian boys, he loved horses. My brother loved the black stallion. He gave him grain and groomed him until the stallion became fat and beautiful. Then he turned the black stallion out on the open range with our mares. My brother rode range on the mares daily.

Soon, riders reported to my father that the black stud was inclined to be mean and might attack a rider. In those days wild stallions at times showed their meanness but very seldom attacked a rider. So my father warned my brother and my brother said, "He is not mean; I can handle him."

One day a lone rider appeared suddenly on a hill. The rider came down the hill on a dead run toward our home. The rider dismounted in a hurry and went into our house. He told Mother, "The black stallion attacked your son Edward, and he is lying on the prairie about four miles from here."

Mother asked the rider to run our team into the corral, which he did. Then he helped Mother to hook up the team to the buggy. Mother and I drove out to where my brother was lying, all doubled up holding his stomach. My Mother was a brave woman. We loaded my brother in the buggy and brought him back home. Father was away at that time. Edward told Mother the black stallion attacked him on horseback, pawed and kicked him

(Continued on page 56)

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Homesteadin' in the Rockies

(Continued from page 19)

for a while and the barley sprouted here and there and made a fine stand. A little later on it started to rain and the rest of the grain sprouted. It came up like a lawn. It was too thick to do any good.

The second winter was better. We butchered our pigs. We did not know much about pigs or butchering. We waited until the weather was cold enough so the meat would stay frozen. One was a sow and the other a boar. You are supposed to de-sex a boar pig before butchering but we did not know how to do this. Dad figured that since the boar was young, it would not matter. We killed and scalded the hogs, hung them up and cleaned them, and left them to freeze overnight. The lady pig made fine meat. The boar, to be charitable, was not so good. When you fried a pork chop from him you could smell it cooking clear to the schoolhouse.

Our house was considered fairly warm but the water bucket would freeze over at night. We slept under a big pile of covers. We had no conveniences. My mother would wash our clothes on a washboard. We melted snow for water. The snow water was nice and soft.

The wind would blow the snow back, and fill in any path we might shovel, so to hang them on the clothes line she would slip on a pair of our skis. The last clothes in the basket would be frozen before she could hang them and those on the line would freeze at once.

We had little to read, no papers or magazines. We visited around with our neighbors and passed the winter. Lloyd kept a diary. There was not much to write in it. It would read something like this, "January 10, bad day, snowed all day, we just set around." "January 14, had company, Elmer came down, did not snow today." "January 18, my birthday, snowed in afternoon. I got nothing."

Spring came again. We liked the country so well my sister and her husband and little boy moved out. There were eighty acres next to our place still open for homesteading so they filed on that and built a cabin.

We finally got hold of three horses. There was a big old team, a bay and a grey. They were a pretty good team but the grey was a little balky on a hard pull. The other horse was a big bay mare. She was young and clumsy and sway-backed. We planted oats and a few potatoes.

We got the new Sears and Montgomery Ward catalogues. We would study them and wish by the hour. We needed everything. What interested us most were farm machinery and harness, bridles and lariats, axes, single-trees, work gloves, overalls and tools. We got the few we needed most and when they came we put them to use.

Three brothers were our good neighbors. They were from the city; one was married, the other two were single. They all worked out and each bought a team of little broomtail horses. They would hook all of them to a walking plow and try to plow sage and buck brush. The horses would balk, the harness would break, and the boys would sit down and smoke cigarettes, argue about which horse would pull or would not pull, and swap them to each other. Ownership of the horses would change two or three times a day and they would never be unhitched.

One of the boys had a homestead located way off in the wild part of the hills. He built a little cabin and shared it with the pack rats. He would never get in coal or wood at night to start a fire the next morning, summer or winter. He said he might die in the night and not need it! He would get up on a cold winter morning, put on overshoes and heavy coat, and grub around in the snow for wood and coal before he could start a fire to get breakfast.

When his clothes got dirty he would put them to soak in a tub of water, wash out a shirt or pair of socks and, if it was winter, would let the rest freeze up in the tub. When he needed another garment he would thaw out the tub of clothes, wash what he needed and let them freeze up again.

He would let all his dishes get dirty and then invite me over to stay overnight. I would wash up all the dishes while he sat and smoked cigarettes. Then he would count all his dishes and figure how many days it would be before he had to wash them again.

It was an independent life. You could do as you pleased. There was no rent to pay and a few dollars would go a long way to buy a few groceries, tobacco and overalls. No one worried much. One day this brother shot a magpie. He decided to tie it in some oak brush close to his

(Continued on page 46)

"Just plug it in anywhere!"

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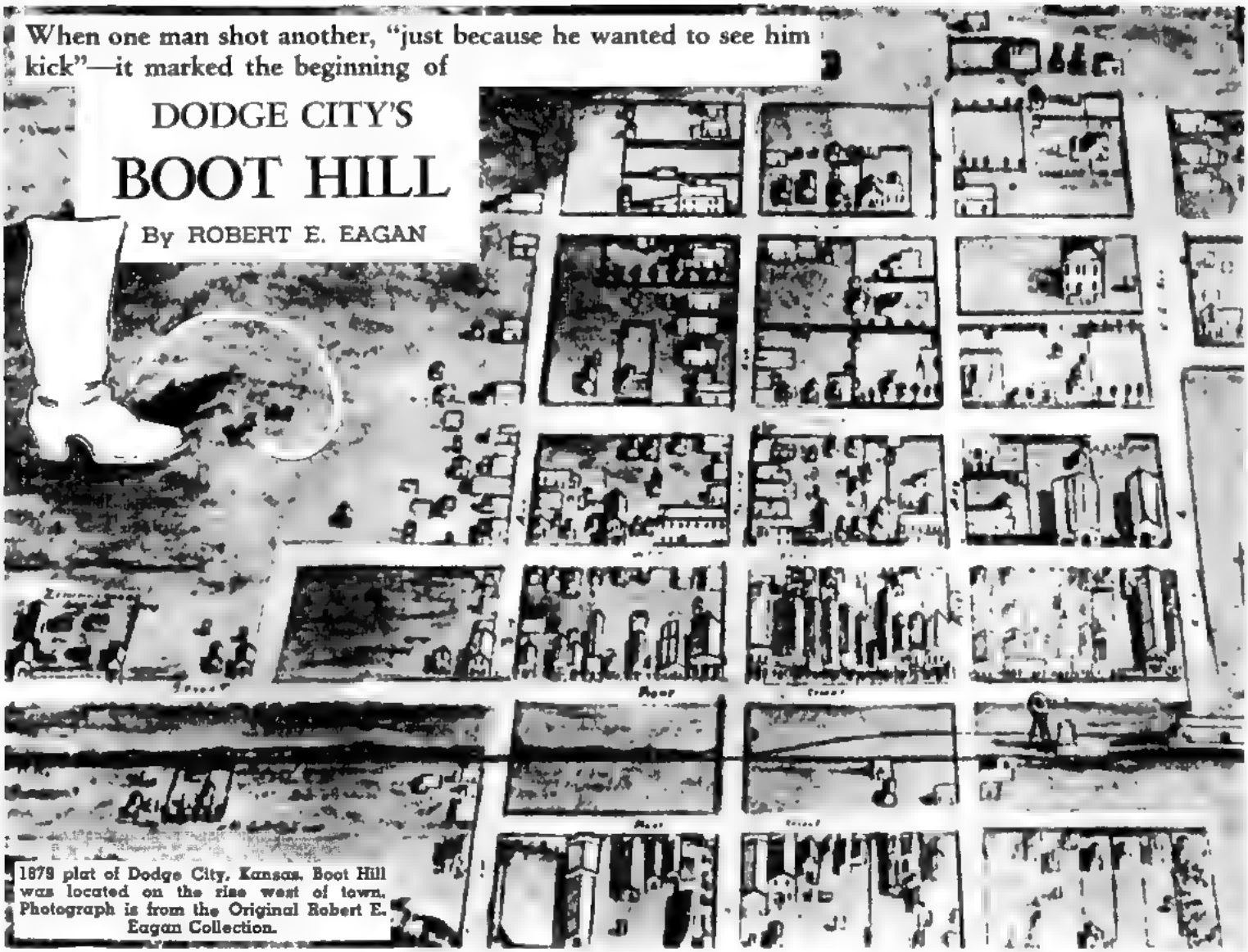
When one man shot another, "just because he wanted to see him kick"—it marked the beginning of

DODGE CITY'S BOOT HILL

By ROBERT E. EAGAN



1879 plat of Dodge City, Kansas. Boot Hill was located on the rise west of town. Photograph is from the Original Robert E. Eagan Collection.

THE SANTA FE Railroad was continued west from Newton, Kansas, in the spring of 1872. Its new ending was a little over 150 miles west at a site just outside the military reservation formed around Fort Dodge. In September of the same year another frontier town sprang up around the track. It was named Dodge City in honor of Colonel Richard I. Dodge, Commander of the Fort at that time.

Merchants soon had general outfitting stores where plainsmen could stock up on anything from food to ammunition. The saloons along Front Street, Dodge's main avenue, outnumbered all other establishments and drew more trade. Dance halls offered the lonely buffalo hunter and cowboy the companionship of a female dancing partner; gambling dens provided excitement and another way of getting rid of their money.

The first death in Dodge City occurred when a Negro was shot and killed on Front Street by a notorious gambler called "Denver." The poor fellow did nothing to warrant such an attack, but, as Denver illogically explained, he wanted to see him kick.

With a corpse on its hands the city was confronted with a new and serious problem. The victim was found to be without funds or friends who could bear the expense of a burial in the cemetery at Fort Dodge. Some other answer had to be found.

A crude box was hastily constructed and the body placed inside. Then it was loaded into a wagon and taken to the hill west of town for burial.

There were several reasons for selecting this particular place for the burial site. First of all, it was a desolate hill with little vegetation. In places, rocks protruded from the earth; in other spots, white gypsum showed through. With sloping sides providing good drainage, the hill obviously couldn't be put to better use.

MANY a disagreement and misunderstanding arose between cowboys over a drink, gambling rules, or a dance hall girl. The arguments were settled quickly and on the spot, usually with the aid of a gun. The one quickest on the draw was a winner. The loser was another client for Boot Hill.

The hill was the final resting place for the friendless, moneyless, homeless and, in some cases, the nameless and unknown. In a few cases, fruitless attempts were made to mark the grave with boards or wooden crosses. The inscriptions on the markers were written with pencil, and after a few rains the writing would disappear. Only the mound of gypsum remained and it was identical to the one next to it. All knowledge of the occupants of the graves was soon lost. Few cared who the nameless dead were or who they might have been.

THIS potter's field became known as Boot Hill as did many of the burial places in the Old West because of the custom of putting the cowboys "six feet under" with their boots on. But Dodge's Boot Hill became the best known. Among other towns boasting Boot Hills were Abilene, Newton and Tombstone, but many people in the States and foreign countries think Dodge City's is the only one and most never heard of any of the others. If you were to ask any young fellow between the ages of six to sixteen where Boot Hill is located, the chances are he will answer, "Dodge City." He may not be able to tell you what state it is in, but he will be sure of the town.

The picture accompanying this article is part of one drawn by a multi-talented musician named Henry O. Morris. In the August 5, 1879 issue of the *Ford County Globe*, the announcement was made that H. O. Morris had been employed to make a drawing of Dodge City. The drawing would include every building in town and when it was completed a 14" x 17" photograph would be taken of it.

The July 22, 1879 issue of the *Globe*

(Continued on page 51)

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Homesteadin' In The Rockies

(Continued from page 44)

house, and set a coyote trap under it. In a night or so he heard the chain to the trap clinking and got up to find he had caught a coyote.

He did not want to shoot it and make a hole in the hide so decided he would choke it to death. He stunned it with a club and grabbed it by the throat. The coyote came to and put up a struggle to the death. He had to hold on and finally succeeded in finishing the poor animal off. It was two o'clock in the morning, but he was so tickled that he carried it over to his married brother, who lived close, got them all out of bed, and had his brother help skin his catch. They skinned and stretched the hide and in due time he shipped it to a fur house in Denver. It was too early in the fall when he made his catch for the fur to be prime. It brought seventy cents.

The third brother was a good cook and housekeeper. He would can fruit, make choke cherry syrup (which is wonderful on hot cakes) and cook good food. He milked a cow and would put whipped cream on everything. His specialty was hot cakes with strawberry jam and whipped cream for breakfast. We liked to visit there!

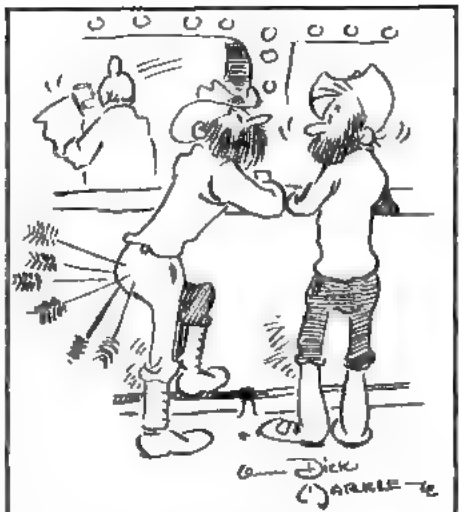
ANOTHER bachelor friend, Leo, lived on an adjoining homestead. He got lonesome and moved down with us for the winter. He was good company and we were glad to have him. He thought it would be a good idea if I would write to the *Denver Post* and tell all about the single homesteaders' trying to make a go of ranching and batching, and see if we couldn't get wives for ourselves. Girls were scarce in our community.

I wrote a letter to the paper and it must have sounded pretty good, telling how the boys were trying to hold down homesteads, and their chances to become well off when they proved up on their land and accumulated a herd of cattle. Anyway they printed it and papers all around the country copied it. I signed it, "Twenty Mile Homesteader." Our community was just twenty miles from Steamboat Springs and was known as Twenty Mile Park.

The good cook brother went to town and came home all excited. He said the postmaster wanted to know who the Twenty Mile Homesteader was. He had a bundle of letters for him—all from women, it seemed. We sent Leo to town the next day to get our mail. We had not told anyone about our writing. The postmaster made him sign a receipt for them and gave him the letters.

They were white, pink, blue, perfumed, all from girls wanting a Western husband. I passed the word around to the fellows and made a big cake and a pot of coffee. We had an all-night party. We read all the letters, decided who would answer which ones, and had an exciting evening. There were about forty letters. Some had sent pictures and in some cases this was a mistake. One described herself as twenty-five years old and a blue-eyed blonde. She worked in a factory in Massachusetts. The picture she enclosed was of a woman at least forty and surely pregnant. She had too much competition so we wrote her a short letter. Some wrote that they could cook the bacon if we could bring it in. Others wanted to be sure they would become wealthy. If they had to be poor, they could be poor alone.

We bought sheets of stamps, lots of ink and stationery, and wrote letters all



"They wuz ornery devils, but I faced up to 'em . . ."

winter. An old cowpuncher came over and said, by gum, he wanted some letters. He wanted a girl. I showed him the one from the blue-eyed blonde and he allowed that sounded pretty good. I then showed him the picture. He took one look and said, "My God!" We had a lot of fun writing and a lot of the girls seemed real nice, but none of us got married. Spring came, we all got busy farming, and letter writing dwindled off. Everyone was getting more ground broke, putting up a little better barn or granary, getting better fences built, and riding in better rigs with better harness on their horses.

I went to work for a rancher helping put up hay. I worked about a month and came home with a little money. As usual we needed more things than twenty times the amount I had would buy. I told my brothers we might just as well spend the money and get everything we wanted. We got out the catalogue and picked out shirts and watches, jackknives, spurs, bridles and gloves. They had a good time picking out things and I wrote them all down. That night after they had gone to bed I changed the order and got them a few things each but not as much as they had ordered. I sealed up the order and we mailed it the next day. They had a good week dreaming of all the things they were to get and when the order came they were not too disappointed to find the order short.

MY YOUNG nephew lived on the adjoining ranch and, of course, was at our place a lot. He was about ten years old and the winter we were batching decided he would do a little trapping. I told him I would like to go in partners with him and help him skin his catch for half. He thought that was a good idea.

One morning he had such a cold he could hardly talk. I asked him if he had caught anything and he whispered that he had. He had caught his old, black housecat. This was a kind of a shock to me but I asked him if he had skinned it. He gave me a disgusted look and whispered, "No!"

I told him that he would have to skin all that he caught. The next morning he came in dragging the old cat, frozen stiff as a board. I was sure sick of my bargain but I got out a couple of knives, sharpened them up, and we started skinning. We had the job about half done when someone knocked on the door. I

went to see who it was and there was the belle of the neighborhood, come to borrow something.

Our hands were covered with blood and hair and the poor old cat was in the middle of the floor, half skinned. It was a very embarrassing situation for me. Anyone who would skin a housecat! After she had gone we finished the skinning. We shipped the skin to a fur house in Denver. It brought twenty cents.

My nephew had a habit of bursting through the door without knocking and I told him that, even if we were alone there and batching, it was not polite. He should yell out the password before coming in. He wanted to know what the password was and I told him a foul phrase and said that he should sing it out before entering.

A day or two later I heard him shout out the password loud and clear as he pushed open the door and rushed in. You can imagine the look on his face and mine as he saw that I had company. Two very pious ladies had stopped by to discuss some business pertaining to the Sunday school.

The kids in the country had a wonderful time. They would hunt, ski and trap. There was a good hill right at the side of our cabin. We always had skis standing on end in the snow just outside our door. I built a sled with skis for runners and we all could coast on the hill until we got cold and then it was only a few feet to the house and a fire.

A few of the children had a horse to ride. They attended school more or less. On their way home from school one time, five or six of them stopped to watch me digging potatoes. They each pulled out a jackknife with a blade a foot long and peeled and ate raw potatoes as fast as I could dig them.

One rancher had a good house and buildings at the foot of a mountain. He was a bachelor, had a lot of hay land on his place, and plenty of machinery. A homesteader lived at the top of the mountain on the other side. He had a bunch of kids and they would go to the top of the mountain and roll rocks down toward the rancher at the bottom.

He would hear a noise, look out and see a big 500-pound boulder coming down the mountain hitting rocks and striking fire, bounding ten feet in the air and gaining speed every foot. He would be scared to death that one would go through his house and well he might. He would turn pale, yell at the kids, and they would roll another rock. The rancher would go in the house, grab his 30-30 and let go a few shots in their direction trying to get them to stop. There would be quite a duel before the kids got tired. No one was hit and there was not much damage done except to fences and a pig pen or two.

AN OLD ex-prospector bachelor lived close to us. He had a homestead and I got the job of cutting his grain. We cut all the grain in those days with a binder and shocked and stacked it before threshing. He was a fine old fellow and everyone liked him. He lived in a one-room shack that he called his "boar's nest," but would earnestly assure you that there was no lice in it. He was awfully dirty and we hated to eat at his place, but had to when we were working there so as not to offend him.

He would cook dinner mostly from canned goods and was always sure to mention that he had not touched it with his hands. His dishes and skillets were not clean either but we were never poisoned.

One day, after dinner, I was hooking the horses to the binder and looked up and saw smoke pouring from his door and window. I hollered to him that his house was on fire and started to run and help put it out. He came around the house and assured me that there was no danger that he was just smoking out the flies.

He had a cave dug in the hillside and one corner of it was filled with eggs. They were all mildewed, with mushrooms growing up through them. I asked what he was doing with them and he said, "Just keeping them. I'll take them to town and sell them someday when I get time."

Lloyd, as most kids do, went through the stage of answering advertisements and sending for samples. We would send for free garden seeds or free literature put out each year by the Government. There were not many threshing machines in the country and we had a hard time getting our threshing done. Lloyd wrote to the J. I. Case Company, asking for their literature and prices of threshing machines. They sent him prices and descriptions of threshing machines which we all studied and wished for—and forgot about.

A couple of months later a man drove up in a nice rented rig from the livery stable in Steamboat Springs and asked if Lloyd Batton lived there. He was well dressed and we wondered what he wanted to see Lloyd for. Lloyd was about twelve years old at that time with ragged

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overalls and needing a haircut.

The man, when he saw him, looked pretty shocked but said he was from the J. I. Case Company, and understood he was interested in a threshing machine. As it was, about all we could do was to raise money enough to keep our binder repaired. He did not make a sale but talked a while and left some more literature and headed the twenty muddy miles back to town. Oh well, you can't sell a threshing machine everytime!

When the homesteaders proved up on their homesteads they could borrow a little money on them at ten per cent interest. (They could also pay taxes.) A neighbor wanted to build a room on his house and hired me to help. It was in the winter so I went down on skis, carrying a few tools.

I got there about 8:30 in the morning and the man's wife came to the door. "Law me," she said, "I thought we would never get up this morning; we must not have got up until nearly 6 o'clock." This was bad news to me; I was used to sleeping late in the winter.

The old man and I started the room. That night I slept with him. Along about 3 o'clock the next morning he crawled out of bed, shook up the fire, and sat down to smoke. The old woman hollered out, "Hon, are you up for good?"

I was straining my ears to hear if he was and turned over with a sigh of relief when he answered, "No, I just got up to smoke my pipe a little." We got up about 6 o'clock, which was not so bad.

They had good meals and at breakfast the old man hollered out to his daughter in the kitchen, "Bess! Oh, Bess! Bring me my knife that bends so I can clean up my plate."

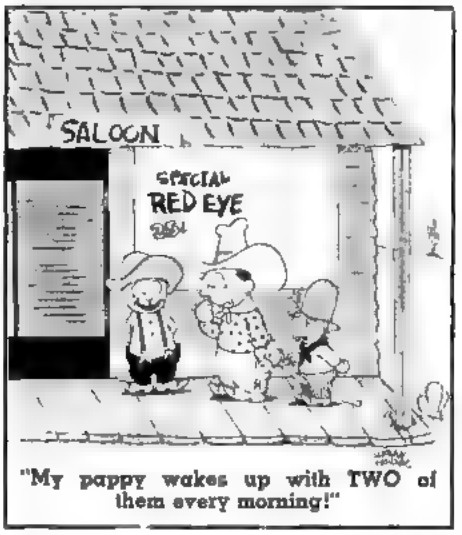
PEOPLE began to come out from back East to visit—either our friends, or friends or relations to some of the other homesteaders. We had a dude ranch and did not know it.

We all signed a petition asking for a rural mail route. In due time they established one, three days a week at first. Our place was where the road forked and there were ten mail boxes at our corner. The mail carrier would get to our place about noon and lots of times would stop there and eat lunch and feed his team. The people who lived beyond us would all come for their mail and bring their cream cans to ship.

There was always someone at our place. The men would sit by the fire and smoke or chew tobacco, sell oats, trade horses or buy hogs. It was like a country store. We always had several for dinner. I don't know how my mother did all the cooking and dishwashing. Anyone who got lonesome came and stayed for a day or two. There were a couple of widow ladies living close who would come and help my mother cook and mend.

Our place was not lonesome. One winter we ate up a four-year-old steer and seven hogs without selling a pound of meat. We would make a big barrel of sauerkraut, we had plenty of potatoes, and groceries did not cost so much then. It was wire, lumber, roofing, or machinery that took our money. We would take a load of wheat to the flour mill at Hayden and have it ground into flour for seventy cents a hundred pounds. You would get back two-thirds flour and one-third bran. We raised our own wheat.

No one worried if he got out of a job. You did not have to pay rent; fuel was cheap; you could always eat. If you had thirty or forty dollars you could live all winter. We worked hard about half the



"My pappy wakes up with TWO of them every morning!"

year. During the winter we could take it easy. Of course, there were chores to do and our few head of stock to feed. We mended harness, and did a few odd jobs.

We did not work very hard at farming. There were four of us and some of us usually worked away and earned enough money to pay our taxes and interest and other bills. Our ranch raised most of our living and let us feel independent.

I got the job of Rural Letter Carrier and by raising feed on the ranch made out pretty well. This job was not a vacation in the winter. The route was thirty miles long and I worked six days a week. I carried a snow shovel, skis, lots of laprobes and a lantern. Some days it would be forty below zero when I started and not any warmer at noon. The icicles would freeze on the horses' noses and they would rub them off on the neck yoke.

I used a sled in the winter and with a lantern lit down between the laprobes you could keep warm. The snow would drift as high as a four-wire fence for a mile or more at a stretch. Eventually sheepmen came in and bought up a lot of places. We sold out, but not to sheepmen.

A lot of this land is underlaid with coal. There is now a strip mine being organized and a railroad branch being built to our old place. The surface of our old ranch will be torn off (leaving piles of rock and dirt) to get the coal lying underneath. It will completely ruin the land for farming. Our hard work and memories will be covered up along with the sagebrush. Those were the good old days. I'd like to live them over.

The Tragedy of Ramona

(Continued from page 39)

Sam's downfall was heralded by the arrival of a prim lady writer, relatively unknown, who had been sent West by *Century Magazine* to do stories on the plight of the Indians. Her name was Helen Hunt Jackson.

In 1881 Mrs. Jackson had written *A Century of Dishonor*, an impassioned indictment of governmental policies against the Indian tribes. She had been involved in several efforts to aid various Indian tribes. That she was sincere in her efforts can hardly be doubted but, in her zeal, she looked only for the evil in the white man, while seemingly ignoring Indian failures of the same nature.

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She moved into the home of Mrs. Jordan, a fine lady living in San Jacinto. Mrs. Jackson was afire with ideas of white treachery and the downtrodden red man. Her expressed purpose was to do for the Indians what Harriet Beecher Stowe had done for the Negro.

Before long Mrs. Jordan had told her of Ramona and the death of Juan Diego. It proved to be a tragic mistake. Mrs. Jackson's curiosity was whetted. She was further touched when she learned that Ramona's child had died in a cholera epidemic shortly after the shooting of Juan. Mrs. Jackson seized upon the story with every fiber of her being and set about transforming Ramona into the beautiful heroine of a novel. The death of the baby was soon attributed to Temple's "murder" of the child's father. She was completely oblivious to the fact that the infant mortality rate among Indians was seventy-five per cent. She likewise ignored the fact that six others had died in the same epidemic.

Mrs. Jackson soon learned of an old California custom of burning Indian villages every few years to improve health standards. She did not mention that the ranchers always helped the Indians rebuild their villages. She wanted only the tawdry side of the white man. Juan was quickly lifted out of his drunken and filthy state. No longer was he a half-wit. He was Alessandro, a dashing and romantic hero. When it was pointed out that Alessandro was Italian, that "Alejandro" would be the proper spelling, she passed that off by saying that Alessandro was more pleasing to the eye.

Sam Temple was transformed into the wicked and despicable Jim Farrar. On every hand she shaped and molded incidents and people to fit her preconceived ideas. She carefully ridded her story of anything that might show the Indian in an unfavorable light.

When her novel was completed, it was vastly different from the actual incident on which it was based. There is some indication that Mrs. Jordan protested weakly against the book. She tried to explain that things did not happen that way, that there were reasons for many actions. But Helen Hunt Jackson's mind was closed. The story was much better as she had written it. For all her misgivings, Mrs. Jordan could not complain too much, for she was immortalized in the book as "Aunt Ri."

THE MANUSCRIPT was sent to the publishers, and in 1884 the book appeared. It was an immediate success.

Sam Temple had no idea of the conspiracy that had made him the "Simon Legree of California." One day he pulled into San Jacinto and jumped down from his big wagon to find himself the center of attention for a great many gaping strangers. Somewhat annoyed, he asked of a stranger in eastern clothes, "What the hell's going on?"

"Aren't you Jim Farrar?" the man asked contemptuously.

"Guess you got the wrong man. My name's Temple."

"Oh, it's all the same. You've been pointed out to me. You're in the book."

"Of course it's him," the man's lady companion said indignantly. "He looks just like a murderous brute who'd kill Ramona's husband and baby."

Sam bought a copy of the book and after reading it, laughed it off. It was pretty funny, really. Sam Temple, a murderous brute! So many photographs were being made of him that he bought himself a new suit and stood on the corner posing for pictures.

It was Sam's friends who first tired of the insults forced on him. On one occasion, Frank Wellman grabbed a loquacious stranger and told him in plain language that horse thieves, red or white, were a menace in a country like California, that hanging or shooting were the only answers. There was no indication that it made any difference. Alessandro was a hero.

Sam was just having his joke. He did not realize that some men were making a lucrative business of selling his photographs. Ramona even got in on the act. She charged fifty cents a shot. However, her fat and ugly old face disillusioned customers, and her business did not long survive. Finally she wandered into San Diego where she went into prostitution. The San Diego *Sun* of January 12, 1892, proclaimed, "Ramona is a squaw of well understood character who lives upon her notoriety and her offenses."

To add to his troubles the story got out that Sam was a wife beater. It did not seem to matter that Sam was a bachelor. Evidently, the story got its start from the fact that his friend, Frank Wellman, was guilty of the offense. The two had a laugh over the matter, and Frank went home and beat his wife. She killed him with a shotgun.

When Sam finally did marry, some years later, the story cropped up again. The tales infuriated his step-daughter who defended him eloquently, but to no avail. Sam was a villain, and nothing he or anyone else could do would change that.

Sam moved about the desert country from San Jacinto to Cabazon to Daggett, and finally to Yuma, Arizona. Al-

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ways the odium of *Ramona* dogged his trail. The once jovial man grew silent. He rarely smiled or sang anymore. Constant harrassment had changed him. Perhaps wearying of the stories and hoping to gain at least something for his pain, Sam wrote the Chicago World's Fair officials in 1893, offering to appear as a sideshow attraction to be billed as "the man who killed Ramona's husband." The officials replied that they had never heard of Ramona or her husband.

AGAIN IN 1905 he tried to offer his services, this time to the St. Louis Exposition. The reply he received must have warmed his heart: "Hello Sam: Of course we know about you. However, we are afraid you would not be a novelty here. You see, we are still shooting and hanging horse thieves in Missouri!"

Sam moved to San Diego in 1909, sold his teams and equipment, and retired to a small house on a side street. He was ill with a kidney disease. His friends and his horses gone, he was alone, and he knew it. Haunted by the jeers of people and the memories of the insults hurled at him over the years, he sat out the remainder of his life.

One day in May, 1910, Sam asked a neighbor to call a doctor for him. He was dead before the physician arrived. Among his belongings was found a worn and dog-eared copy of the book that had forever branded him. Pasted inside one cover was the letter from St. Louis. Scrawled laboriously across the bottom of the letters were these words, "I wish I had killed a white man instead of an Injun."

Helen Hunt Jackson had returned to New York. She was famous now. *Ramona* had lifted her to the status of well known writer. The novel had been lavished with praise. Since *Ramona* first appeared in 1884 it has been reprinted more than 135 times, made into three movies, and is considered by many a classic piece of American literature.

Helen Hunt Jackson had destroyed a man with her pen, but that evidently did not bother her. In her zeal it probably never occurred to her that Sam Temple might be different from her conception of him in "Jim Farrar."

A good and gentle man had been transformed into a malicious killer. Perhaps Mrs. Jackson did not realize what she had done. In her blind glorification of Ramona all else was forgotten. It is ironic that her book never served the purpose for which she had written it. No massive reform in Indian policy was forthcoming; it changed few opinions in California or elsewhere regarding the Indian. In the shower of praise, Mrs. Jackson probably could not even remember Sam Temple. The fact remains that her pen haunted the man to his death. That is the real tragedy of *Ramona*.

Spraddley of the 101

(Continued from page 25)

fell against him with arms around that quivering neck. The horse was in terrible pain. As we pulled away Bill's clinging arms, Spraddley fell to his side. Just then an aged and wrinkled old Mexican peon stepped up with several ripe bananas in one hand. He said softly, pityingly, "I feex wit da banna. It heal queek, little boy."

Then he had two bananas peeled and thrust the whole fruit as far as possible into the hole in the horse's hip. Spraddley stopped moaning and shivering within five minutes. In ten minutes he was

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standing up and, so help me, that wound never swelled. Spraddley did not even limp as he was led to the horse tent. Then we heard them.

"Muerte!" they yelled. (Kill the black man!) A shower of bricks, bottles, knives, and swords came hurtling over the wall. It was about then a troup of *rurales* came galloping to us.

THE CAPTAIN told Joe to get his people all in a bunch and when we were all there, the *rurales* formed a ring around us with aimed rifles pointing at the maddened gang. The Americans and even Mexican Joe, one of our best ropers, were fighting mad. They called the Mexicans every vile name they knew, and they knew plenty.

Fortunately very few of the Mexicans understood English, so we got some self-satisfaction. I had always felt kindly toward Mexicans before but not at that moment. I couldn't understand any human being who could not find some admiration for the remarkable display of sheer courage such as Bill Pickett and the great horse Spraddley had shown.

They were certainly not very good sportsmen. They seemed to be unacquainted with fair play toward another man who was as brave and as game as that Dusky Demon, Bill Pickett. But I tried to excuse those heels because I sort of understood their love for their national sport, bullfighting.

Well, the Millers collected their 5,000 pesos and then Joe jumped out that Mexican timekeeper. But what could Joe do? The Mexican swore that something had gone wrong with his watch.

For sixteen days the Government kept guards around the 101 show lots, so nobody was bothered. Then the show crossed to the north side of the Rio Grande and with no regrets. We all *burned* everytime we thought of those people and their unfair attitude.

Yes, good readers, Spraddley and the Dusky Demon were a pair of thoroughbreds that could not be outdone. I worked with both until their deaths. I have made a good many jumps from Spraddley's back to the head of steers, not bulls.

Pickett got his wish. He is buried on the 101 Ranch in the old buffalo pasture. He was killed by a wild horse on the 101 Ranch in 1932. Not far from Pickett's grave is the grave of the great horse, Spraddley, and also near Pickett's grave is that of his white boss, Zack T. Miller, who passed on June 3, 1952. His red friend, Chief White Eagle, is close by too. May they rest in peace.

Dodge City's Boot Hill

(Continued from page 45)

carried an item which read: "H. O. Morris has been employed again to take his old place in the Long Branch. He is an excellent musician and will now become a permanent member of the band."

We are deeply indebted to Henry O. Morris, a clarinet player in Dodge City's first band, for this excellent picture from which we copied a part of what appears to have been the original 14" x 17" print. The tone of the print indicates that it was made with the old style self-toning paper of the day and if this is not the original, we know from the writing on the back that it was given to the owner in 1907.

There are several people who have seen the large drawing. From their description it was about five by seven or eight feet. Whether the drawing still exists is

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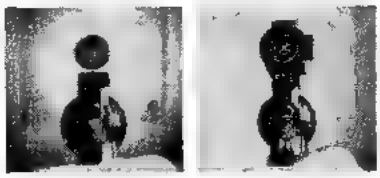

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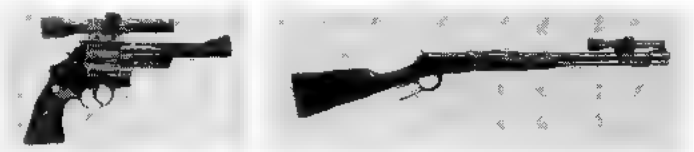

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doubtful and no one seems to know what happened to it. We do not know of other drawings by Henry O. Morris, but evidently they existed as this one is far from the work of an amateur.

In the early days, when a picture covering a large area was desired, a line drawing was more suitable for reproduction by lithograph than photography due to the lack of depth of focus and clarity produced by lens and cameras of that day.

THE FIRST panorama of Dodge City was made shortly after the arrival of rails into the town. It was done by P. M. Russell in 1872. There was a total of eighteen buildings. The next was done by H. O. Morris in 1879. Another was made in 1882, but the artist did not sign the print. It was published by J. J. Stoner Company of Madison, Wisconsin. Several well preserved copies of this print still exist.

The C. S. Burch Publishing Company of Chicago came to Ford County and Dodge City in 1887 and made drawings of farms and various small towns in the county. One of these was Dodge City. Sixty-five drawings in all were made and published in a book titled *The Ford County Handbook*. The book was distributed by the "Ford County Immigration Society" to prospective settlers. A few have been preserved.

Old Boot Hill is no longer west of town but is just a few hundred feet removed from the very center of Dodge City's business section. Today there are only a few mock graves to remind one of those who lost a decision in a gunfight and landed in one of America's most famous cemeteries.

Guns of the Old West

(Continued from page 11)

my brother Morgan. I felt that, if any one of those nine men killed me before I killed Curly Bill, he would rob me of my one chance of vengeance, and I'd never have another. I seemed suddenly to be praying, and my prayer was that I wouldn't be killed before I killed Curly Bill. So I raised my shotgun to my shoulder and drew a careful bead. . . . As I sighted at Curly Bill, he was sighting at me. I could see the deep wrinkles about one of his eyes that was squinted shut. His other eye, held down close to his gun, was wide open. I noticed with curious interest that this one eye, blazing murder at me over his rifle barrel, was blacker than I remembered his eyes to have been when I saw him last. Then I pulled both triggers. (At the same time? Wow!—NBW)

"Curly Bill threw up his hands. His rifle flew high in the air. He gave a yell that could have been heard a mile as he went down. I saw him no more. Each one of my shotgun shells was loaded with nine buckshot. Both charges struck him full in the breast. . . .

"My hat," added fearless Wyatt in conclusion, "had five bullet holes in it, two in the crown and three in the brim. Bullets had ripped ragged rents up and down the legs of my pants. The bottom of my coat on both sides, where it had been held out by the holsters and the handles of my six-shooters, had been torn into strings and shreds. But, as by a miracle, I had not received a scratch."

This alleged killing kicked up a storm of controversy around Tombstone. The pro-Earp *Epitaph* printed an account of Curly Bill's death agreeing in all particulars with Wyatt's report. The anti-Earp *Nugget* ridiculed the story that Curly Bill had been killed. Interested citizens asked the logical question, "If Earp killed Curly Bill, what did he do with the body?"

The *Nugget* offered a reward of $1,000 for proof that Curly Bill was dead; the *Epitaph* countered with an offer of $2,000 for proof that Curly Bill was alive. It appears that no search for his body was ever made, and no evidence was ever produced that he had been killed. Rumors flew in Tombstone that Bill's outlaw pals had taken his body to Charleston and buried it secretly by night. Wyatt Earp maintained a mysterious and dignified silence after having told the melodramatic story of his revenge on Brocius.

Parenthetically, in 1961 the author asked several old-timers in Tombstone what they thought of Earp's story on the killing of Curly Bill. Opinion seemed fairly equally divided as to whether Wyatt had spun a "windy" for the newspapers or if he had really killed the outlaw after all. One man gave his solemn opinion that Curly Bill had escaped to Chihuahua, married a Mexican senorita, and raised children and cattle on a fine hacienda. The last gentleman I interviewed, a white-whiskered gnome named Billy Jack Carter, gave me (in exchange for a drink) what I considered to be the most honest answer of all. "Pardner," he said, "I don't *know* whether Wyatt Earp killed Curly Bill or not—and, frankly, I don't *give* a damn!"

The great advantage of the shotgun to the average man was that with it he was equal or superior to the professional gunslinger. Shotguns fired by ordinary citizens broke up the James-Younger gang at Northfield, Minnesota. In Trinity City, Texas, John Wesley Hardin, the greatest killer—in number of victims—ever to ride the Plains, was gunned down by a scattergun in the hands of Phil Sublet. Hardin pulled through by virtue of a heavy gold-laden money-belt that stopped most of the charge of buckshot, but was put effectively out of action for several months.

Stagecoach guards carried sawed-off shotguns in addition to six-guns and rifles, and the phrase "riding shotgun" has thereby become an indelible part of Western vernacular and legend.

Movies and television Westerns notwithstanding, the westward moving pioneers packed more shotguns than rifles or six-shooters. A man considered himself well armed if he carried a good double-barreled 10 or 12 gauge shotgun, along with a plentiful supply of shells loaded with ball, buckshot and birdshot. So equipped, he was ready for anything from buffaloes and hostile Indians to prairie chickens for the pot.

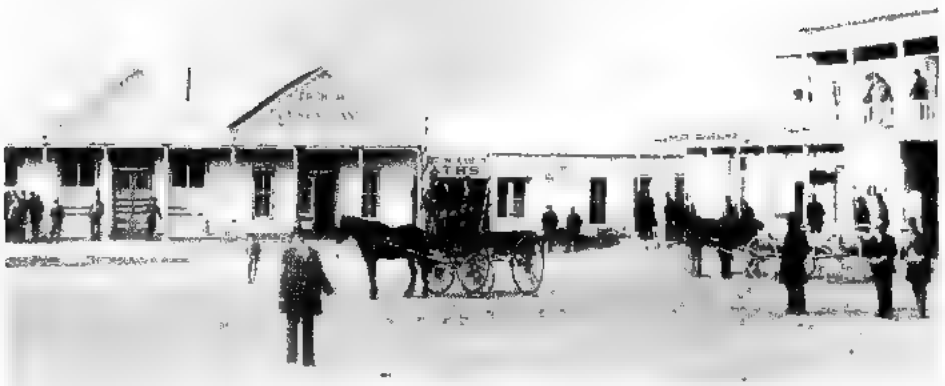
In short, the efficient but unglamorous scattergun played a far larger role in the taming of the West than most writers care to admit.

Iron Door Mine

(Continued from page 41)

ing ledge on Socorro Peak, flinging millions of tons of rock downward, completely burying the portal of the Iron Door Mine and trapping 500 miners. As the residents of Mission City worked frantically to clear the debris away from the portal to free the workers inside, Indians began an attack on the city. Its laborers were abandoned to die.

The Indians drove all foreigners from New Mexico during this rebellion. All traces of the mines and city were de-



(Denver Public Library Western Collection)

Socorro, New Mexico, Plaza—1882

stroyed, except for the mission. The bullion could not be located when the white men returned, creating yet another "treasure tale."

No mining was undertaken again until prospectors from Magdalena swarmed into the adjacent areas and discovered the silver veins of Socorro Peak.

THAT LEGEND belongs to Byerts. He wrote it up for *The Mexican Mining Journal* of September, 1912. At that time the holdings of the Merritt, Torrance and other mines had been consolidated into a single property known as the Iron Door Mines of Socorro, and a tunnel was being driven into the mountain to tap the veins at depth. Byerts confidently reported that the tunnel had advanced a distance of 500 feet and that the group anticipated "opening up one of the great gold-silver deposits of the Southwest."

Apparently Byerts' story had intrigued others, for men of influence and wealth backed his venture. Since Byerts directed the operation, the tunnel took his name. A careful search of the records covering the remainder of 1912 does not give any hint of activity on Socorro Peak.

But in Bulletin 8 of the New Mexico Bureau of Mines, which discusses ore deposits in Socorro County, we learn of Byerts' fate in 1913. The tunnel pierced the mountain for 1,280 feet and nothing of economic importance was found. Byerts was through.

Just why he published his tale of the Iron Door Mine of Blue Canyon is not known. Byerts may have been promoting additional funds for his venture. Or he may have believed the fantastic tale he pieced together and couldn't resist flaunting his anticipated discovery to the mining world prior to reaching his objective.

Byerts left no documentation for his legend. Likely he got his story from the "archives" of some old-timer's mind, recapitulated around a campfire, aided and abetted by a jug of Taos Lightning. Yet, the man who seemingly exploded his own myth may have been on the right track. Byerts knew only the approximate location of the mine tunnel, and tunnels covered by slides can be easily missed. Today, core drilling can be employed with great effectiveness. Blue Canyon might well still hold a treasure guarded by the ghosts of 500 miners.

Barbershop Ballad

(Continued from page 37)

except to get in trouble. One of the big gawky boys around town who would do anything for a laugh conceived this brilliant idea and persuaded a pal to help him.

They tore his shirt into ribbons and covered his head and shoulders with tomato ketchup, which can look surprisingly like gore. The helper borrowed a butcher knife from the meat market and then they pulled off their circus.

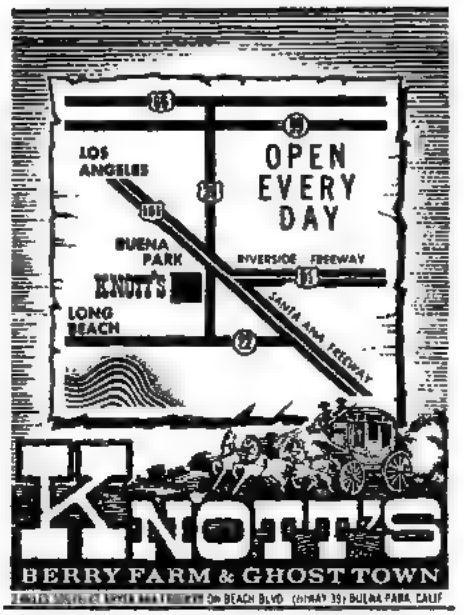
The kid wearing the ketchup went tearing through the barbershop in the middle of the busy Saturday afternoon rush, pursued hotly by the bearer of the butcher knife. The kid in front was yelling bloody murder and adding, "Catch him! Catch him! He's after me. Don't let him kill me!"

They did this twice, ran around the barbershop, and came in the back again. The first time, everybody was stunned but the second time they got action. The barbers threw down their razors and started running. The customers rose up, wrapped in sheets and with their collars off, their faces covered with lather, and began to run also. Men with half their hair cut sprang out of chairs and loped into the street. Lather and barber towels were shaken off all up and down Main Street. One lone cowboy who was in the bathtub, heard the commotion and came tearing out of the bathroom practically au naturel.

Everybody was yelling, "It's a loose maniac. It's a crazy man. Catch him!" The funny thing about it was that they all seemed to be making tracks at the fastest rate of speed they could muster, but they weren't trying to catch him. They were going in the opposite direction. Another funny thing was that they all looked crazier in their sheets, towels and lather than any real maniac has a right to look.

Barbershops were a real comfort to the citizens in those days and many a lonely cowboy dreamed of one when he was out eating dust and trying to keep the herd from stampeding. If anything was valuable in Big Spring, a bath and a shave and a haircut was it. They were the great luxuries—soap for shaving, water for bathing and a practiced hand to whack off your locks. Sometimes when I am shaving off my whiskers twice in one day, when I am threatened with going out in society in the evening by my wife, I marvel to think how much we take for granted all those things which were as precious as rubies to the men I used to know.

Why, I bet if the water didn't spurt out of the tap into my bathtub the minute I turned the spigot now, I would raise holy hell and sound off on what I thought of public utilities. I would be outraged if I couldn't take a bath any



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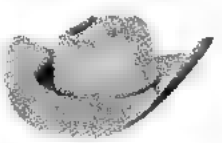

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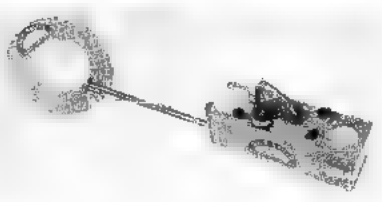

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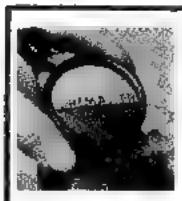

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minute I picked out, and yet there was a time when a bath had to be hauled two miles in a barrel, heated on a wood stove, and poured from kettles into an old tub. And I was glad to get it—glad! I thought more of that bath than I ever think of these.

I looked at my friend. He was sound asleep, and I don't know as I blame him.

Battle At The Cascades

(Continued from page 42)

The sound of the cannon was heard by the defenders besieged in the Fort Rains blockhouse, and the Indians in that vicinity were attracted downstream to the site of Sheridan's action. Those in the beleaguered blockhouse were suffering from thirst and during the lull occasioned by Sheridan's diversion, Sergeant Matt Kelly permitted Privates William Houser and Robert Williams to make a sortie in search of food and water. The two soldiers slipped down to a store owned by one of the Palmer brothers, located at the foot of the bluff below the blockhouse on the north bank of the Columbia. Breaking open the locked door with an axe, they secured a dozen bottles of porter, some decanters of whiskey, wine and brandy, and a small box of oyster crackers. They returned to the blockhouse unharmed.

Early on the morning of the 28th Sheridan shelled the Indians for a time and then crossed his command to the Oregon shore in an old Hudson's Bay Company bateau, having sent the *Belle* back down the river the previous evening to bring up any volunteer reinforcements that might have assembled. Pressing into service some old Cascade squaws he found encamped on Bradford's Island, he moved his command upstream to a point just below the Fort Rains blockhouse on the opposite shore, then ferried his command across to the north bank again.

This flanking movement was a success and, not long after landing, he met the troops sent down from The Dalles, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Edward J. Steptoe. Sheridan's chance to crush the Indians between his force and the column moving down from the Upper Cascades had been blasted when a bugle call from Steptoe's forces had alerted the Indians and sent them flying. The Yakimas and their Klickitat allies retreated into the heavily timbered mountains to the north, deserting the unlucky Cascade tribesmen who were speedily rounded up and made prisoners.

COLONEL WRIGHT, who had reached Five Mile Creek on his march east from Fort Dalles when the news of the Cascade fighting was delivered to him, had sent a relief party under Steptoe to the Upper Cascades on the steamboats *Mary* and *Wasco*, and Wright himself came back to the Cascades to take command there.

The imprisoned Cascade Indians were tried by Colonel Wright and ten of them were found guilty and ordered hanged. The chief, an old Indian who had taken the name of Chenowith, was the first to be executed, and was executed on the upper bank of Mill Creek. The noose did not work well and as he was dangling, he shouted, "Wake nica quas copa memaloose!" ("I am not afraid to die!"), whereupon he was finished off with a musket shot.

On the following day two other Cascade warriors, Captain Jo and Te-com-eoc, were hanged and on the next day Sim Lasselas, Tsy, and Four-fingered

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Johnny met death on the scaffold. Old Skein, Tumalth, and Chenowith Jim were next to go but Kanewake was reprieved at the last minute. Banaha was sent to Fort Vancouver in chains and the rest of the Cascade warriors were placed on Bradford's Island with notice they would be shot if found off it. Five or six of the braves had escaped, fleeing into the mountains with their Yakima allies.

Thus ended the battle of the Cascades, with fifteen whites reportedly killed or dying later from their wounds and twelve others who were wounded but recovered. The extent of casualties among the attacking redmen was never learned. Shortly after the battle, Colonel Wright had two more blockhouses erected, one a large two-story affair of hewn logs at the Upper Cascades and a smaller one at the Lower Cascades, each garrisoned with an adequate force.

The story of the Cascades fight is not without a tragic aftermath. When Colonel Wright first moved his troops up to The Dalles, he took with him as an interpreter and mediator a friendly Chinook Indian chieftain named Spencer, a good reliable Indian and long known as a trusted friend of the white men. Spencer was accompanied by his wife, two young sons, three daughters and a small papoose.

After the siege of the Cascades was ended, Spencer sent this family back down the river from The Dalles, headed for their home at Fort Vancouver. The chief and his family were well-known along the river and Spencer felt sure no harm would befall them. However, old Joe Meek, the noted mountain man and trapper, watched the family depart from The Dallas with grave doubts in his mind, and a few days later he set off down the Columbia to make sure that the little party reached their destination safely. He met Lieutenant Phil Sheridan encamped at the Lower Cascades Landing and asked if the family of Spencer had arrived there, but Sheridan had not seen them. Meek went on down to Fort Vancouver to check on them, but Sheridan's fears were aroused when he learned the peaceful little family had arrived at the Upper Cascades and started afoot for his camp, intending to take passage on a steamboat from there to the family home at Fort Vancouver.

Sheridan, accompanied by his intimate friend, Lieutenant William T. Welcker of the Ordnance Corps, mustered all the troopers he could spare and, deploying them as skirmishers, began a search through the dense brush and timber between the lower and upper landings. Around 3:00 p.m. the searchers stumbled onto a tragic scene about halfway up the Cascades, in a small clearing about a mile off the road. Spencer's innocent wife and six children lay dead in the clearing, murdered by some of the vengeful settlers of the area. Each, except the baby, had been strangled by a short length of rope about two feet long, unraveled from a heavier section of rope. The infant had been strangled with a red silk handkerchief that had belonged to its mother.

Sheridan was shocked and outraged; he later wrote: "In my experience, I have been obliged to look upon many cruel scenes in connection with Indian warfare on the Plains since that day, but the effect of that dastardly and revolting crime has never been effaced from my memory . . . to wreak vengeance upon Spencer's unoffending family, who had walked into their settlement under the protection of a friendly alliance, was an unparalleled outrage which nothing

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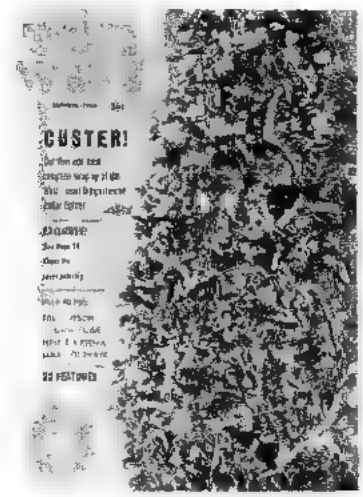

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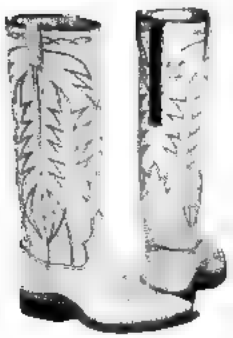

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can justify or extenuate. With as little delay as possible after the horrible discovery, I returned to camp, had boxes made, and next day buried the bodies of those hapless victims of misdirected vengeance."

Big Bend Melee

(Continued from page 23)

Stealthily I sought the woods trail home, wishing Erie had been with me this night. Erie! Where had he been all this time? Later I learned that the Indian boy had been locked in his room by his father to keep him out of trouble; that Ula and her mother had been warned not to go to the dance, but they had gone anyway. I decided now that I'd detour by Erie's house and see him if I could.

The Gogan house was in deep woods and I was sheltered as I halted. I saw lamplight shining on Erie and his mother seated in the main room. She was, I thought, telling her son about the happenings at the hall, and then movement at Ula's bedroom window caught my eye. Her light shone through a mere slit at the bottom of the shade, but enough to show Swede Swenson stooping to peer through that slit. I sucked in my breath in an agony of indecision. I wanted to run for help; I meant to go, but my feet just stayed there, frozen to the pine needles until my problem was solved by a shadowy figure detaching itself from the dark forest and seeming almost to float across the space between it and the Swede. A slight sound from this figure turned the big river driver just right to take the razor-sharp butcher knife between his ribs. Swede didn't even gurgle. He just folded quietly, silently, and lay perfectly still with the rain misting his beard.

I knew that I was going to be very, very sick, but I didn't leave until I saw Ula's father drag the dead man away from his daughter's window in the direction of the hall.

My Brother

(Continued from page 43)

in the stomach and off his horse.

When my father came back, he got the Government doctor. The doctor, my father and mother did everything possible. However, my brother died in my mother's arms. After the funeral, Father butchered several beeves and called all the Sioux Indians together to give a feast in memory and honor of his son.

Father led the black stallion at the gathering and announced that he was going to kill it. But the Indians prevented him from doing so. The Indians got into a council huddle and selected seven men to try the stallion. Spotted Eagle was the head judge. The seven men decided that the black stallion was guilty on the second count of the four disasters that can befall mankind—losing your firstborn son—in the Sioux code, by causing the death of Edward. However, they decided that a horse was created for the use of mankind and the stallion should be given to a man who needed a mount and ridden until the horse was old.

The stallion was given to Jake Walks Under the Ground; then Jake gave the stallion to another Indian who worked him until the stallion got too old. Of course, I am telling of the Sioux Indians who at that time were untouched by education. However, I can assure you that such a thing as trying a horse could not happen today. This is a story of a primitive people and their fierce pride and philosophy to uphold the standard code of the early Sioux in giving a black stallion a simple trial and justice. A beautiful black stallion that my brother loved in the end took my brother's life.

My mother was a good woman. After my brother's death, she loaded us kids into a covered wagon and took us to the Rapid City Indian School, a distance of 150 miles. We camped on Cheyenne River for the night. That night we sat around the dying embers of the campfire. Mother told us to be good children in school. Then she said her evening prayers in the Sioux language.

When Mother got ready to leave us, I could see the tears rolling down her cheeks. The shock was too much for her. That was the last time I saw my mother alive. Side by side my mother and brother lie buried at a lonely cemetery at Medicine Root District. As time goes on, fond and cherished memories come back to you of your loved ones, of how they were happy during their short span of life on Mother Earth, and when you think of those who may have come to a violent end, you just stop writing.

Jim Parker's Revenge

(Continued from page 35)

County, and deputies Munds and Yoemans, took the trail of the robbers. They unknowingly followed Parker's trail into Diamond Canyon. After a routine search they came upon Parker on February 15 and captured him without any trouble. Parker was taken to Prescott, where he was placed in the county jail to await trial.

Thomson and Marvin were caught in Flagstaff on February 20, and were also placed in the Prescott county jail.

This jail was in the basement of the county courthouse, which stood in the middle of a square called the Plaza. The space between the courthouse and the surrounding streets was planted in alfalfa. Adjacent to the jail, in the basement, was a well from which prisoners were allowed to get water.

On the quiet Sunday afternoon of May 9, the train robbers were still awaiting trial. About two o'clock in the afternoon Cornelio Sarata, a Mexican serving a sentence for assault with a deadly weapon, called to Jailor Bob Meador that they needed water. Meador unlocked the inner door and allowed Sarata to pass, and then relocked the door. The outer door was then unlocked and Sarata drew two buckets.

As Meador was unlocking the inner door to allow Sarata to re-enter the jail, Sarata grappled with him. Immediately Jim Parker and a man named Miller, who was serving a sentence for forgery, ran out the unlocked door, and turned into Meador's office, where they armed themselves. No other prisoners chose to escape. Meador was yelling, "Help!" but Sarata knocked him out with the big jail key. Sarata then armed himself from Meador's office. The three men started for the stairs on their road to escape.

On the ground floor above, Lee Norris, the deputy county attorney, was catching up on office work. When he heard Meador's yells, with no thought of himself, he ran to the stairs and started down. He had only gone down four or five steps when he saw three armed men coming toward him, and he turned to go back up the steps. Jim Parker, fearing Norris would hinder their flight, fired a shotgun into his back, and the attorney fell to the steps mortally wounded. *(Continued on next page)*

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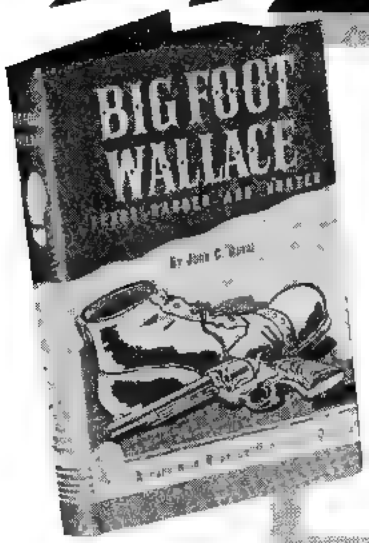

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THE THREE jailbreakers ran right by Norris' inert body on the steps, out the south door of the courthouse, and across the square to the best livery stable in town—which ironically, belonged to Sheriff Ruffner. As the jailbreakers entered the stable, the Sheriff's brother, Walter, rode in on the Sheriff's pride and joy, a beautiful white horse named "Surefoot." Parker immediately commandeered Surefoot. Miller and Sarata took suitable horses and they all galloped out of there. Then Miller left the other two, and took a different route. Parker and Sarata rode north through the very hilly brushy country that characterizes that area of Arizona.

Sheriff Ruffner was out of town on another case, but Deputies Munds and Yoeman immediately took up the trail of Parker and Sarata.

Toward evening the deputies saw the jailbreakers ahead, and fired on them with rifles. Sarata's horse was killed, but Parker pulled Cornelio up behind him and they escaped through the thick brush, aided by the darkness of dusk. Sarata left Parker that night, and was never heard of again. He is supposed to have gone to Mexico.

Parker was headed north through very desolate country, where habitations were a long way apart. However, he managed to stop and change the shoes on Surefoot so that his trail seemed to be going in the opposite direction.

It was a good trick, as his pursuers lost the trail and were about to give up the search when news was brought in that Surefoot had been found among some range horses. This indicated Parker had a fresh horse, and gave some idea of his direction. All points were notified to be on the lookout for this desperate man. Rewards for his capture, dead or alive, now totaled almost $4,000.

An Indian Agent named Bly, in company with sixteen Indians, came upon Parker asleep and captured him. He was turned over to the authorities at Flagstaff. Miller had also been captured at Flagstaff. Both men were taken to Prescott by train.

At Ft. Whipple, four miles from Prescott, the train was stopped, and the prisoners were taken from the train, and to the jail by a secret route. A large crowd was waiting at the depot, and the sheriff was afraid that they might attempt to lynch the prisoners, because Norris had been very well regarded by his fellow townspeople.

Thomson and Marvin were tried for train robbery and Thomson was sentenced to five years in the Territorial Penitentiary. Marvin was also sentenced to five years but the sentence was suspended, perhaps because of his youth. Miller was tried for jailbreaking and was given a life sentence, but was later pardoned and lived out a quiet useful life.

Jim Parker was brought to trial for murder. I was a thrilled eight-year-old when my father took me into the courtroom one day during the trial. I was very much disappointed, however, to see that Parker was a quiet, peaceable looking man of rather heavy build.

Parker was found guilty and sentenced to death. Although Parker's attorneys asked for a retrial on the ground that mob action at the depot influenced the verdict, the Territorial Supreme Court upheld the verdict of the lower court, and set June 3, 1898, as the day Parker was to be hanged.

A gallows was erected on the Plaza on the east side of the courthouse. We kids

Mr. "X", the unidentified bandit killed in the A&P train holdup. This picture was taken beside the railroad shack at Peach Springs, Arizona. The dead man was frozen stiff.

were quite excited at the prospect of watching the hanging before we learned that a high board fence was to be built around the gallows. And so ended the career on June 3, 1898, of a likeable and respected man in his trade of horse handling—who had made the mistake of trying to take justice into his own hands.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 33)

Three dangerous criminals who had escaped from the Walla Walla penitentiary, holed up for several days in the building with only rats to keep them company. No doubt recapture was a relief!

The final fire—of unknown origin—occurred at midnight, July 31, 1952. The glow in the sky could be seen for miles and, as the community stood by watching, they knew that with the hotel went much of Wallula's history. They had seen their town flooded in the high water of 1894; it had practically burned out once; and when the dam was finished in a year or so, they would be drowned out. More than dreams went up in smoke that night!

If the hotel left any ghosts, they are now buried, along with the gold, in the middle of a lake formed by the back waters of McNary Dam, and the town of Wallula, named by the Walla Walla Indian Tribe and meaning "the place of many waters" because of the proximity of the Snake, Columbia and Walla Walla Rivers has been laid out anew on higher ground.

TOP RAIL PUNCHER

By Bert E. Jovin

MY OLD MAN was a Montana cowboy. He was probably the first one in that State to ride a wild buffalo bull. That Pa made his hazardous ride at the tender age of nine only renders the feat more daring. The fact that the wild bull was somewhat scrawny, and barely three weeks away from birth, is secondary.

It all came about in 1907 when the Government bought the last of the Flathead Valley buffaloes. These herds belonged largely to the Allard and Pablo clans. At this last great roundup, white and red man rode side by side. As a favor to my grandfather, Pa was allowed to join this final drive.

For days on end the hillsides echoed the thunder of those mighty beasts' hoofs, and dust rose thicker than steam from a Blackfoot's sweat bath. After much hard riding, the huge, hump-backed

shaggies were corralled near the tiny settlement of Ravalli. And it was there that Pa made history. One bright morning he sidled up to a bunch of punchers who were swapping yarns along the top rail.

"Now there's a young feller kin really ride," said a bowlegged hand, indicating Pa.

"Yessir, he shore can," agreed a rangy rail lounger as he twisted a tight Durham smoke.

"Him ride low in saddle like great warrior," laughed a braided old buck.

Shirt buttons popping, Pa shinnied up to his rightful place on the top rail.

"Thet boy really sticks a saddle," said the first puncher tossing a wink at his partners.

"Shucks, he sticks tighter'n a batch o' head lice."

"Him harder to lose than Indian itch."

Pa soaked this up faster than a saddle blanket soaks up sweat.

"He'll stay with anything on four legs, thet young feller. F'rinstance, bet he wouldn't have no trouble a-tall stickin' to yonder bull calf."

"Shucks, he'd rake 'im from hump to tail. Fan 'im 'bout the ears to boot."

"Takes heap brave warrior to sit buffalo bull."

A small lump rose in Pa's throat and he scrooched down a bit on the rail.

"This feller's plenty brave. Why he'd think no more o' straddlin' thet calf than you or me'd think o' bathin' on Saturday."

"Be nothin' but kid's play to an ol' stomper like him."

"Me fetch calf. Indian like kid fun."

The top rail shied beneath Pa and he wondered just what he'd tied onto. Inside the corral the buffalo wranglers cut the calf from the cow and cornered the little brown monster. Hefted aboard, Pa sat pale as buttermilk, his insides trembling like watered down jelly.

"T-turn him loose," said Pa, proving once more that pride can be a questionable asset. The cowboys stepped back, laughing until their spur rowels jingled.

But Pa was a game little puncher. He never lost his spurs and he never lost his hat. All he lost was his seat. About the third jump he went sprawling into buffalo chips that weren't quite dry enough to be chips. Bouncing to his feet he was soundly routed by an angry, bawling calf.

Almost in tears Pa was set to flee the scene of his shame when a ragged old waddie loomed before him. "Great ride, son," the waddie clasped Pa's hand in his horny old palm.

"He'da stuck ifn the calf hadn't banged 'im on the fence," said another as he patted Pa on the back.

"Shucks, he was jest ready to git off is all."

"Didje see the way he raked 'im?"

Pa cast a glance at his spurs, wondering if perhaps they were bloodied.

"Him sure know how to fall good."

"Bet he'd like to try again."

"C'mon, let's ketch up the calf."

"Reckon he's had enough," said Pa. "No need punishin' the pore little devil."

Then with head high and spurs ringing, Pa swaggered away from the old top rail.

Blazing the Trail to El Paso

(Continued from page 31)

west Texas from the Llano Estacado to the Rio Grande"—heading for Mexico to take horses.

FORD, as Neighbors said he would, also learned about Comanche cruelty. On the fourth day out, the party stopped at Shanaco's camp on Spring Creek above the mouth of the Colorado, and Rip saw something there he would never forget: a white woman whom the Indians had taken prisoner as a child and had raised as one of their own. She had auburn hair, blue eyes, and an almost translucent face that was marred by deep slashes apparently self-inflicted as an indication of grief when her Indian husband had died. She seemed extremely morose, and Ford felt an overwhelming pity for this white woman "now rendered forever desolate and disconsolate by being made a captive by savage Indians, and forced to become the wife of a barbarian—not only his wife but his menial, his slave, to be the humble servitor of his shams and caprices, to be punished for a seeming disposition to disobey his behests, to be beaten, lassoed, and pulled through prickly pear, with a rope around the middle, and filled full of thorns to gratify the vengeance of one possessing less pity than a brute." When Ford fought the Comanches several years later, he said the "woman with auburn hair, slashed cheeks, and a countenance of extreme sorrow appeared to lead him. She was before his mind's eye, and he struck for her and for vengeance."

From Shanaco's camp the party headed out for Brady's Creek, crossed it a week later, then followed the Concho up to its head and cut over to the Horsehead Crossing of the Pecos. Here a norther struck and the cold was almost unbearable. Through the howling wind that blew sleet and snow against them with terrific force, they made their way to the Castle Mountains and encamped in a narrow defile that provided a shelter from the storm. While there Sullivan engaged in some of the hilarious shenanigans for which he was famous. That evening he herded the women of Buffalo Hump's band into the woods and gave them a revealing lecture about the advantages of marrying a white man—a joke that almost backfired. The warriors became so enraged that they "swore at Sullivan considerably" and threatened to kill him if he ever bothered their women again. They soon came to the conclusion, however, that he was crazy and so not responsible for what he did. Sullivan quickly took advantage of their "silly supposition" and went around sticking pins in the Indians, making them "cut capers very unusual for braves to perform."

Major Neighbors and Ford warned him that he was going to get into trouble, but Sullivan would not listen. The next morning, Ford recalled, Sullivan "notified the Indian public that he would give a performance, free of charge, and invited a general attendance. He had a good audience. He played the buzzard, performing feats imitative of those customary to that melancholy bird in near proximity to a dead horse. He next illustrated the antics of a lizard. He went off on all fours at a brisk gait, ensconced himself behind a log. He would peep over the log, and drop out of sight in the twinkling of an eye. The sight of his contorted face, and his white eyes as they danced in his head, produced shouts of laughter. Anything more ludicrous has seldom been witnessed. He sang a lisping song—'Miss Julia was very peculiar' was the chorus. The Comanches did not understand a word, yet they applauded, and laughed immoderately. One young warrior laughed himself almost into convulsions. His friends carried him off, fearing he would make himself sick." *(Continued)*

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Then an Indian named Tall Tree called Sullivan's bluff, insisting that he was not "loco," and challenged him to a fight —Indian style. "A large row commenced then and there," Ford said. "Sullivan gesticulated and swore in English, Spanish, and a sprinking of Caddo. Tall Tree called down anathemas upon Sullivan in pure Comanche, bad Spanish and English, besides in tongues unknown to all of us." They might have killed one another had Major Neighbors not interfered, sending Tall Tree away and warning Sullivan to leave the Indians alone lest he end up buried in an ant hill with honey in his nose, ears, and mouth. Grumbling, Sullivan agreed to behave—for a while anyway.

THE NEXT DAY the sun broke through the clouds, so the party left the Castle Mountains, heading almost due south toward the Rio Grande. With their food supply exhausted, they had to live on wild turkey, deer, prairie dog or, when these weren't available, on horsemeat. Although the Indians considered the latter a delicacy and ate it with great relish, the white men could not stomach it. In Ford's opinion, "It tasted like a sweaty saddle blanket smells at the end of a day's ride."

The riders pushed on through Dead Man's Pass, past Eagle Springs, their strength waning now from improper diet and polluted water, and finally reached the Rio Grande in a state of near delirium.

"I'm glad we are on the Rio Grande," said Sullivan, who was less affected than the others.

"The Rio Grande, where is it?" Ford asked with a thick tongue.

"You confounded fool, you have been riding on its banks for more than two miles."

"Is that so? I thought it was a pond."

That evening Delaware Jim Shaw killed and roasted a deer whose rich wild meat restored their strength a little. One of the Comanches contributed a snake. Still near starvation, they set out at "a good pace" the next morning and a few days later reached the village of San Elizario, then pushed over the remaining few miles to El Paso. There they ate like they had never eaten before. In twelve hours Ford and Sullivan, in addition to three regular meals, "counted up forty-two eggs they had eaten, besides other things."

While Sullivan, Neal, and the Indians rested in an open lot between a saloon and a dry goods store, Ford and Neighbors went to meet a living Texas legend, the Great Western, a huge powerful woman who operated a hotel and gambling house. She could whip any man, fair fight or foul, could shoot a pistol better than anyone in the region, and at blackjack could out-play (or out-cheat) the slickest professional gambler. There are many stories regarding her background but one has it that she had fallen in love with Zachary Taylor back in Florida and had followed him to Texas. When war began, and Old Rough and Ready led his army into Mexico, she came to El Paso and bought a hotel. One day a man fresh from the battle of Buena Vista came running into her hotel crying that Taylor had been badly defeated. The Great Western floored the courier with a powerful blow between the eyes as she bellowed, "You damned s.o.b., there ain't Mexicans enough in Mexico to whip old Taylor!" According to gossip she was still in love with the general and would let no man touch her. Which was all right, most said, because it would require some mutation of man and gorilla to hand her anyway.

As anyone would, the two explorers approached this woman "in a polite, if not humble, manner," explained what they were doing in El Paso and asked her about the conditions there and in the surrounding territory, then rejoined their party.

THEY spent the next week or so studying and revising the maps they had drawn on the ride from Bernard's Trading Post. Neighbors' column left El Paso in May, moved swiftly past Alamo Springs and through the Guadalupe Mountains, then followed the meandering Pecos River down to Horsehead Crossing. Here they met a wagontrain heading for California and had dinner with the emigrants. While they sipped coffee afterward, the explorers' new guide, Captain Tall Tree, started making a shield. While doing so he indulged "in some very peculiar orgies," emitting noises like "a Mexican hog . . . in a very violent passion. There was a 'chomping' and a 'gritting' of teeth, and a great deal of grunting, and other hoggish capers" that frightened many of the whites almost to death and "caused some horrid oaths to be sworn."

The next morning the party rode through the Castle Mountains, passing another wagontrain heading west near the headwaters of the Concho, then set out for Fort San Saba. Near there the explorers encountered "quite an old gentleman" leading a pack animal who, seeing the Indian guide, leaped back. "Oh!" he yelled, "gentlemen, you certainly wouldn't hurt a poor lone man—there are seventy men just behind: go take them." This, Neighbors said, "was addressed to five hungry chaps, who had hardly strength to have committed *petit larceny on a hen-roost!*" After the "antique wayfarer" had hurried off, still not convinced that they were friends, the riders met another wagontrain, got some rations from it in return for Sullivan's services as guide to El Paso, then set out for San Antonio, where Neighbors was supposed to make his report to the Army.

The party reached San Antonio on the morning of June 2, having covered the 1,160 miles out to El Paso and back in approximately three months. As they rode through the main plaza Ford kept wondering why everyone was staring at him. When he dismounted and tied up in front of a dining room, he looked at himself and knew. He had on "a pair of old drawers and a breechclout, no coat, and a shirt chock full of the free-soil element." A few minutes later the proprietor of the dining room threatened to throw this "vagabond" out, but "the boys played a confidence game on him by reciting the number of murders 'Old Rip' had committed. The unfortunate victim set out the drinks often, to purchase silence."

That afternoon Neighbors, assisted by Ford, submitted a report to General George M. Brooke who studied it carefully and later approved the route the explorers had taken as an excellent wagon road west. In mid-June Ford returned to Austin and published an account of the expedition in the *Texas Democrat*, giving the exact route taken and describing in great detail the fertility of the soil and the abundance of natural resources in the west Texas region. He told a group of merchants who came to talk with him about the article that Neighbors was one of the best trail blazers in Texas. *(Continued next page)*

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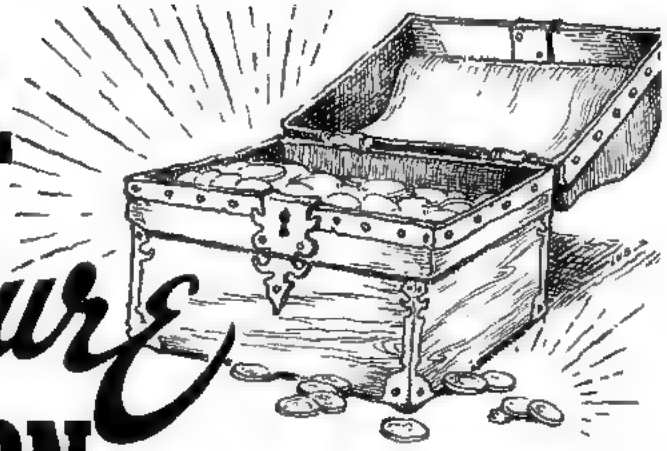

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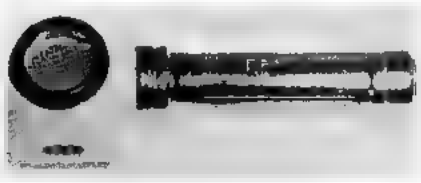

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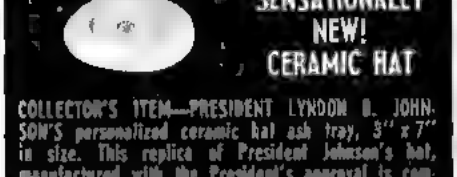

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The Major returned the compliment. "In Dr. John S. Ford," he told his army supervisors, "I found an energetic and able assistant. The services rendered by him were important to the successful termination of the expedition. I cheerfully recommend him to your favorable notice."

The opening of the El Paso route was a considerable achievement. It extended Texas' jurisdiction out to the Staked Plains (something that Texans had been trying to do since the tragic Santa Fe Expedition back in 1841) and, most important of all, facilitated the great movement west. In August alone over 4,000 people passed through El Paso on their way to California.

In Defense of Ingalls, Oklahoma

(Continued from page 10)

THE Marshal's Office in Guthrie had not been successful in capturing a single member of the Doolin Gang. Trains and banks were being robbed at will. The outlaws were enjoying great success in the territory of which Guthrie was the center. Marshal Nix had surrounded himself with a group of seasoned, experienced, and rugged lawmen such as Bill Tilghman, Chris Madsen, Heck Thomas, Jim Masterson, Hixon, Shadley, Speed, Huston, and dozens of others, equally efficient. These men had been law officers in some of the toughest towns in that country. They were ex-soldiers, buffalo hunters, army scouts, and Indian fighters. Some were ex-sheriffs. They knew every trick of a law breaker and knew how to cope with them. They could out-shoot almost any man they would meet.

The pressure was getting stronger as the weeks passed by. More banks were being robbed with sizable hauls. The rewards grew and grew but these men needed nothing special to keep them on the hunt. The thrill of the chase was enough to keep them going. Ingalls was so quiet and peaceful that it never occurred to the Marshals that any outlaw would ever go there. Yet, one day word came to the Marshal's Office that the gang was stopping in Ingalls to visit.

Marshal Nix, with the help of Bill Tilghman, Heck Thomas, and Chris Madsen, decided to send some men there in a covered wagon, disguised as hunters. Two men were driving and three were in the back, hidden away until time for action. On August 31, 1893, the wagon took off for Ingalls, with Marshal Hixon in charge, accompanied by Marshals Speed, Shadley and Huston. Jim Masterson also went along to supervise any attack. They camped near Kerry's woods, about two miles south of Ingalls.

At 10:00 a.m. on the second morning, Marshals Speed and Huston, who were on the lookout, came hurrying back to camp, saying that they had seen three horsemen riding toward Ingalls. They were heavily armed and were seasoned riders. It was not unusual to see a single rider going across country, but three was something else. The five lawmen immediately broke camp and started toward Ingalls.

THIS WAS the forenoon of September 1. The slow trek toward Ingalls was started. Huston and Speed drove the horses; Masterson, Hixon and Shadley hid in the wagon. They approached town from the east on Section Line Road. This would bring them into Ingalls on the north side of the road which would be a good place to park their wagon for an unobstructed view of most of the town.

A picture of what was once the main street of Ingalls. This shot was taken looking south from Section Line Road.

Bob Beal, who had been down to Kerry's and had seen this covered wagon parked by the woods, was suspicious of the two men who got out and were standing by the wagon. He slipped across the street to Sherm Sanders' and gave the alarm. Sanders alerted Doolin who was in Ketchum's Boot Shop, who got back to Briggs' Store and alerted Dalton. Both went to the livery barn. They didn't have long to wait before the shooting started.

Bitter Creek's horse was ready but as he led it from Wagner's Shop, a bullet from Marshal Speed's rifle hit Bitter Creek in the shoulder and knocked him down. Speed, Shadley, and Huston were zig-zagging through the square running from tree to tree trying to get in position to stop any of the boys who might be in Selph's barn or in the saloons.

Charley Pierce and Dynamite Dick who were in Murray's Saloon, heard the shot and came running to the back door. There were Speed and Huston not fifty feet away—they were sitting ducks. Both were shot through their heads and died immediately.

Shadley had worked his way back of the church, where he had a clear view of the livery barn. At this moment Bill Dalton came riding out on the dead run. Shadley shot Bill's prize black horse, dead. Dalton took refuge behind the animal.

Doolin then came riding out of the barn. Shadley shot at him, but the bullet hit his rifle scabbard, and glanced into the fleshy part of his leg. He whirled around and back into the barn. Shadley foolishly exposed himself to Dalton who immediately shot him through the head with his 40-82 Winchester. Dalton quickly got another horse from Selph, and he and Doolin rode down through the thicket to Sherm Sanders' Ranch, where they hid out for two days.

Wagner had helped Bitter Creek back on his horse. He, Charley Pierce, and Dynamite rode off down the trail toward the Cimarron River. Mrs. Wagner

had bandaged Bitter Creek's wound, and stopped the bleeding. It was just a glancing hit that tipped the shoulder bone. Three Marshals were dead, and the other two stood stunned at the tragic results of the biggest mistake that their office was ever to make. Just six shots were fired—two by Shadley; one each by Dalton, Bitter Creek, Charley Pierce, and Speed. That was the only gunfight there ever was in Ingalls.

When those few minutes of gunfire and killing were over, the little town was in a state of complete shock. Finally, Masterson, brother of the famous Bat, walked over to Speed to see if any life remained, but he was stone dead. As Masterson stood there he heard a noise upstairs in the Pierce Hotel. Dodging for cover behind the building he bumped into Mary Pierce who had taken refuge there when the firing started.

He called Hixon, who demanded to know who was upstairs in the hotel. Mary admitted that it was Arkansas Tom, who had come in the night before and was sleeping up there. Hixon told Mary to get him down immediately or they would burn down her hotel, Arkansas Tom and all. After some pleading, Tom came down the ladder from the upstairs window, and surrendered. The remaining two Marshals loaded up their three dead companions, along with Arkansas Tom, and drove off toward Guthrie.

That ended any gunplay at Ingalls for all time. Only sneak visits were made by a few of the gang after that, and only to their friends outside of town for an overnight stay. Never more than two of the boys ever came at one time.

Nobody knew that Arkansas Tom was in the hotel except Mary Pierce. Dalton and Doolin didn't know that Charlie Pierce, Bitter Creek and Dynamite Dick were coming to Ingalls that day. None of these three knew that Doolin and Dalton were coming to Ingalls, either.

A completely quiet afternoon followed; everyone was afraid to talk to his neighbor, for fear that someone might connect him to one side or the other. They all wanted this day to end. The sad realization that this fight had changed the town, instilled a desire in all of these people to move away.

Although it took a few years for Ingalls to pass into history and become again an open prairie, it finally did that very thing. The town did not rot away—it moved away to the railroad. All business buildings were carried off except Wilson's old store, which fell down about 1932. Only the old church, standing alone outside of the square, is a mute reminder of days gone by.

Even the name itself disappeared. It was changed from Ingalls to Signet. An old trading post, about two city blocks from the square, is the last place to bear the name of Ingalls. It is called the Ingalls Trading Post. As one stands today looking over that patch of prairie which once was the little peaceful town of Ingalls, there is nothing but brown landscape as far as the eye can see.

I knew many of the people who were there the day of the fight: Sherm Sanders, the Owens family, the Kerry family, the Wilsons, and many others. I visited with them, dined with them, and slept in their houses. I knew Billy McGinty and was in business with Pawnee Bill. I knew Billy Tilghman and many more of that old crowd who have all passed on. My association with them gave me many happy memories. They were all great people. The were the salt of the earth.

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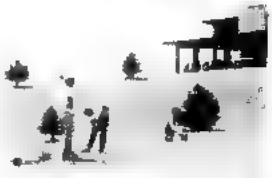

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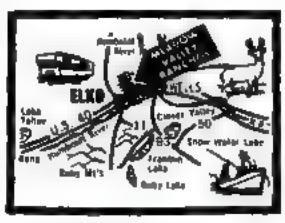

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

GREAT INDIAN PHOTOS

Indians as the Westerners Saw Them (Superior, $12.50) is a great picture book that enables the Western Americana buffs of today to see many of the great chiefs as the pioneer settlers and frontiersmen saw them. It was compiled by Ralph W. Andrews who has wisely permitted the Westerners to speak for themselves. Very little of the text has previously appeared in book form but much of it has been available in the publications of the Nebraska State Historical Society, Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department, and in magazines. Since the first-hand accounts are enhanced with the fine photographs of Barry, Curtis and other pioneer lens artists the result is highly satisfactory. One of the highlights of the book is David F. Barry's experience in photographing Chief Gall. Barry was known to the Sioux as "Little Shadow Catcher" and was generally welcomed by them at their campfires and lodges. In addition to photos of the chiefs, there are many excellent pictures of the tepees of the northern tribes. There is a brief reading list and an index.

GREAT RAIL PHOTOS

Historic Alpine Tunnel (Sage Books, regular edition $12.50—signed limited edition $15) by Dow Helmers is the story of the first railway tunnel constructed through the Continental Divide. The book, half narrative—half album, has 178 illustrations depicting intimate railway scenes near Colorado's scenic Alpine Tunnel. Also there is a complete 20-page reproduction of a rare *Timetable and General Orders* of the Denver, Leadville and Gunnison Railroad, 1898. The vignettes on local topics written by Alpine Tunnel contemporaries add a spicy flavor to this unique book about railroads.

THE BEST ON WILD BILL

We believe the cream of the crop of Wild Bill Hickok books is a new one by Joseph G. Rosa, *They Called Him Wild Bill* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95). Rosa is an officer in the English Westerners Society and his unique researches produced the facts for this illustrious book about the Prince of Pistoleers. The author has debunked most of the extravagant fiction and given us facts on a lot of questions that have baffled Wild Bill fans for 100 years. He has come up with a plausible analysis of the Tom Custer and Hickok fracas at Hays; proves that Bill did not kill Chief Whistler; places the marshal's masculinity on firm footing; quashes the Wild Bill-Calamity Jane romance and explodes the heresy that Bill was a hermaphrodite or homosexual.

There also is much fresh information on Bill's assassin, Jack McCall, the cowardly back-shooter, whose origin and personality have been obscured because attention has been focused on his major bid for immortality, that of shooting Wild Bill in the back of the head. Rosa located and worked from original court files of Jack McCall's trial and thereby has clarified much of the mystery that former legends had twisted out of context. There are a number of appropriate illustrations plus a chronology and a good bibliography.

FIRST TEXAS PRINTER

Lota M. Spell's *Pioneer Printer; Samuel Bangs in Mexico and Texas* (University of Texas Press, $5) does a thorough job on the first Texas printer. Bangs joined the Mina Expedition in 1816 and en route to Mexico to join the Revolutionary forces the volunteers spent the winter of 1816-17 on Galveston Island. Here Bangs set up the press of the Expedition in a tent to print the Daily Orders of the Camp, a *Proclamation* by Mina and other documents—the first printing done in Texas. Bangs was spared when many members of the ill-fated Expedition were condemned to death—the Royalists needed a printer. During the last days of New Spain and the first years of the Republic of Mexico many important official documents bore the imprint of Jose Manuel Bangs. He received land grants in Texas for his service to Mexico and following the Texas Revolution he returned to Galveston Island. Bangs published the first newspaper at Galveston; the first at Corpus Christi and the first English-Spanish paper at Matamoros. In the appendix, Dr. Spell lists 359 extant specimens of Bangs' printing—347 in Spanish. There is a lengthy bibliography plus an index, photos and maps. A distinctive contribution.

MONTANA PIONEERS

Northwest Trail Blazers (Caxton, $6) by Helen Addison Howard deals primarily with the pioneer makers of Montana history. The author calls the roll from Lewis and Clark to Clark vs Daly. There are chapters on David Thompson, Father DeSmet, Father Ravalli, John Mullan (road builder) and Senator Wilbur Sanders among those best known to the Western buffs. Some of the empire builders did not have good press agents yet they contributed. Some of the most interesting chapters in the book are those about these lightly publicized pioneers: John Owen (Free Trader); Major Peter Ronan (Early Conservationist); Captain Higgins (Community Builder); F. L. Worden (Frontier Merchant) and Conrad Kohrs (Montana Cowman). Of particu-

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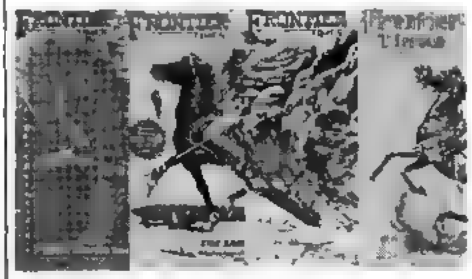

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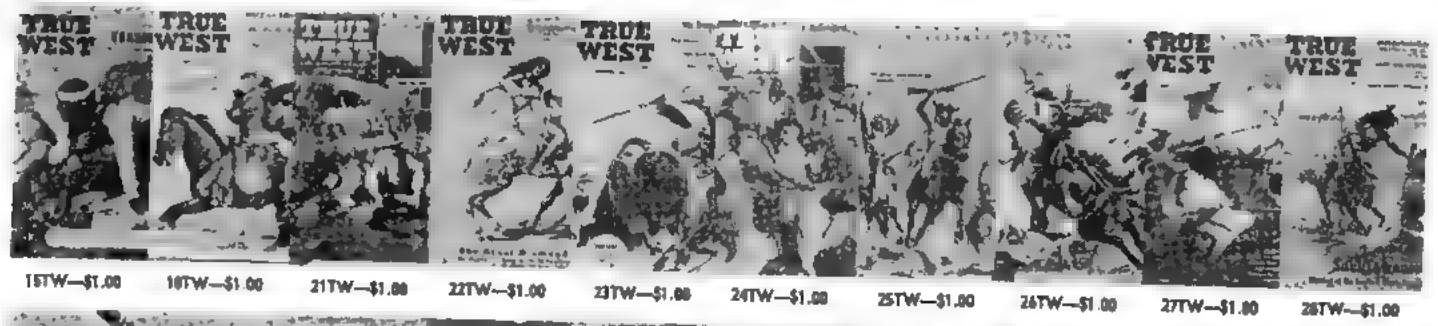

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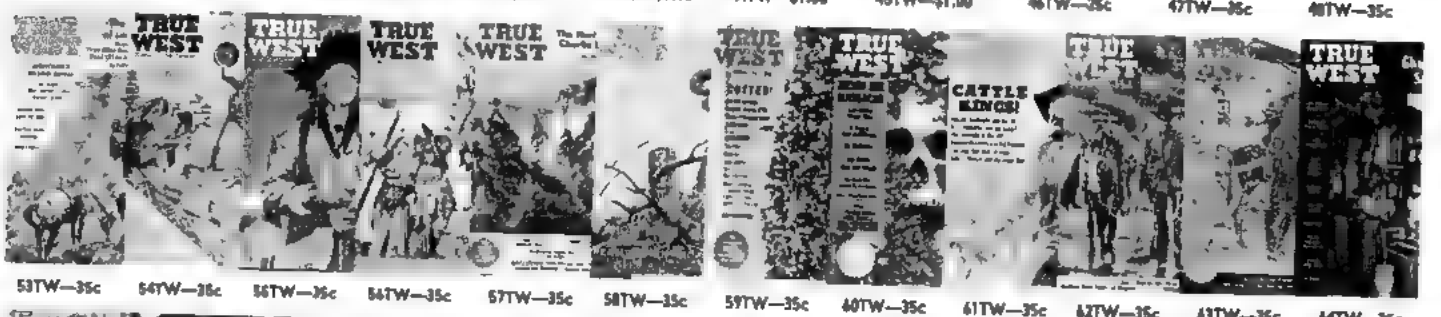

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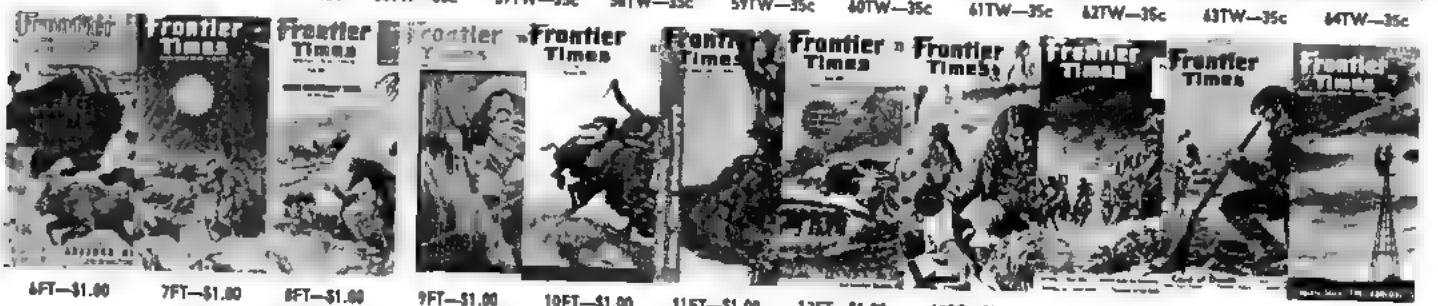

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lar value is the chapter on the Flathead Chief, Charlot. There is a frontispiece in color by Charles M. Russell, several photos and a bibliography and an index. Sound.

NOMADS VS. SETTLERS

Those seeking scholarly reading will find their meat in *Bandeirantes and Pioneers* (George Braziller, $6.95) by Vianna Moog as translation from the Portuguese by L. L. Barrett. Appearing first in Portuguese ten years ago, the book stirred up stormy controversies among intellectuals of various ethnic backgrounds.

Why has the United States, a much younger nation, developed and progressed so much faster than Brazil? The author, a clearminded Brazilian, finds the answer in the contrasting character of the early settlers—the nomadic plundering Bandeirantes of his own country, and the industrious pioneers who rooted down on farms and in towns in the United States.

This is heavy reading at times but frequent brilliant sorties into international politics and touchy racial problems provides a source of gratifying mental stimulation.

OLD RIP

Rebellious Ranger (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) is the long overdue biography of John S. "Rip" Ford, Texian. It is by W. J. Hughes, recently awarded a doctorate at Texas Tech, and so carefully is the book documented that one suspects that it was his dissertation. While scholarly, it is quite easy reading. The long and colorful career of Rip Ford provided the writer with ample fodder and he used it well.

Ford, a South Carolinian, was raising a company in Tennessee in 1836 to go to the aid of the Texians when the news of San Jacinto reached him. This ended his recruiting activities but later that year he arrived in Texas. Having "read" medicine in Tennessee he started his practice in San Augustine at the age of twenty-one. His patients were not numerous and he served in the volunteer San Augustine company through several Indian scares; assisted in the survey of Harrison County; wrote two plays for the local theatrical group; and entered politics. In 1844 he was elected to House of Representatives of the Republic of Texas and introduced the joint resolution accepting the annexation offer of the U. S. For the next half century he was almost constantly in the public eye: as a newspaper editor in Austin and Brownsville; as a Ranger in the Mexican War; as a Ranger Captain on the frontier; as the explorer of a wagon road from Austin to El Paso; as an officer of the Confederacy; as a wise counselor in the Coke-Davis election affair; as the superintendent of the State Deaf and Dumb Institution; and as a charter member of the Texas State Historical Society. A bibliography, an index, and illustrations, including two by Remington, add to the value of the book. Recommended.

RIVER PIRATES

Spawn of Evil (Doubleday, $5.95) by Paul I. Wellman, author of *A Dynasty of Western Outlaws* and *The Trampling Herd*, is a historical account of the brutish brawling, robbing and psychopathic killing that occurred in the Ohio and Mississippi River basins between the Revolutionary and Civil Wars. Butch Cassidy, Kid Curry, Sam Bass and Jesse James were gentlemen compared with the villainous murderers who robbed and killed for pleasure and income. Men of the low-brow Harpe family were thrill-killers who eviscerated their victims, filled the empty body cavities with rocks or sand, and sank them out of sight in deep pools or rivers. John Mason and his gang of river pirates looted Ohio River boats of rich cargo and murdered for fun and wealth. John A. Murrell, arch-brigand of the Natchez Trace, borrowed the Harpe method of murder and disposal, robbed to build a fortune and planned to overthrow the U. S. Government with boozed-up Negro slaves being recruited before a smart courageous citizen foiled his fanatical scheme.

Wellman has produced a tense hair-raiser that makes a suitable companion volume to his book on western outlaws. He has weeded out many errors commonly propagated about these historical badmen and their female consorts. The book comes with a brief bibliography and an adequate index.

WEST OF THE SALTON SEA

West of the Salton Sea and south of the Santa Rosa Mountains in California is a natural winter solarium where nature lovers and those with creaky joints each can find what they are looking for. The second and enlarged Edition of the *Anza-Borrego Desert Guide Book* (Paisano Press, $2.95) by Horace Parker provides the information needed by visitors who visit southern California's last frontier. The description of desert trails is delightful. The guidebook is beautifully illustrated. There is one reproduction of a drawing by Frederic Remington.

SIR RICHARD TAKES A LOOK!

The Look of the West 1860+ (University of Nebraska Press, $1.60) is an on-site report on parts of the early West by the English explorer and writer, Sir Richard Burton, best remembered as the translator of *The Arabian Nights*. The text and appendix of this book originally comprised part of *The City of the Saints and Across the Rocky Mountains to California* (Longman, Green and Roberts, London, 1862). The present text is reproduced from the Second Edition.

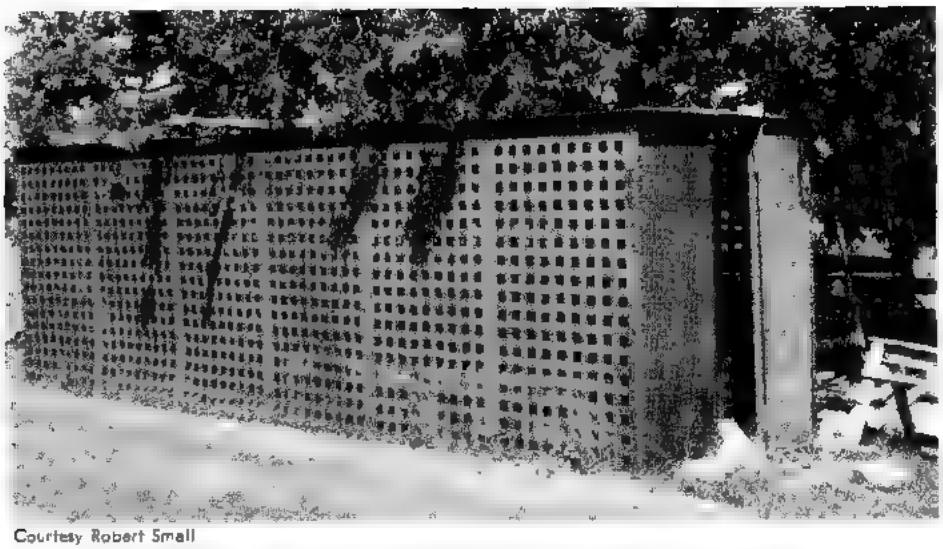
Burton wrote voluminously about the fascinating features on his route including wild animals, vegetation, stage stations, the Mormons, desert trails, Indians, weather and forts. We are amazed at his great knowlege of vegetation and wildlife to which he gave both common and Latin names.

In distinguished style and with bold prose, Burton animates his characters so naturally that they appear to come from the printed page as living beings. Added attractions are two emigrants' itineraries giving information on routes, distances, stations and other needful information. The first itinerary starts at St. Joseph, Missouri, and ends at Salt Lake. The second carries on from Salt Lake to San Francisco.

SEVEN YEARS A CAPTIVE

A husband and wife's harrowing experiences as Indian captives is the subject of the true story entitled *Among the Comanches and Apaches* (Frontier, $4.50) by Edwin Eastman. Limited to 1,000 copies, this edition is reproduced from an issue published in 1879.

Comanches captured Eastman and his wife near the Mexican border as they headed into the Southwest where they had been lured by capricious tales about fortunes awaiting those who visited El Dorado. After seven years of almost in-



Courtesy Robert Small

This improvised "cooler" was photographed in the Dessau Community near Austin, Texas.

superable hardship, as an Indian captive, Eastman escaped and after two years of searching, located and rescued his wife, a reluctant member of a chief's harem.

A keen observer and descriptive writer, the author has left a legacy of interesting facts about the Comanches' home life, their marriage customs and their methods of hunting and fighting. Besides being a reliable source of Comanche history, the book is a true life thriller full of the dangerous excitement that was part of frontier life.

RIDING WITH THE FIFTH

Captain Charles King's *Campaigning With Crook* (University of Oklahoma Press, $2) is Volume 25 in The Western Frontier Library. There is a highly informative introduction by Don Russell, editor of the Chicago Westerners *Brand Book* and author of the Western Writers of America Spur Award winning *The Lives and Legends of Buffalo Bill* (Norman, 1961). *Campaigning With Crook* was King's first book and was issued in an edition of 500 copies in wraps by the Milwaukee *Sentinel* in 1880. Rather than a continuous narrative it is a series of sketches about the Fifth Cavalry in the Sioux Campaign of 1876, as written for the Sunday supplement of the newspaper. It is not his best book but, as his first, a historic one. It was reprinted several times, but has long been OP. The first (1880) edition is quite rare. A bargain.

Early Day Coolers

(Continued from page 27)

the stairs, he paused a moment to point out a couple of cells he called the "ladies' department."

At the third county seat, I met the Sheriff coming down the unpaved street with a lumpy package wrapped in a newspaper under his arm. He said he was taking a prisoner his "dinner," so I could come along and see his lock-up. This jail was a low, squat building of ancient vintage. There were two cells on the ground level and two above. The odd little structure seemed too small to have four cells or to be a two-story building. Its walls were hand-hewn oaken timbers. The front door was made of heavy thick boards bolted together with oblique iron braces and hung from hand-forged hinges. It was made secure by a thick log chain and a huge padlock.

We stepped into a hall or foyer, just a tiny square of space between the two cells at the foot of the short staircase. The Sheriff unfastened a lock attached to a log chain and opened the upper part of a half door. The prisoner in this stall was a very unhappy youth from the city who had been picked up for loitering. No charges had been preferred. The cell had no window, so the boy's eyes blinked against the light. A cloying odor of cellar dampness, wet ashes, attic dust, dry mould, and night soil buckets spiralled through the squat little building like the ropes of a heavy fog.

In one swift angry movement, the young prisoner snatched the package of food and slung it into the farthest corner.

"G— D— slop ain't fitten for a dog to eat!" he declared bitterly.

The package burst open when it struck the wall and a large white biscuit tumbled out. Inside the biscuit was a thick slice of fried bacon. That was the prisoner's "dinner." No vegetables, no coffee, and no milk.

"Crummiest damn jail I ever been in!" growled the boy.

THESE three rural, hill country jails, each with only one prisoner, were so close together that I inspected them in less than three hours, although I was traveling in an uncooperative and reluctant T-Model over unpaved hog-back roads with many little hills, unbridged creeks and sharp curves. The Sheriff in each county worked on a fee basis and each one had a contract to feed his inmates at one dollar per day per prisoner. In each instance, the Sheriff's wife did the cooking, and the diet never varied much from boiled cabbage, cornpone, fried sow belly and cow peas—usually greasy and cold. There was no breakfast. This left an excellent margin, but only one prisoner meant thin pickings; the jailer wanted a full house.

Later in the week I visited another county bastile which had no cells, so there could be no separation or classification of prisoners. It was an open bull pen with one toilet and one urinal in an evil smelling corner. There were no cots, chairs or lockers. Inbedded in the center of the concrete floor was a circle of heavy iron rings. At night the prisoners' ankles were shackled to these rings and they slept on the bare floor in their clothes, fanned out like the spokes of a wheel. *(Continued on the following page)*

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Another hoosegow was in the attic of a two-story courthouse, one large room just under the sunbaked mansard roof. The faces of the sullen prisoners shone with sweat, and their cotton shirts were wet across the back and under the arms. They breathed heavily and glared at their two unannounced visitors.

"If they don't like it here," said the Sheriff defensively, "they can damn well stay out."

MAN HAS designed and used many odd devices and methods for imprisoning his fellow beings: iron cages, wooden coops, stocks, pillories, shackles and holes in the ground. As far back as we can trace, he has apparently had prisons or confining arrangements of some sort.

The jail was the beginning of our penal system, but was, and still is, the neglected stepchild of public institutions and has been unvariably foul. Few institutions can claim such a long history and no other has been the butt of so many jokes or called so many uncomplimentary names. Prisons are referred to in the Old Testament by as many different labels as modern slang has attached to county jails: "house of confinement," "the round house," "house of visitation," "court of the guard," "place of detention," "prison house," "dungeon," "stocks," "pillories," and others.

Ancient Rome had a magnificent prison deep under the Capitoline. It was obviously more secure and much superior to most of our county jails, but like our crudest "hole in the ground coolers," its only extrance and exit was a trapdoor at the top.

Some countries, including those influenced by the Hammurabi and Mosaic Codes, resorted to fetters, stocks, and pillories more than they did to actual imprisonment. Compromises were devised to eliminate the need of incarcerating a suspect. Damage done to property was paid for without the formality of a suit or trial.

Like the sheriffs of the frontier West, Old Testament officials frequently made immediate decisions as to guilt or innocence, but since the "intention" of the accused often was not taken into consideration, it was a simpler task. If the accused were considered guilty, the penalty was administered at once. The injured party had the right to throw the first stone, then the entire population could join in. The ancient Hebrews had such a long list of offenses punishable by death, along with their curb service "arrests" and "trials," that imprisonment was hardly necessary. Even when they had formal trials, punishment was administered at once in the carnival spirit of a bullfight or football game. Some of the methods employed in the Old West were not very different from ancient Semitic operations. Vigilante operations are a case in point.

WHEN Doc Holliday was captured he was held in a bedroom of the local hotel. His lady friend, Big Nose Kate, set the building on fire to help him escape. When Billy the Kid was finally captured, tried and sentenced to be hanged, he was held in one room of a two-story mercantile building, shackled and under heavy guard. Poor facilities and careless supervision made it easy for Billy to murder his guards, have his shackles cut off, get a horse, and live to fight another day.

Overcrowding was then and still is a common practice. One sheriff of the Old West, for example, crammed 25 men into a 15' x 20' log cabin "cooler." More recently a Texas sheriff had 183 inmates in cells designed for 102. Abilene tried to build a good jail in frontier days, but the cowboys tore it down before it could be completed. Such conditions paved the way for and encouraged vigilante action, which was often worse than the behavior of outlaws. Texas Rangers, when jails were not available, often shackled riotous cowboys to telegraph poles or wagon wheels. Some Western sheriffs could get rough if pushed too far. After one had four outlaw goons break out of his jail with an ordinary dinner knife, he had a blacksmith weld shackles and leg irons on them.

Early California, overwhelmed with criminals and riffraff from the East after the discovery of gold in 1849, had an astonishing assortment of "cans." The first jail was at Monterey, a shabby one-story cubicle with only two small barred windows. San Francisco used an old brig, the *Euphemia*, anchored in the harbor. Many California counties had to provide some sort of detention as early as 1850 and 1851. One had a one-room log cabin, another a small stone fortress. One county had an iron cage, which sat on the ground under a shade tree. Some used adobe huts with the prisoners chained to logs.

In Texas, New Mexico, and other parts of the Southwest during the frontier days, many of the jails were only frame shacks with the prisoners chained and the house guarded day and night to prevent escapes or deliveries. One sheriff used an old milk house and another locked his prisoners in a horse stable. One town had a pound for stray animals, but no jail, so the pound had to do double service at times for man and beast.

ANYTHING man can build, man can take apart, so it is well nigh impossible to erect an escape-proof jail. Most of the early ramshackled ones could be kicked down by the prisoners from the inside, or by their friends from the outside. Oliver Perry Curtis, a Wyoming cowboy, broke open a window of a New York hospital for the insane and slid to the ground on an eighty-foot drain pipe. Harvey Logan broke out of every South Dakota pokey he was put in. Later his dramatic exit from a well-guarded fortress of steel and stone in Knoxville came to be regarded as one of the famous escapes of history. The old outlaw, Bill Miner, escaped from a jail by crawling through a thirty-five-foot tunnel.

In modern jails, prisoners chop holes in the walls, saw the bars in two and take advantage of an irresponsible or careless turnkey. Teen-agers get out of jails with teaspoons, bobbie pins, bars of soap, and their fingernails. One little Negro girl I knew stood on top of her bedstead while the matron was at lunch, clawed an opening in the ceiling, drew herself inside, walked across the attic to the matron's room, dropped down, changed her clothes for some of the matron's, stole some money and was three miles away by the time the woman returned.

Poor supervision is responsible for much of this, as well as damage to mattresses, fights between prisoners, abuse of one prisoner by the others, yelling, and banging on the bars.

County jails are not a lot different from Reading Gaol in which Oscar Wilde was confined. With him were twenty-four children under the age of fourteen, and five of his fellow prisoners were insane. Most town and rural jails are

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still filled with a potpourri of felons, misdemeanants, normal individuals and perverts, men, women and children, who maybe physically or mentally handicapped.

A large portion of jail inmates have not been convicted of any crime, but are waiting trial or being held as a material witness. Some are there because they cannot pay a fine or hire a lawyer. Our system of bail deprives equal justice to the poor.

The ancient practice of jailing drunks is not only ineffective, but cruel and futile. Holding mental cases in jail is usually just as insupportable, and it reveals a basic weakness in our treatment of the mentally ill.

Many of our larger counties have special facilities for children, but most counties still toss them into the clink with adult prisoners. Too often juvenile detention facilities are no improvement over the common jail. Women are frequently treated in the same thoughtless manner.

There is still a strong punitive flavor connected with the imprisonment of individuals in county jails even though they may not be convicted of an offense or may be unable to defend themselves because of age, mental condition, or poverty. Some officials will hold a suspect without bond in order to punish him. Bail may be purposefully placed high so the accused can be jailed. Juveniles are jailed contrary to the law to "learn him a lesson"—besides, he draws just as big a fee as an adult.

There are more county and town jails than any other type of prison and they have more inmates than all their counterparts put together. Most law violators have their first prison experience here. There are some 3,100 county jails and 1,000 city jails. These, plus all the other town and local coolers, make an estimated total of 10,000 lock-ups in the United States. Only 800 are approved for the incarceration of Federal prisoners.

I have long had more than a casual interest in this ancient and shabby institution, for my own experience with county jails dates back forty years—part of my job was to inspect them. Progress has been made, but there is still far too much "bitter bread" behind these bricks of shame.

Gold Town of the Coeur d'Alenes

(Continued from page 29)

home in Oregon. He did not live long to enjoy his fortune. What became of Jock Hazelton is not known.

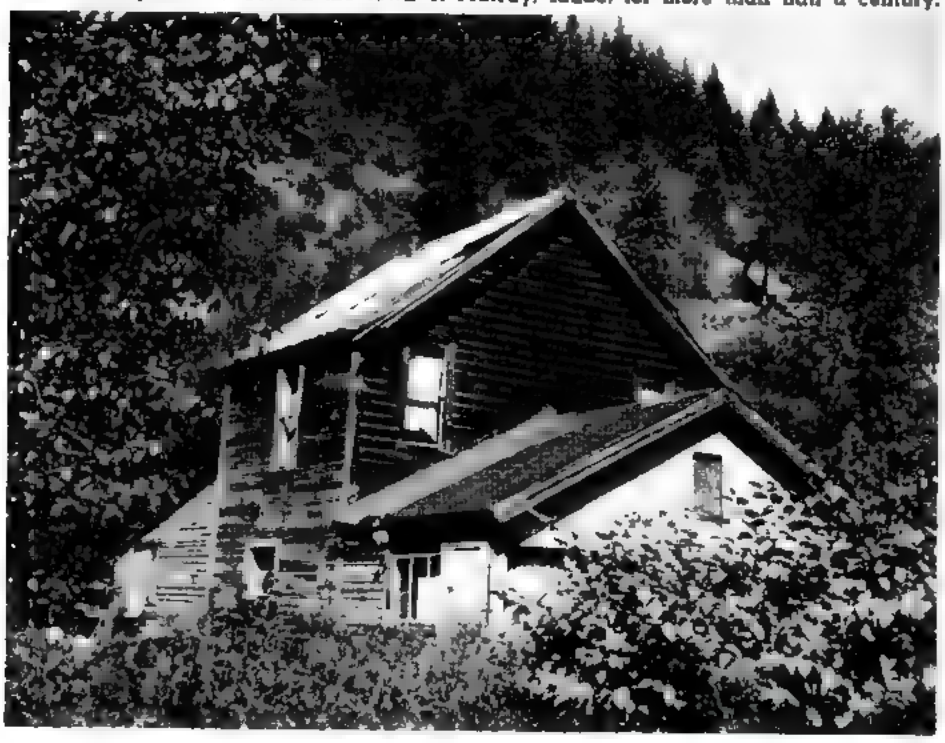
Frank Reed, a lawless character, relocated the Dream Gulch claims and from one pocket took $25,000. It was his custom to present each woman who came to see him with a fine gold nugget. Some of these are treasured keepsakes today. It was also his custom to do a bit of knife work on any man with whom he quarreled and he quarreled often. One night his knife went too deep and the man died. Reed was sent to prison for life and Dream Gulch passed into other hands.

An interesting sidelight is that Wyatt and James Earp, during their short sojourn in the North, purchased the Webbfoot mining property in Dream Gulch for $1,000. Besides buying claims, records show that Wyatt and his partner were sued twice by Pritchard for claim jumping. In one suit Pritchard won, in the other Earp. The Earps were not claim jumpers in the commonly accepted meaning of the word. It was against Idaho law to locate claims by proxy for those living outside of the Territory as Pritchard had done. It seems that Wyatt was the only one with what it took to really oppose him. The "jumpings" were actually test cases and were settled not by gunfire but in court.

However, the Earps were involved in one dispute over mining property in the district that ended in gunplay and victory for the famous brothers. Fifty shots were fired and only one man was wounded, a John Burdett. The wound was not serious.

In the sixteen years prior to the turn of the century $4,000,000 in gold was taken out of Murray with Dream Gulch furnishing its full share. In 1916 Guggenheim bought up the land along Pritch-

The old hospital that served the town of Murray, Idaho, for more than half a century.



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Miscellaneous

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ard Creek and built a woodburning, steam-powered dredge that operated for nine years, taking out many more millions and leaving a wide trail of upturned stones.

Murray's hey-day was over. While other towns of the Coeur d'Alenes, Mullen, Wallace, Kellogg, Burke and Osburn grew and prospered with silver, lead and zinc, Murray, the gold town, dwindled. It never quite became a ghost; about a hundred people still live there and there is a proposal with a good deal of force behind it to use the trail of stones left by the dredge for a solid roadbed to build a new highway over Thompson's Pass.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 38)

only well between here and old San Antone." There may be many relics down at the bottom. We have been advised to clean it out and watch every shovel that comes up. Anyone for well prospecting? We have reason to believe that King Fisher stopped here many times.

Keep the presses rolling.—Mrs. Harold Fischer, Rt. 7, Box 419, San Antonio, Texas.

Down Under

Dear Western Publications:

The Australian early scene is not without likeness to the old American West. The old Cobb and Company coaches out of Victoria used to take miners to the gold fields and also passengers and mail farther and farther out as the colony expanded. The original drivers were Americans possibly and they achieved a reputation as humorous daredevils. One particular driver used to bid the time of day to brush creatures such as kangaroos and wallabies or any wild thing that stared at the coach going by.

Mail would be thrown off to waiting persons and on one occasion he yelled out to a kangaroo, "Nothing for you todays, Jack!" When the startled animal commenced leaping away, the driver solemnly assured a gullible passenger that a settler had trained the kangaroo to get the mail.

Cobb and Company was started by an American and the original coaches were built in America and imported here. Apart from the nostalgic memories of those who have lived beyond their allotted span, little is known today of these drivers unless it be in the records of the company still operating as a transport firm.

I hope you never run out of material and I think there may be more perhaps than even you folks realize.—H. O. Holz, Church, Road, Zillmere, Brisbane, QLD (Queensland), Australia.

Editor's Note: It has been a long time since we wondered if there really was an end to material about the West. Our current feeling is that it hasn't even been tapped. That century from 1800 to 1900 is like an old piece of glass that's been weathered by the sun; all you have to do is turn it a little to get a new color. And every man and woman who crossed the Mississippi is a story—the difference is in the color. Were they brave? Were they thieves? Did they have a rendezvous with an arrow or a rope? Or were they just merry—like the stage drivers of Australia?

Back Then

Howdy, Joe:

I notice you have been giving some space lately to the simple things in pioneer life, how they made out, etc. and I think that is a good idea. One thing I haven't seen covered is how the old-timers tanned the hides of small animals. They dug a hole about eight inches deep and large enough to lay the hide in. Four inches of wood ashes was put in the bottom and sprinkled down with water. The hide was placed on top with the hair side up. Then four inches of ashes was poured on top of the hide and wet down. Wood ashes contain lye.

Keeping the ashes sprinkled down would cause the lye to soak down, which in turn caused the hair to slip. After about two weeks, the hide was removed and drawn back and forth across a board until the hair was all off. Then the other side was put to the board. This pulling and turning was tiresome work but if it was kept up long enough, the hide would become as soft and pliable as a chamois skin.

I have eaten sweetened navy beans and dried apples for breakfast, dinner and supper. Vegetables were canned in tin cans with lids that pressed down like the lids on syrup pails, then sealed with wax. Everybody lived over it!—Fred Allen, Box 35, Oronogo, Missouri.

Wanamaker Family

Gentlemen:

I have enjoyed reading your magazines more than words can express. For true western stories they are out of this world. I am a grandson of Jonas E. Wanamaker, a Colorado pioneer and frontier plainsman. He and his brother, Nelson, came to Colorado by ox team in 1859. Nelson, with three companions, was attacked by Sioux in the Black Hills in the early '60s and they held the Indians at bay for two days and nights at a waterhole. Their horses were shot out from under them, and they used them as a breastworks.

Nelson and Jonas built the first log cabin in Yellowstone Park which they used for trapping. It is now used by Forest Rangers. One winter in the Bitterroot Mountains Nelson went snow blind. The Blackfeet Indians found him and took him in during a severe blizzard and kept him for two weeks until he recovered. He and my grandfather both rode the plains with Buffalo Bill.

I have many relics given me by my grandparents—a powder horn, powder flask, Kit Carson's hunting knife (given to Jonas when he spent the winter with him in the '60s), an old bullet mould for

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"Here comes that big show-off from Texas!"

.44 calibre guns, an ox shoe and many other things.—Everett J. Wanamaker, 4609 34th Street, San Diego 16, California.

Now, Shucks!

Gentlemen:

I wish to congratulate you on two very fine magazines. I am a high school student and they help me in my classes. I have found that your stories of Montana are more complete than those in my history book, as are the stories of the rest of the western United States.—Victor L. Steen, Box 115, Columbia Falls, Montana.

Good News for the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Chickens

Dear Editor:

Your magazine, October, 1963 TRUE WEST, was of great interest to my mother. I have heard her tell the story of "Virginia City's Strange Chinese Trial" many times, as the sheriff at that trial was her father, M. D. Platner.

She says Ah Yen and Ah Wah sent her father gifts at Christmas time for saving them.

Mama says they did not kill many chickens—just her pet rooster—for the blood to swear in the accused!

My mother was born in Virginia City but later moved to Missoula. The story of Custer's Last Stand was also most interesting to us as Edgar S. Paxson lived across the street from us in Missoula and I have one of his watercolors which he gave to my mother.—Mrs. L. G. Marsh, 1917 Stearnlee Avenue, Long Beach 15, California.

News Scoop

Dear Mr. Small:

Recently I came across an item in an old issue of the Eureka *Sentinel* published in what was then Lander County, Nevada. I thought it might interest your readers.

"A dispatch from Los Angeles, October 4, says an advance party from San Bernardino has left for the purpose of visiting the famous wrecked ship on the Colorado Desert near Dos Palmos Station. The ship, which must have lain a wreck for over 250 years is built of teakwood and is perfectly sound; the bow and stern are plainly visible. It is situated 240 miles from the Gulf of California. The supposition is even expressed that the vessel was one which escaped destruction from the fleet of Cortes. The wreck will be thoroughly explored and every effort made to finally clear up the mystery."

The paper is dated October 15, 1870. Later issues make no mention of this ship. I enjoy both your publications and wouldn't part with a copy. I plan to keep them for my sons.—R. Allan Kennedy, Box 168, Tonopah, Nevada.

Any Back Issues to Spare?

Dear Pat:

Our little museum was recently given a Hawken rifle, and our set of back issues had four articles with good pictures on this rifle. We have a fine display—thanks to your magazines. I do not believe you can understand how much good we get out of TW and FT. There is always the temptation to cut them up, but so far we have not done so. Perhaps you can mention to your readers that we sure could use any copies that they are going to throw away (horrible thought, isn't it?). All of us out here hate to see "Cattle Kings!" come to a close.—Robert W. Goss, Route 1, Tulia, Texas.

The Big Quest

Dear Joe:

More of us (your readers) are hitting the road every day once we have experienced the thrill of seeking what others before us have either hidden or lost. Since we are increasing in number, I believe it is time that we set up some rules of behavior so that we won't lose the goodwill of other people. I call it:

THE TREASURE HUNTER'S COMMANDMENTS

1. I shall seek, I shall find, I shall share.
2. I shall not interfere with the personal problems of humanity while in my quest of El Dorado.
3. I shall not destroy any property, personal, public or otherwise.
4. I shall always be fair in my dealings with the public and with other Treasure Hunters.
5. I shall help my fellow Treasure Hunter and the organizations that render service to us.
6. I shall render aid and assistance to those in distress, while on my way, or at my place of El Dorado.
7. I shall preserve all historical artifacts, though they be of no value to me.
8. I shall never permit greed or monetary gain to keep me from being a decent human being, and a fair-minded Treasure Hunter.
9. I shall, when my sun has set, leave my treasure material and equipment to a worthy person or organization with the same interest as I.
10. I shall always be thankful to God, for giving me the chance to be a Treasure Hunter.—Charles M. Albano, 208 4th Ave., Avon, New Jersey.

A Very Old Old-Timer

Dear Editor:

I believe I am the only living person who knew one of the scouts in the Beecher Island Battle on the Arickaree River in 1868. I first met George Oaks while we were serving on a jury in 1902. The case involved one cowboy killing another in a horseback duel.

Mr. Oaks and I had many conversations. One Sunday at dinner he gave me the details of the battle with Roman

Miscellaneous

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Miscellaneous

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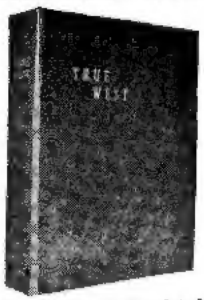

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Nose's braves. He gave Sharpe Grover, an old squaw man, credit for the salvation of the scouts.

Mr. Oaks died during World War I. He was buried in Evergreen Cemetery here. I am ninety-two years old. In 1961 I visited the Beecher Island Battleground and George Oaks' name is on the monument along with unwounded scouts.—Charles V. Rinehart, Rt. 2, Box 268, Tucson, Arizona.

Needs Word from the Old Hometown

Sir:

I would like to hear from someone who lived in Ojo, Colorado about 1918. Ojo has vanished from the face of the earth. Not one stick remains to indicate that the town existed. A man was killed at my father's home there during this hectic period—1918. I lived near there on a homestead at the time. Ojo was located about twenty miles west of Walsenburg.—Wayne Montgomery, East Leavenworth, Missouri.

The Fun of Growing Up

Dear Mr. Small:

I find it difficult to tell you how much I enjoy your magazines. I have read TRUE WEST for years but was unable to find FRONTIER TIMES at any of the local newsstands so I finally broke down and sent in my subscription. I wish I had done it sooner.

I have always been intrigued with characters of the West. Once I was traveling with one of the many Uncle Tom's Cabin Tent Shows that were so prevalent in the country at that time, and on May 7, 1915 we were parading down the street of Lees Summit, Missouri. As drummer, I was really bearing down on the march beat. A man came up to me and asked me not to play in the next block as Cole Younger was very sick. We marched in silence past the house. Some time later I read of his death.

Many times I have wondered about an old lady I knew in Colorado Springs. She had a mine shaft driven back in the mountain outside of town. It seems the road was called the High Line or some such name. She had a little stand in front of her mine entrance where she sold soda pop. When a customer stopped at the stand she would come out of the shaft dressed in her miner's outfit, rubber boots and all. She told me of the early days—mining camps, Indians, wagon-trains—and had a big scar on her face she claimed was made by a tomahawk. I was always curious as to whether she was just romancing to entertain a country kid. Anyhow her stories were darn good. This was around 1905. Perhaps some of the old-timers will remember her. She said she was the widow of Captain Jack Crawford, the "Poet Scout."—C. O. Robinson, 5933 118th Street, Jacksonville 10, Florida.

We Like to Smell the Roses!

Dear Joe:

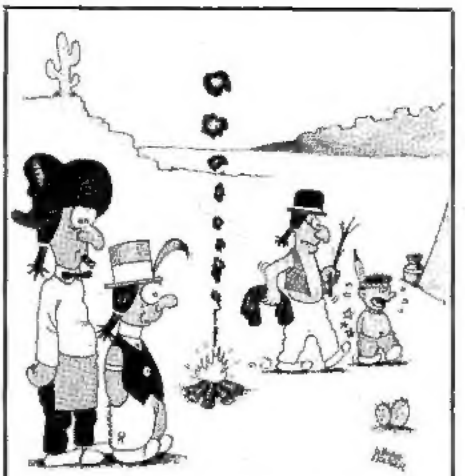
Please send me $24 worth of binders. I have magazines stacked all over the front room floor and will be glad to get them put up for others to read in years to come.

I am seventy years old so don't do much but read, hunt and fish. From our camp we can look down on Brown's Park which is mentioned in your story about Joe Good in the January 1963 FT. Some of the men I hunt with have pitched their camp in the same place for thirty-eight years.

I spent part of my life in North Dakota and our first winter there was the winter of 1906-07 that was told about in the article "King of All Winters" in the December, 1961 TW. Many times we did not have the stock out of the barn to water for three days at a time. Two of my sisters and I were driving three miles to school in town and one time we went to school Thursday morning and did not get home until the following Monday night.

We hauled hay and piled it on the ground to feed the stock. The snow would drift it under and we would haul more hay in and put on top of it. Finally there was so much hay and snow in the pile that we kept our butter and milk in the snow until July (1907).

Almost every issue has something in it that reminds me of a happening in my own life. That's why I am keeping the magazines for my grandsons.— E. P. Webster, 5317 Clay Street, Denver, Colorado.



"His papa catch him sending dirty smoke signals!"

You Don't Believe in Luck? Read On . . .

Dear Joe:

In the year 1915, L. T. Wakeham, my uncle, his son and I were snowbound up Big Cottonwood Canyon, Utah, at the Callow Wood King Mine. Our nearest neighbor was the Cardiff Mine, six miles away.

A miner, poorly dressed, without snowshoes or skis, left the Cardiff to make his way to us, six miles uphill, in deep snow and a big blizzard in the making. Night came upon him and he was chilled and exhausted. His only match blew out when he lit it. He started to pray; he had crawled under a pine tree.

I opened the cabin door to empty the supper dishwater and to check the blizzard. The wind and snow were terrific. As I shut the door, the miner happened to see the light in the cabin. A half hour later we heard a thud at the door, but thought it was just the wind and snow. We heard it again and I opened the door to look.

The miner was down, he could not even speak. We changed his clothes, which were frozen. We gave him hot tea to drink and an hour later he could speak. This happened two days before Christmas.

For Christmas we had bacon and beans instead of turkey, but it was a wonderful day, and we miners will not forget. The man was more than grateful and we were thankful too. I had opened the door at the right moment and saved a miner's life.—W. J. Tadlock, Riverton, Utah.

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FULL LENGTH BOOK "BIG FOOT" WALLACE!

By A. J. Sowell

"Big Foot" Wallace was the typical Texan! He won his deserved fame as a frontiersman, a hunter, a fighter, a Ranger, and as a jovial soul who loved to laugh as well as fight. His courage was unlimited, his loyalty eternal, and his faith in his fellow Texans sincere. The author, A. J. Sowell, was a stickler for facts — his *Life of "Big Foot" Wallace* is recorded just as Wallace told it to him. First published by the Devine *News* in Devine, Texas, in 1899, the original edition of Sowell's biography has long been out of print and has become a very rare collector's item.

Wallace himself told a number of people that Sowell's was the only authentic and accurate record of his life ever written. Now you can read it word for word in

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